LOTTIE MOON

UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE

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LOTTIE MOON

LOVE

Robert Clay

LOTTIE MOON

By UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE

"He is truly great who hath great love"

From the margin of Lottie Moon's
copy of *Imitation of Christ.*

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

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2. MY 587

DEDICATED TO
THE DEAREST COMRADES
MY MOTHER AND
MY HUSBAND

FOREWORD

It is a presumptuous thing to write the story of a life. To dare to think that the reality of it can be translated into cold type, that the vitality of it can be made to pulse through pages of dry paper, that the glory of it may be captured between the covers of a book, is folly.

Yet that is what is here attempted. That the result is but the faint tracing of a faltering pencil, copying a masterpiece, none knows better than the author. Yet it is a picture that we have never had before.

The story of the life of Lottie Moon, missionary to North China in the early days of Southern Baptist occupation of that part of the Yellow Empire, has been an inspiration to thousands, but it has never been told in its entirety. As a child I remember her name spoken by my pastor in such a way that ever after to me it was as the name of a brilliant star in the sky to which I looked in awe and wonder, scarcely understanding why. So did her name become an inspiration to many before ever they knew a story around it.

Then, in 1919, while searching through the files of the *Southern Missionary Journal* and its successor, the *Foreign Mission Journal*, for stories for boys and girls, I was so thrilled by reading excerpts from her letters that I well nigh forgot my purpose. Indeed, I did take the time to copy pages of these published letters, hoping that in some way I could use them to thrill others with the same fire they stirred in my own heart.

It was in showing these letters to Miss Blanche White, then Field Worker of the Woman's Missionary Union, auxiliary to the Southern Baptist Convention, that the idea began to grow into one of far larger import. Under the inspiration of her interest and enthusiasm, and with the sympathetic and helpful cooperation of the Woman's Missionary Union, the gathering of material for a complete biography of this wonderful life began in 1923. Without this help, the two trips to Virginia for records and a touch with the Moon family could not have been made. It is not complete, as many a reader will see, for the life of Lottie Moon has touched vitally the whole sweep of Southern Baptist life. So there may come many an incident and many a reminiscence from sources untouched by the sincere search we have made.

However, there have been authoritative sources discovered and freely drawn upon. From her family there have come treasured letters, pictures, information and descriptions that have given not only background, but provided many an intimate glimpse of her life. Especially am I indebted to Hon. W. L. Andrews, of Roanoke, Virginia, a nephew of Lottie Moon, and Mrs. Fannie Moon Butts, a cousin, of Washington City, for gathering invaluable material and entrusting to me precious pictures. Nor would I fail to mention lovely Genevieve Andrews, grandniece of Lottie Moon, whose youthful enthusiasm is responsible more than any other one influence for the discovery of this wealth of family history and correspondence.

It was a rare privilege to hear from the lips of Mrs. W. E. Hatcher the story of her own school days with Lottie Moon, and to have from her pen the story which tied together many otherwise un-

related facts of her education and conversion. Such eye witness testimony is priceless.

From the files of the Foreign Mission Board came the letters and articles that tell the story of the years in China. To Dr. J. F. Love, Dr. T. B. Ray, and Miss Mary Hunter I give especial thanks for access to the marvelous record of the work year by year which Lottie Moon did in China as representative of Southern Baptists on the farthest frontier.

From China there has come other invaluable help. From Dr. and Mrs. Pruitt, Dr. T. W. Ayers, and Prof. Charles Hartwell, from her dear co-laborers of the last years, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Adams, and most precious of all, the story of her going to Pingtu from Pastor Li, translated by Mrs. David Bryan. Especially am I indebted to Mr. Adams for the splendid pictures, letters, and the laborious copying of an old diary of the Tengchow Mission, which could not be secured as a loan.

An attempt has been made to verify from more than one source all of the main facts of the story. In so far as we have succeeded, will the story be complete and authoritative. That this was difficult is evident when it is remembered that the chronology of the story, for the most part, had to be pieced out from the letters written to the Foreign Mission Board, and doubtless many inaccuracies will be found where there were missing links in the correspondence or failures to properly correlate that in hand. Many have helped in completing and verifying the story, to all of whom I give thanks.

Often did I have to remind myself that I was not writing a history of Tengchow mission, so tempting was it to bring in the interesting stories

found of missionaries closely associated with Lottie Moon. But I refrained save only as the story so told gave an insight into her own thinking, or influenced her actions. Thus there will be found mention of many comrades, whose stories are left for another, some day, to tell. In keeping with this resolve, I have tried to see these fellow workers through her eyes rather than to evaluate their personalities and deeds from the historian's viewpoint. Wherever possible I have let her letters tell the story, for only thus could it be freed from the bias of another's mind. So you will walk hand in hand, for many a page, with Lottie Moon herself, working with her fellow-missionaries as she worked, seeing the Chinese through her eyes, hearing them talk through her interpretation, and living with her as she lives with them.

So the story has been written. In the four years of its growth it has blessed the writer in mind and heart. May it now be a blessing to you.

UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE.

THE STORY TOLD

PAGE

Prologue....The Thread of Romance..... 13

Chapter I. A Girl of the Old South..... 23

Chapter II. In Which Three Decisions Are Made 67

Chapter III. Doing the Work of an Evangelist 106

Chapter IV. The Furlough That Never Came 148

Chapter V. In Which Some Dreams Come True..... 181

Chapter VI. Shadows and the Heavenly Light 248

Epilogue....Life Eternal 313

LOTTIE MOON (Seated) WITH MISSES PETTIGREW AND JETER
Taken in the yard of the "House at the Little Cross Roads."

PROLOGUE

The Thread of Romance

ONE day in the year 1672 a strange figure was seen walking down the streets of the old city of Aberdeen, Scotland—a tall man, with a leonine head bare to the wind and sun, clothed in a straight hanging garment of coarse sacking, with the gray of ashes strewn upon head and shoulders.

"'Tis the mad Quaker!" ran the whisper through the curious crowd that gathered to watch him from the corners of the streets.

Robert Barclay, theologian and preacher, with degrees to his credit from more than one great continental university, gentleman of large estate and favorite of James, Duke of York, afterward to rule as James II of England and Scotland, was doing penance for the sins of a hardhearted and stubborn people.

Born December 23, 1648, of most honorable parentage, he had been sent away from his troubled land to be educated in the schools of France. There he observed Catholicism in its treatment of the minds of men, holding them in servile subjection to the authority of a church which at that time was full of corruption. Equally was he repelled by the bitter Calvinism that had swept in persecuting waves out of Geneva across to his own bonnie land of Scotland.

So when he came to man's estate and returned to his father's house at Urie, he was ready to join with his father in a new movement, headed by George Fox, William Penn and others of like spirit, known to them as the Society of Friends but derisively called the Quakers.

Robert Barclay was the scholar of that movement. Mild of manner, quiet in speech, gentle in behavior as became one who consistently opposed contentiousness and war, he bowed his head often beneath the yoke of an intolerant authority. Yet when he took up his pen to define and defend his belief, he was merciless in argument and trenchant of expression.

Outstanding in the products of this brilliant mind is the "Treatise On Universal Love," a plea for the ending of war, that came most strangely into that world of violence and strife.

'Tis a far cry from that day in Aberdeen with its mingled devotion and ridicule to a lovely old Virginia mansion situated on a fair hillside which, two hundred years later, overlooked a highway along which the leaders of a nation went to and fro on the business of a young republic. But 'twas thus the thread of romance ran from the Old World to the New.

For to Philadelphia in the stirring days just before the Revolution came one Thomas Barclay, grandson of the Aberdeen preacher, son of David, a rich merchant of London, and Lady Gordon, his lovely wife, celebrated in Scottish song and story as the "White Rose of Scotland." Leaving his estates in Straban, Ireland, inherited from his mother, he cast his lot with the young bloods of the Quaker City and speedily found his talents for gay adventure a passport to all the stirring political intrigue of those days when first the

spirit of independence was finding voice. On the very eve of the Revolution, Thomas Barclay was married to a belle of Philadelphia, Mary Hoops. Through the stormy time that followed, he became the warm friend of Washington, the madcap companion of Tom Paine, and trusted supporter of Thomas Jefferson, was appointed by the Continental Congress on a special mission to France in the days when the help of France was the crucial issue in the success of the colonists, and when victory finally came was sent to France to help establish trade relations with this powerful and cordial friend.

In Paris, the friendship of Thomas Barclay and Marquis de La Fayette, begun during the war days, was strengthened by the closer friendship of Mary Barclay and Madame de La Fayette, an intimacy so close that it was Madame's own hands that cared for the infant daughter, born in the Paris home and the Marquis himself cradled her in his arms.

In 1787 Thomas Barclay successfully concluded the treaty with Morocco by which American shipping was made secure from the depredations of Morocco pirates and in 1791 was sent as the first consul from the United States vested with ministerial powers. As a mark of his esteem for this American representative the emperor gave a handsome house to the United States for use as an official residence. Until 1925, this was the only Foreign Envoy residence owned by the United States in a foreign country.

In 1793, Thomas Barclay died in Lisbon, Portugal, as a result of a duel with a Spanish nobleman who had been guilty of speaking insultingly of American womanhood. At that time his only son, Robert, was in school in Virginia. Here, on

the first day of the first month of the new century, Robert Barclay was married to Sarah Coleman Turner, of King and Queen County, Virginia. To them were born two sons and two daughters, the baby, Anna Maria, coming in the days of sorrow following the death of the young father by drowning while crossing a swollen river on horseback in 1809, on the journey back from Philadelphia, where he had been to purchase goods for his mercantile establishment.

Mary Hoops Barclay, the grandmother, still lived in Philadelphia. She took a very active interest in the affairs of the young daughter-in-law, so tragically left alone with four babies to rear. Long letters full of advice and admonition came frequently from Philadelphia, and in spite of advancing age and the difficulties of travel in that day, she spent part of each year with the family in Virginia and part with a daughter who had moved west into Kentucky. Sarah Barclay seems to have needed the wise counsel of the mother-in-law, for she had been reared under the traditions of the South, where women were allowed little participation in the business side of life and the management of the estate left by her husband was a task too heavy for her to handle unaided.

So it was a fortunate day for her and her children when she met Captain John Harris, one of the wealthy men of Albermarle County, owner of eight large estates and a cotton buyer and exporter, with many interests in New Orleans and Memphis. He was an elderly man, had never married, and his marriage to the widow Barclay was an event of wide interest to the society of

Charlottesville and Richmond. He took his charming bride to Viewmont, his beautiful home in Albermarle County, surrounded her with the luxury of the day, and adopted her children as his own, giving them the love and tender care of a father.

Albermarle County lies in the heart of Virginia. With the Blue Ridge for a background, and many flowing streams merging into the Ravanna River until it empties into the James at the far corner of its boundaries, with richness of soil and mildness of climate to encourage the art of agriculture, it is not surprising that here flourished much that represented the best of the culture and social life of the young republic.

Running from Scottsville on the James, with a turn to the right at Carter's Bridge, through Charlottesville in the center of Albermarle and on through Orange County on the north, was a highway known as the Road of the Presidents, because three presidents lived on or near it, and a fourth was born on a tributary road.

Just before reaching Charlottesville, if traveling north from Scottsville, the road passed the beautiful mansion of Thomas Jefferson, Monticello, overlooking that center of intellectual life where the influence of the great Democrat had located the University of Virginia. As the road ran to the east and north from Charlottesville it passed Montpelier, in Orange County, the home of James Madison, "The great little Madison," father of the Constitution, first president of the first Agricultural Society in America and fourth president of the United States. To the eastward and also on a road tributary to the Charlottesville road was Ashlawn, home of James Monroe, who

enunciated during his term as fifth president of the United States, the international doctrine that bears his name, and at Gordonsville was Montebello, birthplace of Zachary Taylor, twelfth president of the United States.

There were other great estates on this road, quite as well known as these of the political leaders of the day. Just below Monticello were the great estate and mansion of the Carter family, that of Edmund Randolph, and that of the Rives family, forbears of the gifted Amelie Rives.

Beyond the Hardware River, which bounded these estates on the west, lay Viewmont, Caanan, and Churchill, all belonging to Captain Harris, while a little to the south and across the James from Scottsville, lay Snowdon, another of his estates.

The mansion at Viewmont is probably the oldest house still standing in Albermarle County. It was once a blockhouse, but the house as it now stands was built by Col. Joshua Fry, a famous Colonial architect, between 1744 and 1751. Situated on a hill, with extensive sloping grounds on which grew tall locust trees festooned with trumpet vines, surrounded by outbuildings of great age, it was charming in its Old World simplicity. The timbers were hewn by hand with broad-axes, and put together with hand-made nails. Two great chimneys towered at the gables, each large enough for two fireplaces. The mantles and much of the woodwork was hand-carved and the furniture was of heavy mahogany in the impressive style of the period.

The house faced west, with a long driveway winding down the slope from the highway to the residence. The orchard to the left of the drive

way embowered the carriage house, while the general stock barns were on the right. Back of the house was a sunken garden where mignonette and heliotrope, larkspur and hollyhocks, roses and lavender grew in abundance, while at the back was an extensive berry garden providing raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, gooseberries, currants and grapes in their season.

In Southern fashion, the kitchen was a separate building. Alongside the garden were the poultry houses, providing for chickens, ducks, geese, and pigeons. While in an oblong square to the north and west were the "quarters," thirty-nine cabins, where the slaves were housed. The estate included five thousand acres, much of it being planted in corn, tobacco, wheat and pasture land cultivated by a force of eight hundred slaves, the remainder being clothed in virgin timber rarely to be found now in the state of Virginia.

Here, for several years, Captain Harris and his lovely wife lived in happiness. The children grew up in the home to young manhood and womanhood amid all the advantages afforded children of wealth. When the burdens of management of so large an estate became too heavy, a home in Charlottesville was purchased, and it was here that the youngest daughter, Anna Maria, bloomed into lovely womanhood.

Captain Harris had taken into business with him some years before two grand nephews, Isaac and Edward Harris Moon, grandsons of his sister, Elizabeth, who had married a grandson of Sir Dudley Diggs, Colonial governor of Virginia. The delight of the Captain can well be imagined when the oldest of his adopted daughters, Mary Elizabeth, at the age of seventeen, was wooed and won by an older brother of these two, John Diggs

Moon. The young couple went to live at Mt. Ayr, near Scottsville, a large estate that had been the property of Governor Glenmore. But when the other sister, Anna Maria, decided to wed Edward Harris Moon, the business partner of the old gentleman, he seems to have been even more delighted, for to them he made a wedding gift of his own home, Viewmont. 'Twas said by all the country that never did a young couple begin life together under more auspicious circumstances than the bridal pair at Viewmont.

Truly it was a glad day when the young master and mistress came to Viewmont. Laughter rang again through the high ceilinged rooms, gay company came and went in the hospitable manner of the day, and a home was established in which the best traditions of the Virginia of romance and history were typified.

Thus it was that the new land grew from out the history, tradition and family life of the old. Thus the thread of romance tied Old England to the New Virginia. For the spirit of the Scotch Quaker hero and scholar found expression in many a trait and quality of the lads and lassies of his blood that grew up in the old Southern mansion on the Road of the Presidents.

Nor did it end there. For from out that Southern mansion went the adventuring spirit of one whose life has touched the world in its influence. The thread of romance spun out its web through the years of her life, catching in its slender meshes the hearts of Southern Baptists to whom the name Lottie Moon has for more than a generation stood for the very spirit of missions. So the thread spins on—as in America and China young men and women, touched by the story of

her sweet sacrifice, give their lives to telling the same story of salvation to which she gave her beautiful life.

So the whole world, from the old land to the new, and on to the oldest land of all, is bound together by the romance of a royal loyalty to the King of kings; from Scotland to China, through three hundred years of history—unto all the future days when young lives still shall be devoted in utter sacrifice to the service of that King of kings.

CHAPTER I

A Girl of the Old South

"After all isn't love the sweetest thing on earth? Is it not then easy to believe that to love love itself must be the perfection of all sweetness? And to love Jesus Christ is nothing else, when we learn to love him absolutely as we love on earth."

From margin of Lottie Moon's copy of *Imitation of Christ.*

A GIRL and a dog romped through the great hall at Viewmont. Company was coming! The Negro servants were busy upstairs and down, but the girl and the dog gaily romped around them, now under their feet, now out on the porch, stirring the good-natured darkies to mild protest, yet more often causing them to stop their work to watch the merry chase.

"Now, ain't she a sight," said a woman with her arms piled with linens, turning to go up the stair. "The sweetes' chile on this place, I tells Miss Ann."

"Mebbe, mebbe," grumbled the old man who was patiently mopping up the pail of water the girl and the dog had overturned on the floor. "Mebbe, but she am one more sight ter git inter mischief."

They were both right, for Lottie, the third child of the home, was the merriest and the gayest. There were always pets at Viewmont, and there

were always children. The home belonged to them and leader from her babyhood in all the fun and frolic was this girl, named for the grandmother Moon, Charlotte Diggs.

She was born in December, 1840, and had ever been the mischief of the household. With blue, dancing eyes, long, smooth brown braids that were her mother's pride, a happy disposition, making friends easily and holding them closely, she was the most responsive to her mother's teaching and the most provoking in her tendencies to mischievous fun.

She loved the outdoors, loved to run across the fields in the blowing breezes, loved to walk in the springtime in the woods and find the little flower folk as they lifted pink and white and purple heads to greet the balmy breezes, loved a brisk walk in the crisp snow up hill and down dale, loved to sit and watch the sun set behind the irregular outlines of the Ragged Mountains, a spur of the Blue Ridge to which the farther reaches of the "mountain field" ran.

It was a lovely company of children that grew up in the mansion on the Road of the Presidents. There was Thomas, named for the illustrious grandfather and destined already for the honorable profession of medicine. Then came Orianna, who bore the name of her maternal great-grandmother, Orianna Russell, daughter of Lord Russell, of England, and niece of Nathaniel Bacon, of Colonial fame. Next younger to Charlotte, whose name was early shortened to Lottie, was Sarah Coleman, who bore the other grandmother's name. Then came Mary, named for the great grandmother, whose memory was yet bright in the lives of her children and grandchildren. The second son was named for his uncle, Isaac, while

to the baby of the family was given the name akin to the father's name, Edmonia.

Life was never dull with such a household. Indeed, if there had been any chance for time to hang heavy on the hands of the children at Viewmont, it was but five miles over to the John Moon home, at Mt. Ayr, where there were boys and girls aplenty with whom to play. Then there was always company coming and going.

It was company from Richmond that was expected today. A schoolgirl friend of Mrs. Moon had recommended a new governess for the girls and a tutor for young Thomas, who was nearly ready for the university. She was bringing them out for a visit, and if they were liked they were to stay.

There had been much discussion among the children concerning this new governess, and many deep, dark plans were laid to find out whether she would suit their own ideas of what a governess should be. They gathered on the porch for a last conference.

"She'll go to church with us, of course," said Orianna. "We will find out whether she is too pious."

"And I'll take her down to see the new puppies," added Sarah, "so we can tell whether she just hates dogs like the last governess did."

"Well, all I ask of her," sighed ten-year-old Lottie, "is that she does not give me French verbs to learn."

So the talk of the children about the new governess and the life that swept around them in all the brisk preparations for company from Richmond revealed glimpses of the conditions, customs and activities of a home in the Old South.

It was a day when all the activities by which a home was maintained were carried on within that home. There were slaves to do all the work, but the mistress of the home was the director of all that they did. She looked after the food of the family, seeing that the garden bore bountifully, that the vegetables were properly dried and preserved for the winter, provided the clothing for the family, seeing to it that the cloth was spun and woven, not only for all the ordinary uses of the members of the family but for the great number of slaves who lived on the estate, maintained the social life of the home, and looked after the education of the children and their religious training. All activities centered in the home and around mother. So it had been in the Moon home, especially in religious matters.

Mr. Moon had been reared a Presbyterian, while the mother of the home was a Baptist. He was a rather indifferent Presbyterian, while she was an ardent and devoted Baptist. There was no church of either faith near them. Little Mrs. Moon quietly set to work to build her home around the Christian faith by having regular services every Sunday morning in her parlors, calling in the neighbors and their children and slaves to take part. In a day when it was not considered at all proper or scriptural for a woman to take any part in public worship, she bravely led these services when there was no visiting minister to do it for her. Some ten years passed with this home worship the religious center of the home life.

In 1842, two years after the birth of Charlotte, a movement was begun in Scottsville, ten miles away, to organize and build a Baptist church. The interest of the mistress of Viewmont was enlisted. A Presbyterian minister, long a friend of the

Moons, became concerned about the staunchness of the Presbyterian convictions of Mr. Moon and in view of the increased activities of the Baptists thought it wise to give him a small book setting forth the Presbyterian views on baptism, thus confirming him in the faith of his early teaching. The study of the argument, perhaps interpreted by the consistent example and ardent faith of the little wife, led him to a definite decision to align himself with the new Baptist congregation and he was baptized as soon as it was organized and became the largest contributor to the new building. This building is still used in worship in Scottsville.

In education as well the mother's fine work could be seen. Governesses were provided for the children while small, the girls and boys studying together until the elementary courses were finished. Then the boys were sent away to the university, and to further graduate study in the professions chosen. It was not maidenly for the girls to desire to follow their brothers in the study of chemistry, mathematics and other such subjects, considered useless to them in their business of social and home leadership. By custom as well as by the demands of the daily life, the women of the South were confined to the home as a sphere of activity. Teaching was respectable but only the girl who was forced to earn her living thus would enter its service. The profession of nursing was not yet open to women and as for women in business—it was unthinkable!

Anna Maria Moon had been brought up under the very strictest of the old ideals for education of women. The attitude of the day toward education of women is well illustrated in a letter written by Mary Barclay years before to her young

daughter-in-law concerning the progress being made in writing by Anna Maria, then but a baby. The mother had sent to Philadelphia a sample of the little girl's handwriting, to which the stern grandmother replied:

"I am interested in Anna Maria's writing, but would rather know she could spin her own clothes and knit her own stockings."

The only schools open for girls in the days when Anna Maria Moon was growing into womanhood were finishing schools where for a brief time the young ladies were placed under teachers of French, music, elocution, art and fine embroidery. Manners and deportment in society were considered of primary importance. Such a school was the one to which Mrs. Moon had gone as a girl, established by a Mrs. Broome, in Richmond, upon the solicitation of Mrs. Mayo, a friend of the Harrises. Through this friend's interest, Anna Maria had been sent to this school, it being hoped that Mrs. Broome would be able to impart a finish much to be desired in the little lady's behavior, since she was fresh from England and was a cousin of Lord Byron. Mrs. Mayo often called to see how her friend's daughter was progressing and was wont to take Mrs. Broome driving in her splendid carriage with Anne Maria sitting between them. They usually spoke French, then the fashionable language of society, and as she wrote Mrs. Harris, "Anna Maria seemed well content to listen."

Whether in this bit of outside education there came a vision of greater opportunities that would some day come to the women of the South, or whether the vigorous spirit of a long ago ancestor stirred her to brave the opinion of her neighbors and friends, it is a fact that Anna Maria Moon gave to her children educational advantages far

in advance of the standards of her day. So the best governesses and tutors available came and went at Viewmont, giving to the growing boys and girls cultural education of the day.

Happy days they were. But there came a time when children's feet no longer romped through the hall—the children were growing up! Thomas chose to be a doctor, and was sent to the University of Pennsylvania, where the young men of Virginia usually went for this type of professional training. This was not strange, but when the daughter, Orianna, desired to follow her brother to this same institution, it was a very radical proceeding. But the father and mother at Viewmont seem not to have been disturbed in the least by her unladylike ambitions.

Be a doctor! The countryside buzzed with the wonder. Why should a woman wish to be a doctor! And a Moon of Viewmont! There was no necessity for her entering any profession, even if it were proper!

Nevertheless, Orianna Moon was not deterred, and the father and mother encouraged her. So away she went, first to a preparatory school, Troy Female Seminary, in Troy, New York, daring to set a new precedent in education, for rarely, indeed, had girls gone from the valley of Virginia to a school of higher education for girls save to the finishing schools where the studies were all adapted to the prevailing ideals of "woman's sphere."

The Orianna Moon who returned was a girl who had begun to think in terms of life far differently from the girls of the sheltered, guarded Southern homes. She told of the freedom she had seen among the girls of the North! Freedom to study, think and act as their brothers did, told of discussions of woman's rights, and even of abolition

of slavery, which she had heard among the girls of the North. Orianna was well aware that she did not conform to the traditions of the past in her determination to be a doctor, but it mattered to her not at all. Nor does it seem to have disturbed the father and mother, though the younger brother, just then coming into manhood was very much concerned about the traditions so ruthlessly broken by this older sister. When he became engaged to a lovely young girl in a neighboring county, the sister, knowing well what the social leaders were saying of her, remarked to his fiancee:

"My dear, I think you are a very, very brave girl!"

When asked why, she replied, "To be willing to marry Isaac, knowing that *I* am his sister!"

Away to the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania she went, being among the first women to enter that institution for medical training, and the first from the South. She won her diploma of graduation in 1857, and with it the right to practice the profession of medicine as a competent, equipped physician.

In the meantime, there had been stirring times in Virginia, theologically speaking. Mrs. Moon's brother, James Barclay, purchased the home of Thomas Jefferson, Monticello, in 1832, perhaps through sentiment, wishing to keep up the beauty of this home of his father's friend. He was attracted also by the idea of cultivating silkworms on mulberry trees which he planted on that great estate. He was a Presbyterian. Alexander Campbell had begun his preaching of agitating and disturbing doctrines among Baptists, and finally had withdrawn from their fellowship to form his own group of followers, known popularly as Camp-

bellites, but calling themselves Disciples, or simply, Christians. The schism had torn the Baptists of Virginia asunder, whole churches following Campbell, families being divided, and there was much controversy and discussion. Mr. Barclay became much concerned about his sister, Mrs. Moon, being affected by all this theological discussion, and drove down for a visit with her at Viewmont, to see if she remained firm in her Baptist doctrines. The conversations of that week-end may well be imagined as neighbors came and went in calls upon the brother; as all views and opinions were aired on the subject of the moment, and interest and argument ran high.

The unexpected result of the visit was that upon his return home, James Barclay began an earnest and thoughtful study of the teachings of Mr. Campbell, and upon getting into direct communication with him, became an ardent follower and co-worker with him. His son, John Judson, later married Mr. Campbell's tenth daughter, Decima. Mrs. Moon was untouched by all this dissension, her faith being like a steady light that never wavered.

Drawn possibly by his love of research, but more by his zeal for the new doctrine, Mr. Barclay, having sold Monticello to Ensign Levy, of Baltimore, offered himself as the first Campbellite missionary to a foreign land, choosing Jerusalem as his field.

His letters through the years were fascinating, and his descriptions of the life in Palestine allured Orianna, now "Dr. Moon." So immediately after graduation she set out for a year of foreign study in the medical schools of Europe and a visit with her uncle at the end. This was in 1858.

Spending six months in study in Paris, she went on to Jerusalem to find there an absorbing field of work for a woman doctor. Especially was she touched by the prevalence of opthalmia among the Arabs and she gave herself tirelessly to alleviating this disease of the eyes, especially among the children. She entered into the missionary work of her uncle, and was baptized by him in the river Jordan into membership in the First Christian Church of Jerusalem.

She won the gratitude of an old Arab chief by curing him of an acute disease. He gave to her the Arab blessing, "May your children be as many as the sands of the sea and the stars of the sky—with never a daughter."

It was rare fun to write home her thrilling experiences and to astonish the family at Viewmont with her adventures!

Sorrow had come to dim the brightness and shadow the joy of the lovely old mansion. Captain Harris had died, and the estate and business had been inherited by the three Moon brothers, Isaac, Edward Harris, and John. It had been the custom for the first two to make annual trips to New Orleans and Memphis to buy cotton, Edward Harris Moon usually attending to the business in New Orleans while Isaac went on up to Memphis. This was a long, tiresome trip by boat, and in 1852, it was necessary for Edward Harris Moon to make the trip alone due to the illness of his brother.

On his way up the Mississippi to Memphis, the boat caught fire, and in trying to lift from the boat the heavy leather trunk containing the money which he would use in his business transactions in Memphis, he was stricken with apoplexy and died on the shore. The body was brought back to

Viewmont and laid in the little family cemetery beyond the orchard.

Anna Maria Moon was then mistress of Viewmont in every sense of the word. With a quiet, silent energy, unobtrusive manner and guided by an invincible love of right, she took over all the intricate business of the estate, of the real estate transactions in which her husband had been interested, and of the store which he had conducted at Carter's Bridge, at the northern border of Viewmont. She was a positive force in the community life, her opinions, firm but tolerant, were valued, her counsel sought, and her qualities as a capable and efficient manager of large business interests unquestioned. A friend who loved her said of her, "Whether as a neighbor, friend, mother, or a disciple of Jesus, she acted well her part. She adorned all the relations of life. Among the many excellent women in Virginia who have been an ornament and a blessing, she held very high place." Especially was she a blessing in the church life, succeeding quietly to the place of leadership which Mr. Moon had held since uniting with the Baptist Church at Scottsville.

The business demanded that someone should be in close touch with the cotton markets, and after Mr. Moon's death his brother, Isaac, moved to Memphis. On a visit there, Dr. Thomas Moon and his family were passengers on a boat which was stricken with yellow fever. He sent his family to safety and stayed on board to minister to the unfortunate men and women who could not escape the plague, contracted the disease and died in Tennessee, where he is buried. So the oldest son died a martyr to his high calling as a physician—died at the post of duty.

Thus sorrow made its mark on lovely Viewmont.

There were other cross-currents of life that swept through these years of growing up. For several years a gifted and famous music teacher, Nicholas Couch, author of Kathleen Mavourneen, taught the girls of Viewmont and Mt. Ayr. One of the daughters of Mt. Ayr, Anna, was so deeply influenced by the Catholic faith of this teacher that she entered a Catholic sisterhood. Soon there came letters from a nunnery at Wheeling, West Virginia, to the aunt and cousins at Viewmont telling of the content and satisfaction of the life there.

All these happenings were making their impressions upon the girl, Lottie, then growing into lovely young womanhood at Viewmont.

Her especial companion was James, the double first cousin of her own age at Mt. Ayr. With much in common in love of nature and appreciation of the rich treasure of enjoyment that comes to the child reared amid happy country life scenes, they were chums and playmates, and companions in all the fun and frolic of the young life of the two homes. She fell into the habit of calling him "Brother" as he called her "Sister," a habit that persisted into mature years when time and circumstances separated them widely.

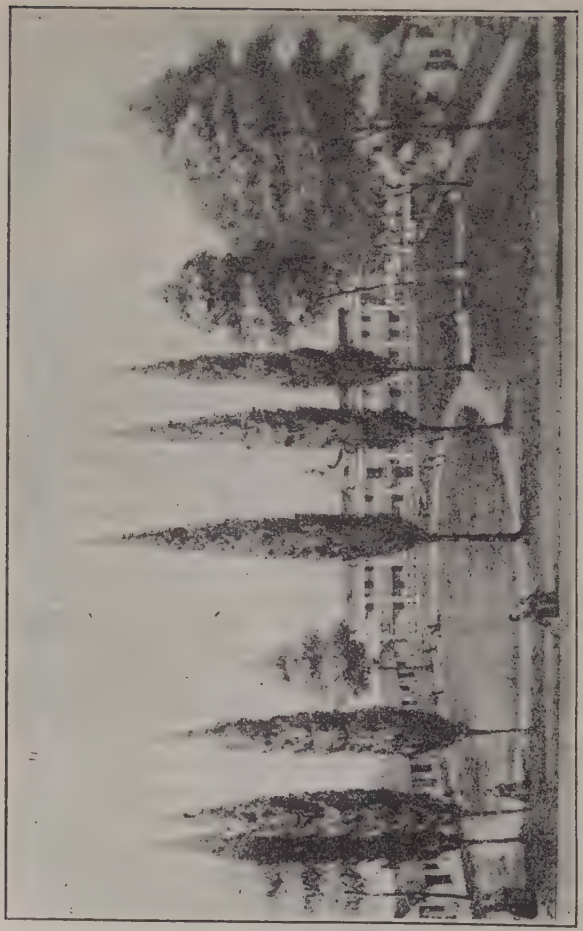
To the mother, anxious to impress the truths of religion upon her young mind, there came little encouragement. Lottie was not religiously inclined. Instead, with a will of her own, from early childhood she eagerly inquired into the whys and wherefores of all matters that stirred her curiosity, and she took much more readily to the reading of the classics than she did to the study of Bible passages. Her mother's library was a very

choice collection of the best literature. Here she found Shakespeare, who fascinated her, the stately prose of the English novelists and essayists, the flowing poetry of Byron, all the standard histories, Scott's romantic novels, Cooper's stories of American history, and at least one book of biography of which we find her speaking afterward with deepest feeling. It was the "Lives of the Three Mrs. Judsons," which her mother read aloud to her when it first appeared.

Scottsville was still the church-going center of the countryside. The Sabbath was strictly observed at Viewmont, Mrs. Moon allowing no work to be done on that day which could possibly have been done on Saturday. All the Sunday baking was done on Saturday, all the housecleaning and preparation for Sunday guests.

One Sunday Lottie persuaded her mother that she should not go to church, and so was left at home when the others went off in the carriages. On returning home, Mrs. Moon found a smoking hot dinner on the table awaiting the family. In amazement she swept into the kitchen to find twelve-year-old Lottie calmly putting the finishing touches upon an elaborate dinner she had cooked. She never had an opportunity to repeat the feat, for after that the kitchen was always securely locked when the family went to church.

Two years after the father's death, the governess reached the end of her possibilities with Lottie, and plans were made to send her away to school. There was a small, well-managed school for younger girls at Charlottesville, so there she went first. In 1854 Mrs. Moon placed her daughter in Virginia Female Seminary which had, since 1842, been conducted under most auspicious circumstances, at Botertourt Springs, in the western



HOLLINS COLLEGE IN 1854

part of Virginia. This school offered what would now be regarded as high school courses, and there Lottie Moon first came into contact with the fascinating subject of philosophy and showed her unusual aptitude for languages, which was to mark her as a real scholar.

The course she took was a right heavy one for a fourteen-year-old girl, Latin, French, Natural Science, Arithmetic, Algebra, and English composition. But it was a school with sternly high ideals of education for women and teachers who spared no pains to lead their pupils not only into intellectual understanding of the subjects in the course, but beyond that to a love for learning and a thirst for knowledge that would make them scholars in the real sense of the word. That they succeeded with the merry girl from Viewmont there is no doubt. Her grades show that she did work of the finest type. Teachers were much more strict about accuracy in grading on examination than they are in modern schools, and so her grades show a fine shade of distinction, with no doubt a background of stern examinations. In Latin, for instance, her grades run for the quarters of that first year 4 1/4, 4 14/35, 4 11/32, 4 6/7, with 5 as perfect. Rarely did any pupil secure the coveted "perfect" grade, but in this study she ran very close to the "5" in every quarter.

In French for that year she secured two "5's" and in her second year they marked with distinction three of her quarterly records. Her mathematics records do not show such a high rating, though never do her grades drop down to the "2" which meant "Deficient."

Only in deportment is there a record over which her mother perhaps worried, for there she often had a low grade. Beginning with two quarters of "5's" in her first year, she dropped to 4 1/2 and then to no mark at all for the last quarter. Her second year runs along the fractional border line of "very deficient," no doubt to the despair of many a teacher. For strict rules meant little to the irrepressible spirit of Lottie Moon. In fact her teachers may have been puzzled often as to just how to manage this brilliant, gay, daring child whom all loved even when she set at defiance the time-honored rules and traditions of the school.

There were many things girls just did not do in that day, which are not thought in any wise indecorous for girls to do today. In so far as she dared to do them, did Lottie Moon blaze the way for more freedom of action for girls today. Still is the story told of the night before the first of April in '55 when she stole up to the attic of the dormitory after all the lights were out, walked the rafters of the belfry, climbed into its precarious tower and with towels and sheets muffled the great bell that rang out the daily regime to the school. There was no rising bell on that April Fool day! And the tale of that exploit has become a part of Hollins history.

In the spring of her first year at Virginia Female Seminary there came a change in the school. Through the generous gift of Mr. and Mrs. John Hollins of Lynchburg, the school was placed on a much more substantial basis and its name changed to Hollins Institute. The faculty was enlarged, facilities for taking care of girls increased and the school opened in the fall of '55 with a larger enrollment than ever before.

Strangely do the accounts of the daily life in a girls' school of that day sound to our ears today. "Pupils are expected to be engaged in their studies from worship in the morning (30 minutes after rising) to 4 P.M., and from candle lighting to 10 P.M." Classes were held on every day except Saturday and Sunday. Saturday, however, was not a free day, for there were Rhetorical Exercises, and certain hours to be spent in general reading, in an endeavor to introduce these girls to the rich treasures of classical literature. Worship usually consisted of reading the scripture, prayer and sacred music. This was always in charge of the Principal, Charles L. Cocke, around whose personality the school was built.

"Young ladies will not be allowed to receive the attentions of young gentlemen while connected with this institution," ran another of the principles of decorum of the school. One day there marched by the school a body of students from a nearby boys' school. In the excitement of this event the girls rushed to the edge of the school campus to make the most of the thrilling sight of so many boys at one time. Dr. Cocke knew that no rebuke for such unlady-like conduct would be quite so effective as ridicule, so at worship the next morning he painted a word picture of the scene that made the girls feel very much ashamed that they had so far forgotten their proper womanly dignity!

In spite of restrictions there was plenty of fun in the school life. The school life centered around "The Circle," a graveled walk that ran in an elliptical shape around the wide space between the two buildings of Hollins at that time. Here the girls walked after 4 o'clock, talking about every subject from studies to sweethearts, as girls of

every day and time have done. Often chums kept step with each other and practiced their French conversation until it was not unusual at all for those in advanced classes to carry on conversations freely in this language which was the major study of most of them. Down in the basement of the dormitory was a room in which the girls might gather for any kind of frolic they wanted. It was called the "Frog Parlor," because it had a damp brick floor from which they often had to chase the frogs before they could begin to dance. There was a piano in the room and many an hour was spent here in the graceful pacing and swirling of skirts in the stately minuet, and Virginia Reel, or the more lively mazurka. For these occasions half the girls would tie handkerchiefs on their arms and be "boys" to provide the right atmosphere.

There was an unusual May Day Festival with the May Pole Dance, and program of music and recitations, and once each spring there was a Pilgrimage to the top of Tinker's Mountain, the peak that lifted its lofty head above the campus. This was an affair in which the whole school took part, pupils and teachers alike, with a program planned for the hour spent on the top of the mountain. Often one of the teachers, Prof. Pleasants, watched the procession up the mountain from his telescope at the college, a fact that gave a little thrill to the whole affair in those days when telescopes were magical windows of vision into the unknown distance.

Girls of that day were just as prone to give their teachers disrespectful names in the same spirit of girlish devotion as they do today. The best-loved and perhaps most admired teacher of all was J. A. E. Winkler, teacher of piano, whom

they merrily called "John Adam Eve," not quite daring to adopt his wife's name for him, "Pinky," save in the innermost recesses of their rooms.

There were other avenues of expression besides classes and frolics. The Literary Societies were organized through the initiative of the girls, though heartily encouraged by the teachers. Lottie Moon was a charter member of the Euzelian Society, and one of the editors of the paper which this society established as its first achievement and ambitiously named "Rising Star." Emma Lyon, first president of the society, wrote a novel which was published in installments in the paper. So eager were the girls to know "what happened next" that the issues were the exciting event of each week until the story was finished and the fair heroine was rescued from the villain by the romantic hero.

So in classes, in hours of play, in ambitious literary ventures, and most of all in daily contact with teachers who had high ideals of their responsibility and privileges did Lottie Moon shape her ambitions and dreams. In such an atmosphere did she begin to set up her ideals of life and service. Not yet was there any yielding to the definite teachings of religion, influenced unquestionably by the close contact she had through her family with the personality and writings of that devoted patriot and religious rebel, Thomas Paine. But the religious atmosphere of the school did its intended work in unconscious influence on her mind.

There was romance in those school days as well as study. For in girlish confidence to her closest friends, Emma Lyon and Betty Fowlkes, she read bits from letters that came from a young theological student, especially those parts that dealt

with theological questions. For this young man had taken it to be his ministerial duty to win the gay young girl away from her rebel stand against religion, and the letters contained far more of abstract discussion of theology than of lover-like wooing. Neither of them realized that thus has love taken on strange disguises since time immemorial. More thrilling, because more real, was the romance that had developed between Lottie's room-mate, Carey Ann Coleman and the cousin, James, of Mt. Ayr. June of 1856 brought graduation to Lottie in the course in French, and the gay round of wedding festivities to the homes at Viewmont and Mt. Ayr as her dearest friend became the bride of the cousin she had always called "Brother."

In the meantime a new and startling project was brought under way at Charlottesville. A group of gentlemen conceived the possibility of offering to young women the same educational advantages that the young men of Virginia enjoyed. John Hart, a distinguished alumnus of the University of Virginia and a Baptist preacher, was the leader in the project. Many influential and scholarly men were associated with him, among them Herbert Harris, afterwards on the faculty of Richmond College, John Cooke, Burl Sneed, noted for his oratory and active in the campaign of Douglas against Lincoln, John A. Broadus, afterwards to become the President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and C. H. Toy, a young and scholarly graduate of the University. They established their school, known as Albemarle Female Institute at Charlottesville that it might enjoy the atmosphere and share in the scholarly teachers of the University of Virginia. For the first time a faculty constituted en-

tirely of teachers who had won their Master's Degrees was employed for a girls' school. The standards of scholarship and requirements for graduation were made equal to those of the University and privileges of taking elective courses under University professors in private classes were granted those who wished to pursue studies not offered at the Institute.

The school opened in 1857—the first school of this type for education of women, and Lottie Moon entered the college courses of this school, bringing her splendid grades from Hollins and asking to specialize in modern languages.

She was a dominant personality from the first. Her keen wit, often merciless in an argument in which she usually had the better of her opponent, made her respected, while her merry disposition and happy comradeship made her beloved. She was the leader in scholarship, taking the heaviest courses of the school and doing them all with exceptional ability. She delighted in the language study, and majored in Greek and Latin, adding to these as many electives in modern languages as was possible. Several of these courses were arranged especially with the professor of languages at the University.

She read much of the skeptical literature of the day, writings of Tom Paine, of the French philosophers, and the reflections of the old Greek thinkers. She was the despair and delight of her teachers. Her brilliant, responsive mind, her quick powers of thought, and her natural gift of scholarship were an inspiration to teachers and classmates.

On the other hand this same quick mind was perpetually getting her into mischief. She was the leader in all the pranks, the frolics and the

good times. She was the mainspring of the escapades, her courage leading in the daring exploits against established authority, to which girls of even that sedate time aspired.

Once when asked what the "D" in her name represented, and she replied quickly, "Devil—don't you think it suits excellently?"

The various strong influences to widely differing religious faiths found in her own family circle, made her think most seriously about such matters. Perhaps it was this which caused her to demand full satisfaction of her reason before she accepted any religious faith. Certainly her keen wit was never more brilliantly employed than when she was dissecting religious beliefs and holding them up to ridicule. Those girls who were religiously inclined were often at a loss for answers to her keen thrusts. She held in scorn those who had been swept unthinkingly into their parents' beliefs without any especial convictions of their own, independently arrived at. She had arrived at some conclusions for herself, and there was no room for the Christian religion in them. Philosophy offered all she wanted along this line.

A favorite prank of hers was to tell every new girl in a confidential manner that on the first Sunday they were in school they must join the Baptist church. When the girl would protest that she did not wish to do so, Lottie would solemnly reply,

"But Dr. Hart is a Baptist and you must be a Baptist, too. It is a rule of the school."

Not until the puzzled girl had asked someone else did she learn it was a practical joke Lottie Moon had played on her.

When asked one Sunday afternoon by a girl who had missed her at church, where she had been during the morning service, she replied,

"Under the haystack reading Shakespeare, which was much better than listening to a dry sermon."

Dr. John A. Broadus was the pastor of the Charlottesville church. In the spring of 1859 he held a revival in the school. The students conducted an early morning prayer meeting as their part of the revival activities. At this prayer meeting petitions were sent up for the conversion of Lottie Moon. She knew the girls were praying for her, and resented it for she felt no need of prayer. Laughingly, wittily, cleverly, she would answer their pleas with her and turn aside from their invitations.

Dr. Broadus had become deeply interested in this petite, flashing-eyed girl, whose mind had so brilliantly responded to the opportunities of the school. He determined to win her during the meeting. Whether it was a sermon, or a word spoken in private we will never know; we have only her testimony to a cousin,

"I went to the service to scoff, and returned to my room to pray all night."

We do know that the battle was fought through that night and Lottie Moon appeared at the sunrise prayer meeting of the girls the next morning —not to look on in amusement at their embarrassed efforts to express themselves before her, but to turn the prayer meeting into a praise service, for she had surrendered to her Lord!

For her, surrender meant the complete giving of herself to the Lord Jesus. There were no reservations. She threw herself into the revival in a glorious way, losing not a whit of her leadership

among the girls. Rather she gained, for now there was an enthusiasm none could resist. Mrs. William E. Hatcher, who knew her well in those days, said of the change:

"This I know, the Lottie Moon after her conversion was different from Lottie Moon before. She was not a different person, though it did seem that her face, always radiant with intelligence, had assumed a softer radiance than before. She was not different intellectually, but different in the spirit and purpose of her life—different in her influence on her fellow pupils—different in all those details of daily life which at last may afford the most delicate test of the Christian character."

The beauty of her mind shone more brilliantly, the glow in her face was more alluring, the charm of her personality was irresistibly attractive. By now denominational loyalties within her family were still more varied for the sister Mary, specializing in music in Richmond Female Institute, had become a Catholic and Sarah Coleman followed her soon into that faith. Thus there were strong influences to draw her into the newly organized Disciples, to the ancient faith of the Roman Church and to the faith of her father, the Presbyterian. Certainly she must have thought deeply before she gave her whole life into the service of the church of her mother. Thus do we know that from deep conviction Lottie Moon was a Baptist. She was always a tolerant one, granting to others the right to their own beliefs, exacting only from them the evidences of the Christian faith which show in Christian practices in daily life. As one closest to her in the family expressed it, "With Lottie it was the life that evidenced the faith."

Never considered a beauty, she was always attractive with a charm that in girlhood was vivacious, but mellowed to quiet grace as the years brought their richness of experience. A bubbling sense of humor made vivid her charm in youth and saved her from many a heartache in after years. "Don't think because she was 'good,' that she was 'goody-goody,' " wrote a friend who knew her in the years of ripest achievement. The budding promise of the girl found lovely fulfillment as from this day forward she sought to know how best her life might fit into God's plan for her. From the day of her conversion she seems consciously to have sought to know what he would have her do with her life.

The next year she proved to be an exceptional scholar in Bible. Dr. A. B. Brown, who had been her English teacher in Hollins, had come to be pastor of the Charlottesville church upon Dr. Broadus' becoming a member of the faculty of the newly established Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, Southern Carolina, in the fall of 1859. She was an especial joy to him in her new eagerness to know God's Word.

One of her teachers in writing of her in the later years said:

"Her career as a student was marked with distinguished success. She never failed to pass every examination that she attempted, and usually was the highest in the class. It would be hard to say in which studies she most excelled. The writer, who has had the pleasure of reading many of her examination papers, remembers her superlatively fine work in Latin, history, literature and moral philosophy. He thinks her strength lay especially in languages, and the Belles Lettres studies. The Greek language was not included in the graduate

course but Miss Moon, entering upon the work with her usual industry and intelligence became a very good Greek scholar. Since that day the writer has not heard young ladies read with such pleasure and appreciation the plays of Euripides and Sophocles. It is not invidious to say that in the judgment of many who had opportunity to know, she was the most scholarly of all the graduates of that school."

At the University was the young man with whom she had corresponded in Hollins days, now professor of languages at the University of which he was an honor graduate. He became her devoted admirer.

Graduation came amid the roll of war drums as Virginia went out to fight for what she thought was right. During the last hectic weeks of school in the spring of 1861, the girls of the school attended one flag raising after another, their partisan enthusiasm running beyond bounds as their brothers and sweethearts marched out to fight for the Stars and Bars. So demoralizing to the school life were these patriotic events that President Hart exclaimed one morning in chapel,

"You are running these flag raisings into the ground!"—and wondered why the girls laughed!

At the graduation, however, five girls realized that they had pioneered in education for women, for in solemn ceremony there was conferred upon them the first Master of Arts degrees ever given to women in the South, a degree equal in value to that given by the University of Virginia. There were few in all the land who had preceded them in this adventure into the realm of higher education for women. Of these Lottie Moon was the bright particular star.

It was a serious world into which she stepped from the schoolroom. War was on, war that was to tear the fair land of Virginia into bloody shreds for four long years. All the high hopes for achievement, stimulated unquestionably by the example of the sister who had blazed her way into a hitherto unoccupied field for women, all the dear ambitions, must await the coming of peace, for now the war demanded every energy, every enthusiasm. Her inclinations were toward the teaching profession and the further pursuit of scholarly attainments. Deep in her heart was that persistent, insistent voice that called her to find her place in the world according to the will of God. But all must await the events now impending. So back to Viewmont Lottie Moon went to bear her part in the strenuous days that were ahead.

Yet not so serious were the times that youth was all forgot. For down to Viewmont in that troubled June the young professor came a-wooing.

June time at Viewmont! The last blossoms of the trumpet vines were still hanging on the festooning wreaths, pendent heavily from the locust trees. The rose garden glowed with color, and in the evening time the air was heavy with their perfume. Though war drums might sound in all the valleys of Virginia, it was peaceful here at Viewmont in the June of 1861.

The younger daughters were home from Richmond, gay companies of young people came and went, for always from Mt. Ayr there were cousins visiting, and from all the countryside there came friends of the Viewmont young people.

Polly Anna Austin, Lottie's especial friend, was staying at Viewmont. After the custom of the

day in courtship, the young professor was also a guest in the home.

It would be a most excellent match, that of this distinguished young scholar and the cultured, gifted daughter of an old Virginia family. Polly Anna's sympathies were openly with the young professor, but as the days went gaily by, the serious look on Lottie's face deepened. There were many factors to emphasize the serious consideration of the matter before her. The call to the defense of his state had been answered by the young man. He would leave Viewmont to begin his duties as a Chaplain in the Confederate Army, and be in active service during the days of battle to come.

This was rather to the advantage of the young man's suit. With Virginia women all astir with zeal to aid and inspire their men, with all the excitement of war and the apprehension of its dangers in the air, with June at its loveliest,—truly a maid's heart would be cold indeed not to stir at the touch of love.

We do not know what thoughts lay behind the blue eyes of Lottie Moon during those days. We know that to one of the Mt. Ayr cousins, loved as a sister, she said on one of those summer days, "Ever since that night when I went to scoff at the sermon and back to my room to pray, I have wanted to give my life to carrying the gospel to the heathen." The old story, read by the mother in childhood days, was beginning to direct her life. In the light ahead, along the woodland paths of Viewmont, there gleamed the feet of Ann Judson, with ever the challenge to follow to the heathen lands that had, as yet, never heard of a Saviour.

There was one last talk, as the young man and Lottie Moon walked among the roses in the silver moonlight, when the decision was given. Perhaps because of some as yet faintly glowing purpose in her heart, perhaps simply because she could not be sure she loved him, she said "no" to the love he offered her, and turned aside from all the fascination of the life amid the scholarly atmosphere of universities that would be hers at his side.

The next morning the young man bade the household farewell, to ride gallantly away from Viewmont to his duty in the battle lines then forming. Polly Anna, who read in the faces of her two friends the answer Lottie had given, ran out to the garden where pansies were blooming in purple and gold splendor. Gathering a handful of these she gave them to him as he was leaving.

"Take these, my friend, they are all the heart's ease I can find for you,"—and the young man rode away with Polly Anna's pansies in his buttonhole.

So love came, and went—to await a fairer time for his call to her heart again.

There was many a problem to absorb her attention in these June days. Her mother needed her help with the estate. With no market for their products, with all the unrest and disturbances of the war time upon them, even though Viewmont was out of the sweep of the armies, it was no easy task to keep all the human factors on the large plantation provided for and the machinery running smoothly.

Often there were rumors of raids on the plantations near them, wild alarms brought by the negroes, "The Yanks are coming," down the road

from Charlottesville. Charlottesville was often the center of conflict, and from the very first was a hospital center, the wounded being brought there from the battlefield of Manassas.

Orianna Moon was there, throwing all her splendid young womanhood into making the University of Virginia buildings into hospital units. Her ability and energy were recognized by a surgeon's commission as a Captain in the Confederate Army, the only one given to a woman.

Sarah Coleman and Mary, and for a little while Lottie also, went to help with the nursing in the overcrowded buildings, while cellar and linen rooms were ruthlessly robbed at Viewmont, to provide the necessities for the wounded and sick.

In that first frantic week of July, when few doctors were to be had, and no equipment for their use, a young doctor from Alabama who had been in the battle of Manassas with his two brothers, called for assistance in caring for the one brother left to him out of the battle. Dr. Orianna Moon was the doctor sent for the consultation. Side by side they sat through a long night, and her sympathy was drawn to the man, who after doing all that medical skill could do, must watch his brother die.

He was grateful for her help and sympathy, and as the two of them continued to work together in the days that followed, love blossomed even amid those dreadful scenes and Orianna Moon found her woman's heritage to be the love of a good man, and was married to Dr. John S. Andrews. Through a long life together they practiced their profession to the blessing of the people among whom they lived, first in Tennessee and later, about 1881, they established a hospital in Scottsville. Often did she remember the old

Arabic blessing which had so amused her, as sons to the number of twelve came to bless their home —but never a daughter. Such good Bible students as the children of Anna Maria Moon could not but know the symbolic interpretation of that number as being a mystical "completeness,"—"and so," the family said, "the blessing was fulfilled."

Others of the family were active participants in the scenes of war. James Moon of Mt. Ayr, with his brother, rode with Mosby's men in their mad, daring raids upon the Federals. Twice did the terrifying news come that James was wounded with the attendant days of suspense before the household of Viewmont could know how seriously and could have a part in providing comforts and luxuries for the beloved cousin. Two girls, cousins of Lottie Moon, gave splendid service as Southern spies, using the disguise of Irish washwomen and often penetrating the Federal lines. One of them had been the sweetheart of General Burnside in the days before the war. While on a dangerous mission in the very camp of the enemy she was suspected and taken before the General. He recognized her and using his authority as a General sent her back through the lines escorted by a guard, with a warning that the next time the General who captured her might not be so considerate.

When the war broke out Edmonia should have been going away to school. Of course there was no hope for that now. That the little sister might not miss the opportunities that had been given to all the others, Lottie turned her attention to giving her the best of her own brilliant attainments. Edmonia proved to be a most apt student of languages. So in the quiet of the home there was much study of French, Latin and Greek, as

well as the accompanying sciences. In the enjoyment of the classics of the French and Italian writers there was forged a bond between the older sister and the baby sister that endured through all the years, a closeness of spirit, a congeniality of tastes, and a fellowship of the deeper things of the mind and heart that bound these two closer than merely the tie of blood. In a world of great literature the two sisters found relief from the burdens of the heavy days. It was in these days that Lottie Moon extended her reading of the classics in the original languages until she had mastered the greatest of them in German, Italian, Spanish and French, and turned to a study of New Testament Greek that was to be life long. The habit of reading the Gospels in the original became a daily one, never to be broken.

There was once a time of frantic excitement. An excited negro, flying like the wind down the Road of the Presidents spread the news that Sheridan was coming southward,—Charlottesville was a smoking ruin, beautiful Monticello was being sacked, all the valley was doomed! Sheridan would soon be at Viewmont! So the rumors flew. Hurriedly Lottie sent the negroes away to the flatwoods in the river bottom with the stock and food supplies, to be securely hidden until the Federals were gone. Then she took the family jewels and silver out to the orchard, burying them in two separate places so if one were discovered, the other might escape. It was a good plan, if she had not in her excitement completely forgotten one of the burying places. Few of the jewels were recovered, though through the years the orchard was dug over many times.

As was the case all over the South, the slaves of Viewmont were faithful. Not one left the place even when word came to them that they were free. They wished no freedom from the gentle rule of their mistress, who cared for them as children. So when the war was ended, there seemed little change in Viewmont. Slowly the place recovered its old well-kept air. The son, Isaac, came to be his mother's assistant in all the affairs of the place, and now Lottie, freed from responsibility, could look about her and see what place there might be for her in the South that was arising from the ashes of desolation and despair. With keen insight she saw that first of all must the problems of education be solved. Here was a pioneer field for the woman educator. Here was the challenge to all the trained and cultured powers of her mind and soul. It was a challenge to a hard task. With the former system of society abolished, fortunes ruined, the very means of a livelihood cut off, it took a brave heart to begin business or educational ventures in the South in those first years after the war.

She found her opportunity to enter this field as a private tutor in a family in Alabama, but this lasted only for a brief time. Then came the invitation to join in an enterprise to establish a School for Girls at Danville, Kentucky, where Mr. Herbert Davis was principal of the school and pastor of the Baptist church. Her duties were to be partly as teacher in the school and partly an assistant to him in his church work,—the first of many pastor's assistants who would in later years enter that field of service.

She entered upon her duties in the fall of 1868. She so impressed herself upon the pupils in her charge, the little girls in her Sunday school class

and those with whom she came in touch in the social life of the town, that today her personality is rich and vivid in their memory. One of the girls of her Sunday school class wrote,

"She was very popular and greatly beloved by all with whom she came in contact." While another said, "I can never forget her. She taught me the Twenty-third Psalm."

A rare friendship was formed between Lottie Moon and a fellow teacher in the school, Miss A. C. Safford, which was to endure through all the years. Miss Safford was a Presbyterian.

The school at Danville had many trials. Mr. Davis was so generous with free tuition that he could not finance the school after two years of its existence and it was reorganized as Caldwell College, under Presbyterian management, Dr. Lewis Barbour, President. Miss Moon and Miss Safford were retained as teachers.

The summer months were always spent at Viewmont with the mother and little sister. Many changes were taking place in the lovely old estate. The old methods of Southern plantations could no longer be used. The slaves had drifted away, and new methods must be introduced in order to make the land productive under the regime of wage-paid labor. The adjustment came slowly, and in the meantime parts of the estate had to be sold to take care of the expenses that accumulated. The old home life was gone. The brother lived on the place, the two sisters, Sarah Coleman and Mary had gone. Sarah Coleman had first thought to follow the steps of the cousin from Mt. Ayr who was now the Mother Superior in St. Joseph's Convent in Wheeling, West Virginia. She entered the convent but ever a belle and a beauty, her purpose weakened and she left

to become a teacher of elocution and music in a girls' school in Pittsburgh, where she married a Professor Myers and died a few years later.

Mary had married also, her husband being a young Dr. Shepard with whom she began a life of quiet happiness as a homemaker. Orianna now lived in Tennessee, where Lottie spent part of the summer of 1870 in a visit to this much-loved older sister. The second boy, a little chap of nearly six years, was her constant companion. He never forgot the delightful times he and "Aunt Lottie" had together, child though he was. One vivid incident contained a bit of fright for the boy, for on a long walk together in the woods they became lost, and the stories she told to keep the little boy brave and make him feel that he must be her protector became a part of the man's heritage of memory. The boy remembered also many long hours that he sat listening to the conversation of the two sisters, the weighty subjects they discussed, fascinating to him because of the glamor of distant lands that fell over them, for to this sister Lottie had brought her problem of what to do with her life. Some conclusion had been arrived at, for at this time she was seeking help in deciding whether a woman missionary would invest her life to better advantage in China or Burma. Again the influence of the book, read long ago in childhood, came to direct her mature thought. The question of differing religious backgrounds of the people, the problem of caste in India which blocked many a missionary enterprise, the advantages offered by the advanced culture and ethical teachings of Chinese civilization,—all were thoroughly covered in these intimate talks with the older sister. Strange subjects for two women of that day to be discussing!

What backgrounds of intellectual activity in the old home at Viewmont they portray! The hand of Anna Maria Moon, fostering the world vision for her children, can be clearly seen in this significant visit of the two sisters. Significant also is the fact that it is to the one who had dared the conventions of her day and had gained experience in the months spent with Dr. Barclay in the Holy Land, Lottie Moon turned as she pondered the step she was considering which would determine the course of her life.

Early in 1869 a movement was begun at Cartersville, Georgia, for a new school for girls. The school was offered to the two friends at Danville. The spirit of the citizens appealed to them, the financial arrangements were most favorable for them and with unbounded courage they entered in the beginning of 1870 upon a school enterprise of their own in the Georgia town. They prospered far beyond their highest expectations. Georgia had suffered from the war and its aftermath of reconstruction more than any other Southern state except Virginia. Even without the handicap of the war, a school for girls would not have been a thriving proposition in those days in the South. There had been few successful attempts at such. But the attractiveness of the two teachers, their ability, their scholarship and above all their consecration to their task proved an irresistible combination, and on opening school they found themselves overwhelmed with pupils. Before the first term was out, there came a sad interruption. Called to Viewmont, Lottie found her mother slipping away from life. All thought of returning to Cartersville was abandoned and Lottie stayed by the bedside of her mother until in the quiet of an early afternoon

she tranquilly and smilingly went to sleep to awake in Eternal morning. In spite of the sadness and the heartbreak of separation, those were days of quiet joy, for the peaceful face of the mother shone with the victory over death already achieved in faith, even while her lips could still speak of the happiness that her children had given her, of the earthly joys of companionship and of her high hopes for her children whom she was leaving.

This was on June 21, 1870. That evening Lottie wrote a tender letter to her sister, Orianna, whose home in Tennessee was too remote for her to hope to come to the funeral. The letter was directed to the brother-in-law, John S. Andrews, but its sad news and words of comfort were meant for the sister's heart.

"The worst, no, the best, has come. Mother went home to God today about two o'clock. We bury her Saturday. She spoke often of sister, said, 'My affection for Orianna is unchanged,' and another time, 'All my children are dear and sweet to me.' She died peacefully and happily. There was no pain. I think I shall never fear death after seeing her triumph over it. I wish dear sister could have seen her. We told her we would all meet her in the many mansions. How happy she is now with the husband and children gone before! She said on yesterday, 'Lottie, my darling, don't ever cry for me. I want not a tear at my grave to be shed,' and then added 'You must rejoice with me.' My precious sisters and brother bear it with Christian resignation. I do so sympathize with dear sister, tell her this with my love."

Through the long quiet days that followed, Edmonia and Lottie had many a talk about life,

—and death, and the short time one has to spend between. The little sister had been cherishing a dear dream, also, of giving her life in service. She was just eighteen, but her heart burned with a devotion that was accented in these days when love was shadowed and deepened by sorrow. Her purpose crystallized during that winter in a determination to offer herself in response to the pleas of Mrs. T. P. Crawford and Mrs. J. L. Holmes, veteran missionaries of North China, for a single woman to help in the educational work of that field.

In the summer of 1871, while Lottie was at Viewmont, Dr. H. A. Tupper, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, visited the sisters and talked with them about Edmonia's going. Despite her youth, and the still vigorous opposition to the appointment of single women as missionaries, Edmonia Moon was appointed in the winter of that year, sailed in the spring and arrived in Tengchow, the center of work in North China, in June, 1872. She was to be supported by the women of the Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. In the minutes of the eighty-first meeting of the Albemarle Association in the fall of 1872 we find these words, in the Report on Foreign Missions, "We should feel a deep interest in all our missionaries, but while doing this, it is neither unreasonable or improper for us to feel a peculiar interest in Sister Edmonia Moon, and to remember her and her labors of love especially in our prayers."

The school in Cartersville had prospered in that year. The two friends had jubilantly and bouyantly laid plans for future development that promised to make the school a leading one in the New South that was gradually coming into being.

EDMONIA MOON

LOTTIE MOON

Through that fall and winter, 1871-72, there must have been many a stirring in her heart of the old intention that had once led Lottie Moon to think of the mission field. In the duties of her immediate task, she found surcease from these secret promptings of her heart, especially as success crowned every phase of her work. In this New South there would be new opportunities, with education the primary need and the richest field of endeavor. The two friends had begun early, facing the problems of the poverty of the people, the depression of business and society, and were winning out. With their high standards of scholarship, they bade fair to have soon the leading institution for girls in that part of the South.

The fall of 1872 came. Long, charming letters came from Edmonia, telling of the voyage, of the kindness of new friends, her interest in the language, the people and their customs and especially of her eagerness to get at the business for which she had gone—telling them about Jesus.

These letters were answered by long ones in return telling of the busy life the older sister was leading in Cartersville. Lottie Moon did not confine herself to the schoolroom as all her world. Setting to work in the Sunday school, she built up a class of young people remembered yet in that church. She was beloved by all types of people. It was joy to her to hunt out the destitute families—there were many in those days—and take to them the comforts of the Scriptures and of friendly interest and fellowship in prayer. She did not wait for Sunday school pupils to come to her, but went out after them, often out of her own purse supplying them with clothing needful for their comfort. She endeared herself to the

entire community, and was the right hand of the pastor of the church, Dr. R. B. Headden.

In February of 1873 there was a Ministers' and Deacons' Meeting of the Middle Cherokee Association at which a stirring missionary address was given. The pastor of Cartersville was present and upon the inspiration of the hour, proposed that those present should covenant together "To pray to the Lord of the Harvest to send *now* more laborers into the harvest," and that the ministers present should pledge themselves, as a part of the carrying out of that covenant, to preach a missionary sermon on their return home.

For his own sermon, Dr. Headden selected the text that had provoked the covenant, "Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields, for they are white already unto harvest," and preached on it the next Sunday in Cartersville, with a prayer in his own heart that it would call forth at least one volunteer for the mission fields. His prayer must have entered into his sermon in a most vitalizing way, for it is remembered vividly by those who heard it. But his faith had not been strong enough to foresee the answer to his prayer.

At the close of the sermon the two beloved teachers of the school, that was the pride of the community, walked down together to signify that they had answered the call. Lottie Moon's words to Dr. Headden were, "I have long known God wanted me in China. I am now ready to go." Her friend, Miss Safford, stood by her side, an equally eager volunteer.

The glad news was written to Edmonia in China, that her sister was coming to join her in the work there. Then came complications about the school in Cartersville. Many people expressed great indignation at the waste of such a noble

life upon the Chinese! There were some obligations concerning the school that were not easy to adjust, for those who had given it financial support were not willing to give up the teachers who had made it such a success. It was not easy to break away from generous-hearted friends, wide-open opportunities and definite obligations.

So we find Edmonia writing in May of that year,

"I am not grieving over your letter, for I believe you will yet come to China. True, you are doing a noble work at home, but are there not some who could fill your place? I know of no one who could fill your place here. In the first place not every one is willing to come to China. In the next place their having the proper qualifications is doubtful. Laborers are so needed here. Only last Saturday I declined three invitations to go visiting where I might have told the gospel to many, for lack of time and strength. The poor hear us gladly. The rich sometimes turn us out of their doors, but there is plenty of hard work to be done among the poor. The Richmond ladies want me to have a female boarding school. I can't carry it on alone. They wrote that they thought they could raise the money this summer to build me a home. So you see the school is not far in the future. I don't dread teaching the school, but to have all the responsibility on me and to be keeping house alone I would dread. But after all, it is not for my sake I want you to come, but for the sake of the Chinese. I would not persuade you against what you think right. For how many years did you engage to stay in Cartersville? Would not the trustees release you if you insist? Seems to me if they are Christian

men they would give you up gladly to come to China!"

In the end the trustees did prove that they were sympathetic, for matters were arranged and Lottie Moon made application to the Foreign Mission Board for appointment to North China. She was appointed July 7, 1873, and quickly began to make all preparations for sailing.

Back in Cartersville the friends of the Baptist church wished to make a parting gift to her, to show their love and appreciation and to speed her on her way. The informal meeting called together to talk this over resulted in a plan for a missionary society among the women which was organized August 17 with its purpose stated in the Constitution thus:

"Our immediate purpose shall be to aid as far as possible in the maintenance of Miss Lottie Moon, who has gone from this church as a missionary to China."

A little girl brought by her mother to that meeting listened in wonder to all the talk of this tremendously interesting project. In the years that followed she heard many a letter read from Miss Moon, and the impressions thus made by them on her young mind had much to do with shaping her life. In her young womanhood she gave herself to active service in her own church, and from that came larger opportunities to serve in Association and State, until the years had marked out a notable path for her as a leader of Woman's Missionary Union. For that little girl, shyly listening at her mother's knee that far away day in Cartersville was Mrs. W. J. Neel, for many years President of the Georgia W.M.U.

A visit to Richmond, where Lottie Moon was entrusted with a communion set for the Monument

Street Church sent by the girls of Richmond Female Institute—the forerunner of the great Westhampton College of today—a briefer visit in Baltimore, with many messages of farewell, made the time pass quickly. Leaving Baltimore August 18, she arrived in company with Miss Safford in San Francisco on August 30, taking as long to reach the Pacific Coast from the Atlantic as it now takes to cross the Pacific Ocean.

There she was met by an old friend, a fellow teacher in Danville, who wrote of her visit:

"It has been a cherished purpose with Miss Moon for years past to be a missionary to the heathen; now that her desire in that regard is about to be realized, she is quite happy, and says that in going to China to join her sister, she feels as though she were going home. A lady of fine intellect, of rare culture, and of splendid social gifts, she lays herself on the altar of sacrifice for him who purchased her with his precious blood. Virginia never reared a nobler woman."

She sailed on September 1, 1873. That day before going to the boat she had a last mail from the old home in Virginia and the friends in Cartersville. She wrote in reply to the message telling of the organization of the missionary society in Cartersville:

"The intelligence gave me much pleasure for it proved your sympathy in the work to which I have consecrated my life, and cheered my heart with the assurance that I shall not be forgotten by you, though in a distant land. I shall regard myself as your representative, and in seeking to lead the darkened and degraded to the true Light, I shall feel that you are speaking through me, and that you send while I carry the Bread of Life to the perishing heathen."

CHAPTER II

In Which Three Decisions are Made

"Words do fail to express my love for this Holy Book, my gratitude for its Author, for his love and goodness; how shall I thank him for it!"

—From margin of Lottie Moon's Bible.

"The sun was shining brightly and the waters of the bay sparkled brilliantly in its beams," wrote Lottie Moon to the home folks of her sailing from San Francisco on that beautiful September morning in 1873. "The bay is large and very beautiful. It is said that all the navies of the world could be gathered there and find room. The shores on either side are noted for their loveliness. As we were passing out of our last sight of land the gong sounded for lunch. Very prosaically, and as it turned out, very unwisely for me, I chose the lunch in preference to the beauties of nature. I felt rather queer about the head, and made my escape from the table as soon as possible." Being the victim of "mal de mer," however, did not prevent her enjoying the activities of the passengers on the boat. Her picture of the social life on board the steamer is a delightful comment on the amusements of the day.

"The gentlemen played quoits, or practiced feats of gymnastics. For those who liked quieter games there were cards, chess and anagrams. The

surgeon of the vessel who is quite a literary character treated us to a very interesting treatise on Shylock, and interspersed it with readings from the play in which the Jew appears. One gentleman gave us an account of a dangerous voyage he had made under a drunken Captain."

They had stunts in those days, too, very amusing ones, as the following account will prove.

"Another night an Egyptian mummy was on exhibition and a lecture was delivered on the subject. The mummy had been bought for the enormous sum of 37½ cents! By the process of modern science, he had been revived to some extent, could understand what was said to him, and could respond by a wink. The lecturer proved this by asking various questions as to the mummy's past, inquiring if he had walked about the streets of Thebes three thousand years ago and so on. A wink gave satisfactory evidence that the mummy understood and responded. The lecturer then proceeded to state that he hoped in time that the mummy would speak. He would now try to make him do so. He uplifted an enormous iron ring, which so startled the mummy that he sprang up with a terrific shriek, and in endeavoring to get away, dragged off the table cloth and revealed our young friend from Boston! Of course, that part was a failure, because the design was for him to vanish under the table."

Landing in Yokohama, the party of missionaries bound for China, which included several of different denominations, decided to see the sights of the city. They had many gay adventures, and saw many curious sights.

She wrote delightedly of the curio shops and of the lovely silks she found. Her first impressions of the Japanese were those of amazement at

the beauty of their industries and the courtesy of their tradesmen. This favorable opinion was deepened as the years in China brought to her a realization of the importance of Southern Baptists opening work in the land of their increasingly powerful neighbor.

A brief stop was made at Kobe on Sunday when the party was met by missionaries of the Church of England, and all attended the church of that faith for the morning service. Miss Moon was much impressed by the consecration and ability of the clergyman, Mr. Burnsides, but her sense of humor added to the account of the service.

"I am sure I responded heartily to the prayer for the Queen and Royal Family!"

The short voyage from Nagasaki to Shanghai was the most eventful part of the journey. A terrible storm arose and for hours the ship was driven helplessly before it. The thoughts of those hours were set down graphically in a letter home.

"You will want to know how we felt, this facing what seemed almost inevitable death. The captain and officers did their duty nobly. Without any thought of themselves, they bent every energy to the guidance of the shattered ship. The surgeon and one other buoyed themselves up with bottle after bottle. Our own party spoke and felt calmly of the coming end. If it was God's will, surely it was well. As I watched the mad waste of waters, howling as if eager to engulf us, I think I should scarcely have been surprised to see a Divine Form walking upon them, so sweetly I heard in my inmost soul the consoling words, 'It is I, be not afraid.' "

The storm abated on the second day and the ship landed safely back in Nagasaki.

The next attempt to cross the stormy East China Sea was a happy experience and on the morning of October 7, 1873, Lottie Moon was greeted at the wharf of Shanghai by Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Crawford, veteran missionaries of Tengchow, and Dr. and Mrs. Matthew T. Yates, who had for twenty-eight years been Southern Baptist missionaries in Shanghai.

She was overwhelmed with friendly greetings and invitations from not only the Baptist missionaries, but those of other denominations. The hospitality delighted her. China, after all, was very much like Virginia!

She was delighted, also, by the expressions of high esteem from those who had met Edmonia, the little sister.

"People speak of her in terms of enthusiastic praise," she wrote Orianna. "She had been in charge of three schools, her own, Mrs. Crawford's, while she is in Shanghai, and Mrs. Holmes' while she is away on country tours. Eddie likewise is superintending the building of additional rooms to Mrs. Crawford's house, and has under her eight carpenters and masons. So you see the dear child is a woman of business. Mrs. Yates says the gentlemen, married and single, were up in arms, very indignant that a 'pretty young thing' should be buried in Tengchow! Mrs. Crawford said she had shown wonderful good sense in her power of adapting herself to circumstances, and that she bears off the palm for quickness in acquiring the language, speaking it with remarkable ease and likeness to the Chinese."

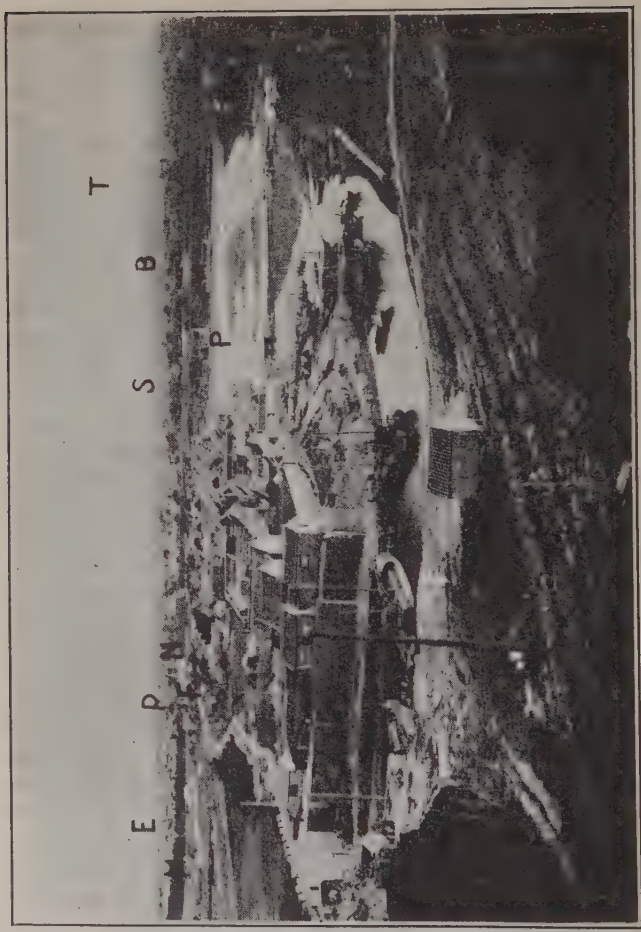
That the life of a missionary, young and pretty as was Edmonia Moon, had its romantic incidents is shown in a bit of gossip sent on to the family that the little sister had been invited "to preside

over the beautiful home of a well-to-do bachelor in Shanghai." "Of course," she adds, "I give the report for what it is worth, for Eddie has never mentioned it."

Early in December the Crawfords and Miss Moon landed at Chefoo, the seaport and post office town, from which they went fifty-five miles westward to Tengchow, the prefecture city, which had for many hundreds of years commanded a magnificent situation on the Pe-Chi-Li Gulf.

The Province of Shantung is a little larger than Virginia and West Virginia combined, lying in about the same latitude as those States and with something of the same contour of land. The name Shantung means "East of the hills." The Hoang Ho River marks its western border, while to the east and north lie the Yellow Sea and Pe-Chi-Li Gulf. Across the Gulf, winding through the many rocky islets in the sea lies the course of the vessels plying between Shanghai, five hundred miles to the south and Peking two hundred miles to the west. Chefoo, with its splendid harbor is the seaport, while Tengchow, then the larger city, with a beautiful harbor, but beset with many pine clad islets, called the Chang San Tao, is located fifty miles up the coast. Rolling hills with here and there mountain ranges cutting across to jut out as rugged promontories in the Gulf make it an excellent agricultural region. The chief products are grains, wheat and millet predominating.

The city of Tengchow has a history running back far before the birth of Christ. The Yamen, or seat of government, was established there about A.D. 681, while the Examination Halls, bringing great honor and prestige to the city, were built A.D. 627. The wall of the city dates certainly to one hundred years before Christ, is about 36 feet



VIEW OF TENGCHOW CITY FROM PING LAI KWOA TEMPLE
B—Baptist Church, White Steeple.
P—Presbyterian Church.
N—North Gate.
E—East Gate.
S—South Gate.
T—Temple Mountain, one and one-half miles south of city.
F—Newly Built Electric Light Plant.
M—Newly Built Motor Car Station.
Miss Moon's house is a few doors south of the Baptist Church.

high, and has four gates, named very picturesquely in Chinese fashion. The East Gate is "Birth of Spring," the South, "Looking Toward Heaven," the West, "Welcome Mercy," while the North Gate is simply "To Go To The Sea," for just outside this Gate is the beach with its white capped waves ever washing the shores.

Between the North Gate and the Sea, forming a gray green setting for the city, is the Temple mountain, where according to the Chinese, dwell the good and evil spirits who control the destiny of the city. The Water City, with a separate wall, was built around an inlet of the sea where the water rose deep enough to float the boats in through the water gate at high tide. Across the city proper, ran two great streets, North to the South and East to West. Besides these there was no regular arrangement of streets. They were narrow, mostly paved with stones, and often ending in the courtyard of some temple, or even that of a home.

It was through the great East Gate that Lottie Moon entered the city that was to be her home for forty eventful years—a gateway that she came to look upon as symbolic of the people that came and went beneath its silent guardianship.

The beginnings of missionary work in this conservative old city had not been easy. With practically no contact with the foreigners until these white-faced teachers had come to bring new ways and new worship, the people of Tengchow had been unfriendly and resentful from the first. J. B. Hartwell, coming from Shanghai in 1860, had met with every form of opposition, from the polite ignoring of his presence by the gentry, to actual violence that more than once threatened his life. More than ten years had passed. Dr. Hart-

MAP OF NORTH CHINA MISSION
Showing Expansion During the Forty Years Service of Miss Lottie Moon

well had been compelled to leave in 1870 on account of the death of his wife and the necessity of taking his children to the homeland. He had just returned with the second Mrs. Hartwell, locating in the city of Chefoo where most of his work had centered.

The senior member of the missionary force in North China Mission at the time Lottie Moon arrived in Tengchow was Mrs. J. L. Holmes. Left a widow in less than a year after moving from Shanghai to Chefoo in 1860, with an infant son born two months after his father had been killed by a robber band while interceding for the safety of the city, a baby daughter buried in a grave by the sea, Sallie J. Holmes had shown the true heroism of a missionary heart in staying on in North China, spending her life to win the people who had robbed her of her husband. She conducted a school for boys in the city, but spent most of her time in visiting in the villages where the people were much more responsive than in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Crawford had gone to Tengchow in 1863, after both of them had undergone a breakdown of health in Shanghai. The more invigorating climate of North China had restored them to health and they had given devoted service to all phases of the work. Dr. Crawford believed in self support, urging that the Chinese should be taught from the beginning to support their own workers. He employed no native workers, except his personal Chinese teacher. In this he was at variance with others of the missionaries, although there had been harmony in a policy of each pursuing his own plan of work. There were now two centers of work in the city. The North Street Church, meeting in a rented building with a school building adjoining, had been begun by Doctor

Hartwell. The pastor was now a native preacher. The Monument Street Church in the southwest part of the city, organized by Dr. Crawford, was at this time the more active center, since Dr. Hartwell had gone and the work had lagged in the northern section.

There were so few missionaries in such a vast field that it was often a case of "trying every plan." With millions of people within easy reach of their itinerating tours, two men and four women were a wholly inadequate force. The Presbyterians had entered North China with the Baptists, but even when their slightly larger group of missionaries was added to the Baptists their numbers were so small that making a deep dent upon the heathenism around them seemed an impossible task. Only during the summer months, when tired missionaries from the South of China came up for rest and recuperation in the cool sea breezes of Chefoo and Tengchow, was there companionship of foreigners for the missionaries. There were no attractions at that time in North China for the trade seekers of the Western nations. This was in a way very good for the work they wished to do, for often the un-Christian life and actions of the commercial traveler in the Orient has handicapped the missionary far more than the darkness of the heathenism he is trying to pierce with the light of the gospel. But this fact also meant that many a comfort to which they had been accustomed could not be secured and they must learn, in a great measure, to live Chinese fashion.

Her first impression of the difficulties of the task she had undertaken may be gathered from a letter written by Lottie Moon to the Religious Herald, appearing April 16, 1874.

"We noticed last night a gratifying increase in attendance of the preaching service. Mr. Crawford says that the night service is the trap he has set to catch any Nicodemus who may fear ridicule attendant on coming by day. One in a Christian land cannot begin to understand the terrible, almost unsurmountable obstacles in the way of the heathen. It is only the grace of God that can give a man courage to trample these underfoot and come out bravely as a Christian. The habits of a lifetime, the cherished customs handed down from their ancestors, customs so closely interwoven with their social life that neglect of these shuts a man almost out of the pale of society —all these must be relinquished. Add to this the odium attached to association with foreigners and some faint idea may be formed of the difficulties a man must encounter. Yet, in the face of all these things, we believe a Christian society is growing up in China. A leaven is at work which shall penetrate into all this vast empire. We already see results calling for devout gratitude; the words of inspiration are being verified under our own eyes—'The heathen shall be given "Thy Son" for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.'"

Her understanding of the difficulties in the way of the Chinese believers as shown by these words was significant of the deep interest in Chinese life and thinking which was characteristic of her from the first.

"Miss Moon is making remarkable progress with the language," wrote Mrs. Crawford a few months after she had arrived. The language was a task she attacked with joy. She found it hard, but its study led her into deep researches into Chinese life and history which became her

recreation when she wished to turn aside from the often monotonous duties of the day. She delighted in noting all the traditions of the people among whom she lived and worked. She became one of the best scholars of Chinese literature and history of any missionary, grasped and mastered the Chinese language to a degree far above the average. Her admiration of the Chinese as a people grew until we find her writing from Japan when visiting there some years later, "I do love the East and Eastern life! Japan fascinated my heart and fancy four years ago, but now I honestly believe I love China best, and actually, which is stranger still, like the *Chinese* best!"

Edmonia Moon had been living in the home of the Crawfords. But now they were at home, so the sisters moved to the house which had been first leased by the Hartwells many years before. For the past two years it had stood locked and empty. It was located in a section where the gentry lived, men who had the right to wear the button on their caps, showing they had won certain degrees in the Examination Halls, and women who lived in houses with dead walls upon the street, when to enter meant to knock fruitlessly at the false wall before the real door, or to open the door uninvited and risk being repulsed as a discourteous intruder. It had taken courage to do the house to house visiting that was gradually breaking down this opposition—courage must still be mustered to go on. The house, built of stone, had been improved by the various missionaries who had lived in it until now it had windows of glass fitted into wooden sashes, substantial doors, and the living rooms had wooden floors laid over the native floors of hard packed dirt.

Here the sisters began their home in China. From the first the women of Georgia and Virginia had been urging the purchase of a house for them, in which they might begin the school work both wished to do. So negotiations were opened for the purchase of this, or some other well-located house, that would be their very own. Purchase of property in China was not easy at that time. According to the custom a buyer could not approach a man directly about the purchase of his property. It was considered an insult, an insinuation that he was in such circumstances that he was compelled to sell. So a "go between" must be employed to feel out the man's desires on the matter and all communication concerning the purchase must be made through this "go between." Dr. Crawford began negotiations in this very round-about manner for a house for the sisters. "Things move slowly in China," Lottie often reminded the friends back home, as the matter of a permanent home dragged along without any tangible results.

Then, before they were really settled, something happened to disrupt all the happy plans. School work, home life, all must be laid aside, for Edmonia began to have trouble with her eyes. A trip to Chefoo to see a doctor confirmed the belief of the friends in Tengchow that her trouble was a nervous affection that was quite serious. So in January of 1875, the sisters went to Shanghai to consult the doctors there and see if the change might prove helpful. From Shanghai they went up the river for a little visit with Miss Safford, stationed in Soochow. The beauty of that ancient city delighted them both and Lottie wrote vividly of what she saw there. Most of all was she impressed by the advances made by Christian activities in both these cities where missionaries

had been at work much longer than in Tengchow. It heartened her.

Dr. Yates had just finished rebuilding the church in Shanghai, largely at his own expense, and she wrote at length of its splendid equipment and of the fine body of workers he had associated with him. She talked with him long about the early problems in Shanghai when he had gone there thirty years before, and commented on the great advantages to the missionary of her day over the day of the pioneers who had come before her.

"Formerly there were no books from which to learn Chinese," she wrote to the *Foreign Mission Journal.* "There were no means of communicating even with one's teacher except by signs. If you wanted to know the word for 'water' or 'bread' for instance, you must show them to your teacher. The New Testament had not been translated, and there were no hymns. Imagine a worship without hymns, where only the preacher prayed, while all about was confusion, talking, the people continually going out or coming in. There were no religious or scientific books for school use, such as the new missionary now finds to his hand in abundance, as soon as he is able to use them.

"The more I see of mission life the more impressed I am with the amount of hard work, real drudgery one might call it, of those noble veterans, the pioneers of missions in China, many of whom are now gone to their reward above, others of whom are still toiling at their posts with all the ardor of youthful days, and yet with the added experience of years of active service."

So the young missionary learned lessons that were to stand her in good stead one day when

she, too, would be called upon to pioneer for the gospel in a strange city, where the drudgery side of mission life would be all too apparent.

The sisters went back to Tengchow with hopeful hearts for the opening of the schools after the Chinese New Year. There was an encouraging note in the opening of school work that year. Mrs. Holmes had seventeen girls, Edmonia fourteen in another part of the city and Mrs. Crawford's Boys' School was full to capacity with twenty boys. News had come of expected reënforcement, which evoked the glad comment:

"There is plenty of work for her. There are villages by the hundreds where the gospel is heard only at long intervals, and only God knows how many in which it has never been proclaimed." The hope was shattered however by word that the expected recruit could not be sent. The Board was in debt.

Edmonia's health continued to be a matter of concern. Her throat was now affected. She found much difficulty in carrying on her school work, even with the help of Lottie, who could by now take over considerable of the work with the girls. In her eagerness to use this time of enforced idleness to profit, Edmonia began working out a project long in her mind, the preparation of a primary geography for the school children. She had purchased an organ which also added much to the efficiency and attractiveness of the school.

Despite her great desire to stay at her post, her health grew worse, the lungs became involved and the nervous trouble increased, until it was decided that again she should go down to Shanghai to consult the doctors. The verdict was "Back to America," and by now it was evident

that Lottie must accompany her, if she was to reach home safely.

Dr. Yates, writing to the Secretary of the Board, said in explanation,

"It is necessary for Miss Edmonia to return home, and that she have company. The Board and the churches will, I trust, see the necessities of the case and deal tenderly with these dear sisters whose hearts are so deeply interested in the mission work."

So back to Viewmont came the little sister who had so buoyantly gone out to a far country just five years before. The decision was made for her to have a little home of her own in Scottsville where she would be near to many relatives, and then Lottie, seeing her quickly improve in the pleasant surroundings and happy companionship of her loved ones, turned her face again to China.

If the love of the little sister had once influenced her to place her life in China, we can have no doubt that now she turns her face Chinaward because of a conviction in her own heart that there alone may she fulfill God's will for her life. With every tender tie and every bond of love to hold her in the homeland, she wrote urgently to Dr. Tupper that she be allowed to go back at once.

But the Board was in debt. There was no money for her passage back. Dr. and Mrs. E. Z. Simmons of South China were being held in this country for the same reason. So in the report of the Foreign Mission Committee at the 1877 meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention there was this recommendation:

"That effort be made to raise the $1,500 or $2,000 over and above our regular contributions to pay expenses of Miss L. Moon and Mr. and Mrs.

Simmons, all of whom are anxious to go back at once to China."

The "effort" necessary was made by the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia, who asked also the privilege of supporting Miss Moon, "providing the women of Georgia do not feel they have a prior claim." The matter of support was settled by an agreement to make it a cooperative enterprise. The money they had undertaken to raise for the house was all in hand, $2,382.63, and she took it back with her for deposit in Shanghai against the day when the purchase of the house would be all settled.

Perhaps it was an inner victory over herself that gave to her an air of quiet Christian exultation noted by friends in those last days before sailing. She started back to China with none of the illusions of one who had not been there. She knew the hardships, the denial that must be made of the comforts and luxuries that would have been hers in Virginia, she knew the stern realities of the business of carrying the gospel to a heathen land, for she had been there! There was little of romance in the anticipations of this voyage, but much eagerness to go back. She wrote Dr. Tupper on the eve of sailing:

"I am delighted at the prospect of being in China so soon. I hope to reach Tengchow by December and to begin the New Year in my dearly loved home."

And when Shanghai was reached after a pleasant voyage in comapny with eleven other missionaries, she wrote,

"It is almost worth while to go away from China for a while to get the hearty welcome one receives on returning. I sometimes think that

missionaries are the warmest hearted people in the world. At Soochow," where she had gone for a two days' visit with Miss Safford,—"At Soochow you might have thought I was a near and dear relative, instead of a comparative stranger. Such overflowing cordiality and hospitality!"

It was Christmas eve, 1877, when she finally was unbundled from the mule litter at Mrs. Crawford's home in Tengchow. She had come through a snow storm all the way from Chefoo. "One of the dear brethren," she wrote home, "had been sent down to meet me. Under his escort I made the short overland journey very pleasantly. Mrs. Nevius, (Presbyterian missionary in Chefoo) bundled me up so thoroughly that it was impossible to suffer from the cold. I felt like a Chinese Mandarin with so many clothes on and most of them padded! I found the dear friends here well and cheerful. Of course we have done little but talk the two days I have been here. There is so much to tell on both sides."

Indeed there was much to hear and tell. Dr. Hartwell had again been forced to go home, leaving Chefoo again without a missionary. Mrs. Holmes was not well, her furlough was overdue, but the work had been so pressing that she had bidden her son farewell and sent him away for his school work in America with the Mateers, Presbyterian missionaries in Tengchow leaving for furlough—and she stayed on.

Only one man was left in the Baptist mission of North China, Dr. T. P. Crawford, a veteran now beginning to grow old, two veteran women missionaries who should have been taking the work a little easier, and this brave young missionary.

Yet in the face of this depletion of their forces, the work was taken up vigorously in the season

of activity after the Chinese New Year in February.

The first matter to be settled was that of the house. Some changes had occurred that made the purchase of a permanent home even more desirable than before. The two churches, North Street and Monument Street, were planning to merge into one organization, taking over the Monument Street property for worship. This would leave the North Street buildings idle and the people there untouched by the church life. Most of the members of this church, however, were country people. So a church was organized at Shantswang, a large village accessible to the greater number of these country members. There were a few Christians in the north section of the city that would be left rather far away from any activities. The building used for worship and school was their natural rallying point. There was no other missionary living in that section, and it seemed to Miss Moon very unwise for the Baptists to move out entirely, after so many years of making way in that part of the city. She had lived for a year in this house, and liked the location very much. The neighbors, while not especially friendly, were mostly of the upper class and she felt that whatever advantage might have been gained among them should be patiently followed up. Another feature that appealed to her was the fact that the house was only a five minute walk from the North Gate and ten minutes from the seashore. Her love of walking, and delight in scenes of natural beauty led her to count this a real asset. So she urged that the house, which had up to now been only leased, should by some means be purchased.

The owner was obdurate. He not only would not sell, but he raised the price of the annual rental. Then Dr. Crawford, agreeing with Miss Moon in the very great advantage of holding their center of activity in the north part of the city, took advantage of a Chinese law which, after a certain number of years of occupancy gives the lessee the right of an indefinite lease. With this assurance that under no circumstances would she ever be turned out of the house, and after much negotiation securing a reduction in the rental, Miss Moon suggested to the women in Georgia and Virginia that the money they had instructed should be used for the purchase of property be placed at interest and the income used to pay the annual rental.

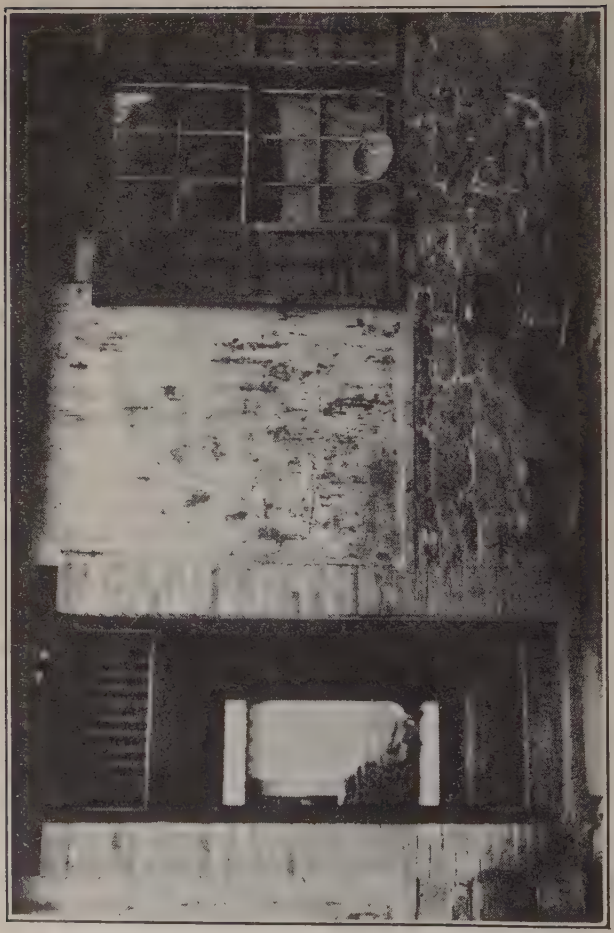
This was finally agreed upon as the best solution of the matter and she wrote joyfully to Dr. Tupper, "The rent is reduced to one hundred dollars annually and the money is safely invested in the Shanghai bank at five per cent. I am happy that the house question is now definitely settled, for a state of doubt as to one's 'local habitation' is conducive neither to one's usefulness or happiness. I like this part of the city better than any other. I am attracted to the place and have a home feeling that I should not have elsewhere."

This impression of the value of the North Street property was never changed, even though her home was there for only a little more than three years. The removal of the church activities to Monument Street, in the southwest portion of the city, coupled with the fact that some of the North Street brethren were dissatisfied with the disposition made of the former place of worship and the dwelling that was near to it, finally brought about a situation that made it much better for her to

buy a house nearer to the church and turn the North Street home over to the new missionary, Mr. C. W. Pruitt, when he came to North China.

Down on the street that led to Tengchow Baptist Church, at the corner where a large street crossed the great West Gate Street, Mrs. Holmes had been living for many years. The situation was more convenient of access to the city and near to the center of Baptist work. It was not far from the West Gate. This was an especial advantage since it made it easy to escape from the crowded city streets with their often unpleasant sights and smells. The crisis in the negotiations for the North Street house came about the time that Mrs. Holmes went to America, in 1881, for an extended furlough, and it seemed wise for Miss Moon to move into her house during her absence. It was to be her last move, for Mrs. Holmes never returned and so the home problem was settled. When it became apparent that this was the wisest disposition to make of the vexed question, permission was obtained from the donors for as much of the money as was necessary to be used in repairs and remodeling the home. With the instinct of a homemaker Lottie Moon began to turn the old Chinese house into a real home.

The house was three hundred years old, built in ancient Chinese fashion of stone around a courtyard, with a wall uniting the outer walls of the smaller buildings inside. Along the north side of the courtyard ran the street to West Gate. The gate to the courtyard was very near to the corner where the cross street ran north and south. Because of this the house was known as "Shao Shi Tsi Ko," or literally "The Little Cross Roads." Inside the walls she had a little empire all her own, and it was here she began to bring into being



THE HOUSE AT THE LITTLE CROSS ROADS

a little bit of old Virginia away in North China. Her own house was separate from the rest of the buildings. It consisted of a study, bedroom, parlor and dining room, built in an "L" shape with a veranda running along two sides. Windows were built in, doors of substantial wood were hung and floors laid. A tiny bathroom added to the comfort of the home. At the corner of the veranda a Marechal Neil rose climbed upon a trellis. In the center of the open space in front of the study windows a crepe myrtle, brought from Virginia soil, flourished, while outside the parlor windows the branches of a pomegranate tree waved in the breeze. Around the walls and in the corner of the yard there bloomed many of the old-fashioned flowers that had been favorites at Viewmont, touch-me-nots and hollyhocks, verbena and mignonette, and many roses. Next to her own house was a second house for the entertainment of foreign guests, and in the southwest corner were the rooms of her Chinese servants and guests. Along the wall that shut out the small street to the east, ran the rooms used for kitchen, storerooms and laundry, with a second gate to the street at the far corner.

As the years went by the home became more and more comfortable with touches here and there of a born homemaker, and the house glowed with the old-time air of hospitality that had once made Viewmont the center of the social life of the countryside. Here was always old-time Southern hospitality to greet the new missionary, here was restful quietude for the tired worker from the interior, here was a place where the outside world

might not intrude to disturb, yet where all the currents of thought in all the world were gathered to enlighten and inspire. In the little study were to be found the latest magazines from New York and London, the latest worth-while books, a few at a time, the most important of the discussions of timely topics, a bit of poetry to relax tense nerves, and always the gentle presence of the mistress of the house, to make the house truly a home. So finally, the house matter was settled, for the North Street property in the after years became the center of her school for girls, and she had it after all! But the home was "The Little Cross Roads"—significant name, for it was the call of the crossroads that drew her away from the home so often in the years that followed.

There had been another demand upon her thoughts immediately upon her return. North China was in the grip of the worst famine it had experienced for many years. The crops had failed for two years, and by the spring of 1878 the conditions in some parts of the province were appalling. During 1877, Mr. Richards, the English Baptist missionary, who had been pastor of Monument Street Church during Mr. Crawford's absence, removed to Chingchow, farther in the interior, and was the administrator of the relief money raised by private solicitation of the missionaries. Two hundred miles west of Tengchow the people were dying by the thousands, and were leaving their homes by the tens of thousands in an effort to find food. Money had been sent Mr. Richards from Shanghai, but it had been of little help against such desperate and wholesale need. In 1878, Tengchow was crowded with refugees, and Lottie Moon had her first experience with the sight of people actually starving to death.

She aroused much sympathy by her graphic descriptions of the famine sufferers and received gifts for the relief work from some who responded to her appeals through the *Foreign Mission Journal*. Of one of these gifts she makes the following accounting in a letter to Dr. Tupper:

"The money you sent me—five dollars and fifty cents—was disposed of as follows: I sent five dollars to Mr. Richards, who had been distributing food to the famine sufferers for two years. The remaining fifty cents I gave to famine refugees here."

In these letters, several of which were published in the *Religious Herald*, there crept now and then a note of loneliness, which was but natural. To one reader there was a personal appeal in this wistful evidence of the courage it took to lay out plans for a life forever apart from loved ones. So there went from Virginia to old Tengchow a letter bearing friendly greetings from the friend of schooldays, the young professor, now a distinguished teacher in a great college. The years between that June time of shadowed gayety at Viewmont had brought many experiences to him. Soon after the war he had gone to study in the great universities of Germany. There he had won laurels of scholarship that made him much sought on his return. No one had as yet taken the place in his heart, however, that he had once given to blue-eyed Lottie Moon.

The letter was answered and all the pleasure of a touch with the old atmosphere of study and happy discussion of subjects absorbingly interesting was brought to the home at the Little Cross Roads.

Just at that time the controversy over the theories of Darwin, which had been raging in Great

Britain and on the Continent for twenty years, began seriously to disturb American scholars and appear in American periodicals. It was then confined almost entirely to the field of scientific research, though some looked ahead and saw a time coming when it must inevitably be brought into the world of theological thinking. In Germany the brilliant mind of the young professor had been deeply interested in all the fascinating possibilities of this new and revolutionary theory. He had been a deep student of Old Testament literature, and when the opportunity came for him to take a professorship in this subject in a seminary, he accepted, with his thinking along the line of the Darwinian theory still in a state of uncertainty. In his classroom he advanced some of his ideas of reconciliation of the new hypothesis with the Genesis account of creation and the new ideas of the German scholars on history and inspiration of Old Testament. A great stir was made over the matter and he resigned to accept a professorship in the greatest American university of his day. In harmony with his changed views, he left the Baptist denomination and united with a Unitarian congregation.

In the meantime, Mrs. Crawford, on furlough in Virginia, visited a dear friend of Lottie Moon's and confided to her the delightful bit of news that Miss Moon was to be married to the old lover of her schooldays. The only part of the wedding plans yet undecided at the time Mrs. Crawford had left China was the question of whether they would settle in Japan, where he wished to go as a missionary, or come to her field in Tengchow.

Down to the home of Lottie's brother, Isaac Moon, there came a letter from the sister, saying that she was returning in the spring to be mar-

ried. She wished to be married from her brother's home. She mentioned in that letter that it was not yet decided whether they would live in Japan or in China.

The young professor himself talked the matter over with Dr. Tupper, Secretary of the Board. That he told this dear friend of Miss Moon's of his attachment through the years to her we know from a letter which Dr. Tupper wrote, containing a bit of gentle teasing about the delightful secret, to which she replied:

"What you say of our mutual friend is very pleasing to me. You are right in supposing that I 'think very highly of him.' (This is *not* to go into the *Journal*!) Thank you for the nice things you say to me personally. Would that I merited them!"

In this same letter she wrote also, "We are looking eagerly for reënforcement. I, especially, am bored to death living alone. I don't find my own society either agreeable or edifying. I asked Mrs. Yates to stir you—i. e., the Board—up to send Mr. and Mrs. E. out as soon as possible. I really think a few more winters like the one just past would put an end to me. This is no joke, but dead earnest. *Verbum sat.* So send on the good brother and sister."

But reënforcement did not come. Instead there came a tentative announcement of the going of a couple to Japan, a plan suddenly terminated less than a year later.

It is undoubtedly true that in all this time there were most interesting letters crossing the Pacific Ocean, for the question of the field in which they would place their lives was not by any means the only one that had to be settled. It was a time of great change in the most fundamental views of

the young scholar. He had thought to make a great contribution to the theological thought of his day. He had failed and a storm of controversy waged about him.

Away in China, Lottie Moon was reading the many articles that appeared in the Baptist papers in the discussion that arose about the matter. She, too, was thinking of what these changes might mean. More and more as she adapted herself to the hard conditions of the life in a pioneer station, she had come to rely upon God as revealed to her in his Word. More and more had she come to feel the reality of his presence with her. As she faced the almost insurmountable problems before her—problems of heathenism, problems of methods and plans of work, problems of keeping her own self fresh and free from morbidity and the peculiarities that come to one who lives much alone—as she faced above all the great problem of making God real to these women who were gradually becoming more accessible to the gospel, she realized that she had a trust from God which no personal consideration could abrogate.

That she studied the question from his viewpoint is quite evident from the marginal notes in the scientific works in her library. She had practically all the notable works that came out of that first controversy on Darwinian theories. Her notes show unmistakably that she came to the conclusion that it was an untenable position, and certainly it could not be so harmonized with the Word of God as to make one who believed it a "good workman" on a frontier of the Kingdom.

We do not know just what brought the crisis, but we do know that in the spring when the little sister-in-law was expecting a letter telling just when she would arrive, there came a letter from

LOOKING NORTH FROM THE HOUSE AT THE LITTLE CROSS ROADS

THE WALK TO THE SEA

Lottie Moon saying there would be no marriage. We know, too, that in after years she said to a beloved relative who had been so bold as to ask her if she ever had a love affair:

"Yes, but God had first claim on my life, and since the two conflicted, there could be no question about the result."

So in these first six years there came two great decision times, when she must lose the companionship of a beloved sister, and go back to China alone, and when she must lay love aside and face life alone.

It is at this time we find her writing to her sister, Orianna:

"I plod along in the same old way. I have a small boarding school of some fifteen girls, more or less. Like all schools, there are things pleasant and things disagreeable. It is a very hard life and wears upon one's health."

Yet in the same letter with its note of discouragement, she wrote in the old merry way of a tiny little girl in the school who was very amusing in her efforts to "fill her stomach with learning," as the Chinese phrase the process of education.

She wrote of walking often by the seashore, taking her pupils out for picnics where they might enjoy to the fullest the freedom of the outdoors, and adds:

"The walk is a pleasant one. I wish your boys might take it with me."

So love came and went, and life went on again as usual in the house at the Little Cross Roads. But from this time on we find Lottie Moon forgetting self more and more, and growing into

more of a mystic in her perception of the very real presence of her Saviour.

"Miss Moon expects to open a boarding school for girls of the higher class," had been the announcement in the *Foreign Mission Journal,* in 1877, when she returned to China. The school was opened in the spring of 1878, with five pupils, the number quickly increasing to fourteen. This was a very good indication of the possibilities. But as another year went by with no appreciable increase in numbers, despite the gradual wearing away of the distrust of the foreigners in her part of the city, she began to wonder if after all the time was right for such a project in this old, conservative, cold Chinese city.

As she came to understand better the Chinese way of thinking, the possibilities of having the educational institution of her dreams in Tengchow seemed more and more impossible. In 1879, she made a trip into the country with Mrs. Holmes. It awakened her to the possibilities among the village women which were denied the woman missionary in the city. There was more freedom from custom among the women of the village who had to work in the field, feet were bound less tightly and curiosity more easily overcame fear and hatred of the foreigner. The children crowded around their chairs in the streets and the women came into their room at the inn to listen to the words of the strange white women who were so amazingly dressed.

True, traveling from village to village, answering questions incessantly, talking until the throat was aching, being ever ready with a smile for any emergency with carriers, stubborn mules, or hesitant hosts—all was hard to do day after day, but the joy of it all was that the gospel could be

preached, the women would listen and were responsive to teaching. This was far more than could be done in Tengchow.

As the months went by and the school grew by almost imperceptible degrees, she went more and more with Mrs. Holmes to the villages to the south of Tengchow, or with Mrs. Crawford to those to the west, in the direction of Hwanghsien.

There was little hope of additional reenforcement. Urgent requests, pleadings with arguments showing the exceeding ripeness of the field for evangelistic work especially, had seemed to fall on deaf ears in the homeland. Dr. Crawford returned to America for an extended stay of more than a year, leaving no foreign Baptist preacher in all North China. Dr. Mateer, at the head of the Presbyterian school work in Tengchow, supplied the pulpit of the Tengchow Baptist Church twice each month. Late in 1878, Miss Moon sent a special request to the Foreign Mission Board that they make suitable acknowledgment of the gratuitous service to the Baptist Mission in its hour of need, by passing a vote of thanks to Dr. Mateer. She added to this request the following comment:

"The mission is in usual health. The schools are improving. The church remains in *statu quo*. With no one to administer the communion or the ordinance of baptism it would require a large faith to expect a revival. It is odd that the million (it *is a million!*) Baptists of the South can furnish only three men for all China! Odd that with five hundred preachers in the state of Virginia we must rely on a Presbyterian minister to fill a Baptist pulpit! I wonder how these things look in heaven. They certainly look very queer in China—but the Baptists are a great people, as

we never tire of saying in our associations and conventions, and possibly our way of doing things is best!"

In 1878, Mrs. Crawford changed the policy of her boys' school from a free school with food furnished by the mission to a pay school with the boys "eating their own rice," in the Chinese manner of expressing it. It really amounted to the boys paying about $2 per year for their board. This checked the growth of that school which had been quite promising, but the policy was continued as best even if the attendance was small.

The fact that the evangelistic force was so small brought Lottie Moon more and more to realize the importance of that type of work at this stage of the development of the mission. Even an increase in the attendance at her school in 1880 to more than thirty girls did not give much added encouragement to the situation, for she realized by now that she would not soon reach any but the beggar classes, or at best the middle class with this means of teaching the gospel. This gave little hope for much permanent results in rebuilding the social structure of Chinese life.

The customs were too firmly fixed upon the people for a project opposed in every way to the Chinese way of thinking to break them down. The women of China must be reached in another way. The immediacy of the task—of reaching the women and the home life—was forced upon her, and the opportunities in village work called insistently to her. Her eyes were filled with the sight of the hundreds of villages, with from a hundred to several thousand people in each one, where crowds of women would sit and listen to "the old, old story of Jesus and his love." It was "the field"

that had called to her that long ago day in Cartersville. It was the field now that called.

In a moment of despondency about the school work she wrote to Dr. Tupper, "I feel that I am beating my head against a stone wall."

So she wrote more and more of visiting outside the walls of the city. It was exceedingly hard. She was trying to be two workers at once. She wrote to a friend after giving details of the way in which the school was maintained:

"I have been exceedingly busy with country work in the intervals. I have also had many letters of inquiry to answer and as you know this takes up a great deal of time. Each girl in school is supported in whole or in part by some society, and this fact entails a good deal of writing to these societies, and besides there are many other letters of inquiry. I had hoped the letters in the *Journal* might have been accepted instead of so many private letters.

"Once I had strength enough to work all day in the village and at night sit down on the 'kang' and write off the day's experience. But somehow mission life takes the strength and energy out of us before we know it, and we have to learn to be watchful and not overwork, lest the time come too soon when we can work no more."

In 1882, Lottie Moon came to the crisis in her school work. She was now convinced that it was not yet time to do school work for girls. By every instinct and by all her years of training she was primarily a teacher, yet she had caught a vision of a new field of teaching, the schoolroom of the wide, extended fields around her, where, in village after village, she might have her classes, visiting them at irregular intervals, but gradually building, year after year, in the minds of these women

and girls a conception of God's love that would free their minds to the entrance of the truth of the gospel. That the life was hard she well knew. She had Mrs. Crawford's and Mrs. Holmes' testimony before her, as well as her own experience of it.

She wrote to her sister at about this time, "I have not gone to the country very much this spring for various reasons. It is a very hard life, and wears upon one's health. I have now quite a dread to go out on a country tour. The dirt and discomfort and fatigue are very trying on one's nerves." So it was not for ease or pleasure she turned to the village work.

No wonder it was trying! She was attempting to do two tasks, either of which would have been enough for any worker.

The decision time came in 1883. In September of that year she placed the whole question before Dr. Tupper in very clear and unmistakable terms. She had thought it all through, had weighed her dreams with the hard reality of the conditions before her, had tested again the quality of the call in her heart, and her answer had already been given to her Lord, who had called her to this field—it was literally to be interpreted, "To the field!"

Now she wrote to the man who stood as her counselor on behalf of the churches that had sent her out, laying the whole case before him:

"I wish to have a chat with you, unofficially, face to face, about the school here, present and prospective. It seems to me that the time has come when we must arrive at a definite decision about the school for girls. The quarters (the North Street House) are too small for more than forty. With forty they are much crowded. Last session there were thirty-eight present. All have

not returned, but others will probably come in. The question to be decided is, how far shall we expand our school work. It is my profound conviction that it does not pay a woman to give her life teaching forty girls. I would not do it myself, nor advise any other woman to do it. A school of eighty or a hundred would repay the outlay and sacrifice a woman makes of time and strength. But that is impossible in Tengchow at present without compromise on the question of foot-binding. Now shall we go on and have a large school, or has the time come and are we strong enough to make a decided stand on foot-binding? Heretofore we have used only moral suasion, and tried to induce the parents to unbind the girls' feet. If we decide to take no girls with small feet, it would reduce the school to ten or fifteen girls. Shall we make it a rule that all who come shall unbind their feet? I would rather, as a matter of principle, have fifteen girls with large feet than fifty with small feet. But under no circumstances do I wish to continue in school work.

"I confess it would please my ambition to build up a big school but I hate sham. If I pretend to have a school, I want the best, one that will repay the time spent on it, but I don't want a poor little affair that will drag on in the hands of the Chinese while I am half the time away on country work.

"If I am to devote myself to evangelistic work in the city and country I must be free from the school. No woman, had she the strength of Hercules, could do justice to either if she had to carry on both.

"Now think it all over, tell me as a friend, not as a secretary, what your judgment in the matter is—and then, as a secretary, turn over in your mind some way to relieve me of the school!"

After the letter was written, she evidently read it over, and lest she be misunderstood, and her deep desire to go into the village work be interpreted as an opinion that schools were not worth while as a method of mission work, she added a postscript:

"Please don't think I am not heartily in sympathy with educational plans. I am most thoroughly. I want my friend, Mr. Halcomb, to build up a self-supporting school of high grade for the boys and hope he will have the hearty support of the Board in his plans. I want the best school for girls—if another lady will teach it and leave me free to go to the villages!"

If it may seem that she was impatient at the "day of small things" it must be remembered that she had little upon which to build hope of this method bringing soon the day of larger things. A gentleman of Tengchow, approached by Dr. Crawford on the question of sending his daughter to the mission school, smiled most courteously and replied:

"My daughter, no. But my cow I will send, she can learn more quickly!"

This attitude toward the education of girls, the hostility of the very class of Chinese who would have been most worthwhile to enlist in educational endeavors, the problem of acceptance or disapproval of foot-binding, was all added to that problem, ever present with the pioneer missionary, of encouraging an outward acceptance of Christianity through material benefits gained thereby. There would be no school for girls if the Chinese were required to pay even for the upkeep of the girls while in school, so always there was the recurring fear that those who accepted Christianity as a result of such methods of

conducting school work, had done so for the sake of the material benefits thus secured. Dr. Crawford's views on the matter were decidedly those of abandoning all methods involving such problems. Others of the missionaries regarded it as a problem to be worked out as other problems were, by patiently teaching and training until the Chinese understood.

It is very clear that Miss Moon thoroughly approved of schools, but she believed that a school for girls in Tengchow was impractical at this stage of the development of North China Mission. In December, of that year, her school was forced to disband on account of the outbreak of a contagious disease. This seems to have settled the question definitely. When time came to reopen the school, in the spring of 1884, she wrote to Mrs. Holmes, then on furlough in the homeland:

"Perhaps it is selfish of me, but I do not want ever again to bear the heavy burdens of a boarding school. If such work must be done, I prefer that younger hands shall take hold and push it. I wish to carry the gospel to as many as I can reach. I cannot do both school and country work so as to satisfy my own conscience. If I have a school I must devote to it my whole time and strength, or it seems inefficient. I don't mean to criticize others who think and work differently but as between school and evangelistic work, being free to choose, I turn to the villages!"

Were the dreams all vanished! Or had ambition been transmuted into a higher vision of the glory of bringing to her Christ the Chinese women she was coming to love with deep passion! Surely the very character of a mind could not be so changed—that the scholarly, cultured, trained Lottie Moon should count as dross the very gold

of her hopes and dreams for the bringing of that same culture and scholarship to the bound and starved girlhood of China. Overshadowing all there had come a vision of God's way for her—and following the gleam through many a rough mountain road, she came in God's own time to the dream again, and we find that she had only left it for a time, surely to follow the steps of the Saviour as in company with him she went out to win his lost ones among the teeming millions in the fields beyond!

LOVE

CHAPTER III

Doing the Work of an Evangelist

"Go on joyously as much as you can: and if you do not always go on joyously, at least go on always courageously and confidently."

Translated from St. Francis de Sales, on margin of Lottie Moon's copy of *Imitation of Christ.*

WEDDING bells had been ringing in Old Tengchow. Young men with forward-looking eyes and strong young arms had come to reënforce the failing strength of Dr. Crawford and Dr. Hartwell, the veterans of the North China field. N. W. Halcomb and C. W. Pruitt arrived in Tengchow in February, 1882. In September of that year Mr. Pruitt was married to a lovely and lovable young woman, Miss Ida Tiffany, a member of the Presbyterian mission in Tengchow. Of the attractiveness of the young bride, their joy in welcoming her into fellowship in church and mission council, their happiness in the eagerness with which the young couple undertook their tasks, the older women of the mission wrote freely.

Mrs. Pruitt shared her husband's enthusiasm for the evangelistic work and went with him on the first tour undertaken by the Baptist missionaries as far as the Pingtu region early in 1883. Mr. Mateer and others of the Presbyterian mission had been there nearly twenty years before,

and there were a few Christians scattered in the villages lying between Tengchow and Pingtu, but no one had succeeded in opening a station or establishing a center of missionary activity.

There was a very active Baptist church at Shantswang, on the road to Pingtu, organized from the members of the former North Street Church who lived in the country. These had been won by Dr. Hartwell in the early years of his pioneering in the region to the south of Tengchow, but the difficulties of the work in that direction had been many and the work to the west toward Hwanghsien seemed so much more promising that there had been no serious effort made to push on to Pingtu. Hwanghsien was a flourishing commercial city, and the people living there had a more liberal spirit toward foreigners. So it was to this city the young men turned their efforts. Dr. Crawford had preached in Hwanghsien and his judgment confirmed the desire of the new missionaries to press forward as soon as they could to this new territory. Chao Yuen, south of Hwanghsien, where Dr. Hartwell had done much work, was a center for many of the first converts in that region and it was through these that the Chinese could be more easily enlisted and developed from Hwanghsien than from Tengchow. Hopefully the young missionaries wrote to the Board, "We hope our advance will be but the beginning of a determined invasion of the Board into this very promising field. The next strategic point is Laichowfu, about eighty miles west of Hwanghsien."

Hwanghsien is twenty miles west from Tengchow. Thus were the hearts of the men missionaries turning westward. But there was to be sorrow along the way. Just after that long

tour to the west and south when Pingtu was touched, and several villages briefly visited, Mrs. Pruitt died, lamented by missionaries and Chinese Christians alike. Beautifully did Lottie Moon write of her unselfishness, her great kindness, her genuine love for the Chinese and their love for her in return. She was buried on the morning of October 22, 1883, on the hill overlooking the sea with those of the Baptist and Presbyterian missions who there awaited the Resurrection Day.

Her death disarranged all plans for the work in Hwanghsien. There was now no woman missionary who could go into the new work there. Mr. Pruitt, crushed by this blow, took up additional duties in Tengchow, while Mr. Halcomb turned his attention to the boys' school work and became pastor of the Shantswang church. So the actual occupation of Hwanghsien lagged, and the mission marked time until reënforcement could come, and recovery be made from the blows of fate. At one time Dr. Crawford was in Chefoo, the young men were out on country tours, Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Holmes were in America and "Miss Moon is holding the fort!" so the report read.

The country work was growing increasingly joyful. Her letters were full of the rich experiences she had as she traveled from village to village. Of her modes of travel she wrote, "The last used always seems the worst. The toa chiao (flat-bottomed mule-litter) is intolerable until we try the shent-za (rope-bottomed mule-litter) ; that being unpleasant, we try the cart, the latter atrocious, we take to the sedan chair, and then we go back to the toa chiao as being after all not so bad!"

The fascination of the village work was caught into the articles sent frequently to the *Foreign Mission Journal.* Better than any words of a biographer do they tell of the sacrifice, the joy and the rich reward that came as day after day, month after month she came and went, in and out of the villages around Tengchow. The house at the Little Cross Roads was merely a center from which to work, with now and then a day, or a week spent helping in the school work and with city visiting done as a duty that must be performed, though it always seemed fruitless. She traveled among the responsive women of the villages in ever-widening circles into the regions to the south and west of the old city. Mrs. Crawford sometimes went with her, that they might go "two and two" as the Master sent out his disciples. Always she had a Chinese Christian woman companion and sometimes her Chinese teacher who was of much help.

She wrote vividly of these trips.

"As you wind your way from village to village you feel it is no idle fancy that the Master walks beside you. I returned yesterday from a short tour of four days. On the first day, being overtaken by the rain, we only visited four villages. The next day being one of sunshine, we visited twelve. We were joined by an excellent native brother, who gave us effective service. The third day we visited nine villages and had an enjoyable time talking with the women. That the men chose also to listen was no fault of mine. Arriving at the inn, I had scarcely gotten established on the 'kang' before a party of men came in to call. They had heard us at the first village we had visited that morning. My visitors were extremely respectful and I handed one of them a catechism,

which he read aloud, making comments of his own. Naturally there were many corrections to make in the course of his remarks. I presented him with the book. Others listening, I opened my hymn book and took for my text 'Jesus Loves Me.' Till nine o'clock I was busy teaching the song to different groups and then the family had to be taught it. The next day I returned making ten villages on the way."

Villages in China are grouped according to families or clans, and for safety, as well as for necessity, because of the multitudes of the people, are very close together. The farmers live thus in little clusters of houses, a mile, two miles, or three miles apart, and every such group is called a village, no matter how large it may be, if it is not a seat of government. So, it must be remembered that while often the village is a cluster of just a hundred or so homes, it may be a center for several thousand, even twenty thousand people, all with agricultural interests and having no market. Thus along the paths, often wholly unsuited for any but wheelbarrow passage, one could quickly pass through village after village in which lived thousands. How the crowds of people filled her heart!

To the Cartersville Society she wrote:

"Since I gave up my school more than a year ago, I have been making a specialty of country work. My plan is to settle down for awhile in a village and try gradually to get acquainted with the people. I am at an inn now, and have tolerably comfortable quarters. I have the use of two rooms, it is true, but practically my living room is the 'kang' or Chinese brick bed. This is about four feet high and is 10x5 feet on the top. On it is spread a variegated mat, white and red. I

have, besides, a rug to sit on. At one end of the kang is rolled my bedding which makes a good support for my back during the day. At night I spread it out on the kang. For a table, I have a small Chinese trunk. On this I take my meals and also use it for various other purposes,—really it is my sole article of luxury!

"Having seated myself on the kang, which is heated by a fire built underneath it, I await visitors. They usually come in considerable numbers, mostly women and children. I prefer as a rule not to admit men. To all I talk about the True God, give books to such as can read and teach those who are willing to learn. My aim is first to get hold of the children. They are delighted to learn to sing. At home they show the books and delight their parents by reading and singing what they have been taught. Taking a village as a center I visit all the neighboring villages as time and strength permit. In two weeks I have visited sixteen villages, on this trip. I usually talk on the streets, though I am sometimes invited to enter the houses."

She was a keen and interested observer of Chinese life. Their daily round of labor, their customs and traditions, were all worth her while, and worth recording. The insatiable curiosity of the women turned to good account in making her contacts with them, though this, too, was a problem in endurance as the following picture shows:

"If only a machine could be invented to grind out answers! It must be admitted that patience less than angelic must grow weary at the endless round of questions. 'Where do you live?' 'How old are you?' 'Have you any children?' 'Did you make this dress, or hire someone to make it?'

'Why don't you wear earrings?' 'Have you holes in your ears?' 'Did you make your shoes?' 'Do you eat pork, beef, mutton, eggs, rice, chickens?' 'From what country are you?' 'Do they till the soil in your country?' 'Have you mountains?' 'How long have you been in China?' 'Which country is the best, yours or ours?' 'Do the women rule in your country?'—the monotony of answering the same questions put by some dozens of people in the course of an hour and this not once but thousands of times, would be endurable were monotony the only drawback. The utterance of Chinese demands an expulsive energy which so strains the muscles of the throat as to render even ordinary conversation physically wearisome. When more than one's strength is needed to talk of matters of the highest moment, when one's articulation begins to fail and the speaker longs to relapse into utter silence so the wearied muscles may rest, how delightful it would be to turn a crank and have the machine play, 'I am an American, I have been in China ten years, I am not cold, people are alike everywhere in thinking their own country the best,' and so on,—till as on the hand organ it is all ground out and the instrument goes back to its first tune!

"The Chinese are a kind-hearted, friendly race when once you know them and come to live among them in a friendly way. They are disposed to be neighborly and are kind in sickness. I have been troubled with a sprain and two different neighbors have sent me a decoction of some plant which will reduce the swelling. The women are much more friendly than the men.

"It sometimes happens that I am sent for to visit the family and the remark slips out that the men are away and therefore they ask me. The

other day I was urged to visit a certain family. The little daughter and a young relative came to conduct me. We had quite a walk through the village, and at last came in view of the house. To the chagrin of my young conductor, a man of the family was loading a donkey near the door.

"As soon as he caught sight of the hated foreigner he began to utter some very uncomplimentary remarks about 'the devil-old-woman' and my young friends slunk back in alarm. The daughter said in an undertone to the cousin, 'Don't tell that I brought her here.'

"The man suddenly demanded what I had come for, and the young cousin said I had come out upon the street to enjoy the air! As the remarks were not addressed to me, I passed on in silence, and was soon invited into another house.

"In a few minutes the room was jammed with a chattering crowd of women. The window was down tight and the kang on which I sat was very hot. I did what was possible to get their attention and talked to such as would listen. As soon as politeness would allow I took my leave.

"Soon I was asked into another house where the kang was cold and the window was up. The room was filled at once, and I talked a good while. Then some men came and the women scattered. The men were evidently hostile, though maintaining a show of politeness, and I immediately withdrew.

"Then one of my young friends dragged me to a third visit, much against my will, for I was wearied in body and disheartened in spirit by so much unkindness, for the time. The woman for whom the visit was intended received me kindly and learned some of the catechism. In a few minutes a man appeared, looking like a

thundercloud. As the woman is a widow and free to do as she likes, I gave myself no concern about the young man's looks.

"I listened to an odd conversation this morning. Two of the old women had been bemoaning to each other their sad lot. One of them remarked that she was only sixty-four years old, and she ought to have more strength. The other said in the most natural way in the world, 'Have you a coffin?' 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'How old are you?' was the question in return. 'Sixty-nine.' Then came the remark, 'You only lack one year of seventy, have you a coffin?' She replied she had thought of supplying herself with that most necessary article, but somebody had said she would not likely die for six months and so the matter had been postponed.

"This reminds me of a visit I paid in the city a month or two ago. The old lady was a stranger to me, but welcomed me most cordially. In her small room was a large unpainted coffin which she graciously explained she had provided for herself. She seemed to regard it affectionately as the place for her future repose. The top was not dry and one end of it rested on the coffin while the other was on the kang. The old woman cheerfully remarked that the top would be dry within a few days and then it could be placed on the coffin.

"It is childless people or people whose children are undutiful who think it necessary to provide themselves coffins. The Chinese have a great desire for what they regard as a respectable burial. And for that reason they provide themselves with good coffins if they have reason to believe this will not be done by surviving relatives.

"As I was teaching the catechism this morning to the widow referred to above, she remarked to a neighbor who was admiring the readiness with which she learned, 'I have no other thought but this.' The neighbor replied, 'You are like my eldest son, he is all the time reading these books. Even at meals he reads the New Testament.' This same woman told me the other day that her son had been a better man since reading my books. A catechism given to his daughter first attracted his attention, then a hymn book and afterwards he literally seemed to devour the 'Peep o' Day.' He spoke of one of the miracles, and said emphatically that this proved Jesus is the True God. His daughter and niece are bright girls and have both learned some in the catechism and hymn book. I spent a good part of Sunday morning teaching these girls in their own home. The woman listened with much interest. I have great hope for some from this village coming into the Light."

So the work went on. The catechism she used was one that had been prepared many years before by Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Holmes for use in the exceedingly elementary teaching that was the foundation of all their work in the villages. The hymn book was a collection of the simplest of the loved Christian hymns made by Dr. Crawford. She speaks most often of using "Jesus Loves Me." *Peep o' Day* was a little book that had been early translated and published by Mrs. Holmes. It was the forerunner of all the Baptist literature for North China.

The day to day life in the villages is pictured most graphically in an account written to the *Foreign Mission Journal* of a tour made in company with Mrs. Holmes.

"The morning of our intended departure dawned cold, windy and disagreeable. It seemed to me the part of wisdom to stay indoors. To my penciled query sent by a boy over to her house, 'to go or not to go?' came back the emphatic 'Go'. There was nothing to do but to get into one's chair and depart!

"About twenty li (three li make an English mile) from the city is a row of villages known as the 'An-Hing' villages. We meant to take these on our way, and spend the night at the thirty li station. However we gave directions to our chair-bearers to take us to as many villages as possible. They followed our directions literally and the afternoon found us still within twelve li of the city. Upon consultation we decided that as the weather was still cold and cloudy we had better, after taking two more villages, return to the city. At the last village the children eagerly closed upon my chair, and answered promptly what had been taught them more than two years before. We had been all along pleased with the spirit with which we had been received, but here we were delighted.

"Our chair-bearers who had set out for a good job of it, and did not feel disposed to lose it, were disconcerted at the idea of returning to the city that day. They respectfully assured us that there was no fear of bad weather the next day, but what was to be done? There was no inn nearer than the destination for which we had set out in the morning, and it was too late to go there now. Seeing our willingness to stay, two of the chair-bearers set off to seek quarters in the village, and in a little time returned with the agreeable intelligence that a gentleman had consented to open his house to receive us. We have some-

times found difficulty in making good our right to stay in the inns, but to be received into a home in a village where all are heathen, was a most unexpected good fortune. We took immediate possession of our room, and it was at once filled with an eager, excited crowd of boys and girls and women. Mrs. Holmes and I undertook to teach them, but the space was too small and the confusion too great for any success to attend our efforts. Pretty soon she withdrew to the yard, carrying the boys with her, and I could hear her putting them through the catechism in her usual vigorous style. I wish I could convey to you some of the delight I had in teaching those who stayed in the room. Especially there were three young girls, whom I taught with keen pleasure. They begged earnestly for books, a rare request from a girl, for they usually think themselves too stupid to learn."

Is it any wonder she had turned from the fixed form of a school to this great untouched field of teaching?

"Our host," she went on, "while never obtrusive, was very kind and polite. He asked for a New Testament and I was sorry to have none with me. I, however, gave him a copy of Mark's Gospel.

"Next morning we had visitors until the time of departure. We had now changed our plans and concluded to leave the 'An Hing' villages for the last day of the tour and to take, on this second day, a line of villages known as the Wan-sez-k'o. We knew that whenever we took them, it would be a hard day's work, for they are many, some of them are large and the people inclined to be disorderly. We meant after taking them all, to push on to the thirty li station that night. They were

out of our direct course but we hoped by losing no time to carry out our plan. The sun was nearing its setting when we found ourselves at the eleventh village for the day, with many, many li between us and our intended sleeping place. I had said to Mrs. Holmes very decidedly at the tenth village that I should do no more missionary work that day, but no sooner had our chairs been set down than the people came crowding around us and it was impossible to keep silent. We have the words of eternal life, and we must speak them to this people in spite of all weariness.

"While we were talking our chair-bearers had not been idle. They had no fancy for the long pull before them and they bestirred themselves to find quarters. Receiving a premature report of non-success, we started off, but had hardly left the village before we were recalled by the joyful intelligence that a place for the night had been secured.

"We were prepared to put up with anything, and we expressed our pleasure to 'mine host' when he conducted us to our quarters. Fancy a low-pitched room, nine feet by nine, with smoke-blackened walls and rafters, a dirt floor, a mud bed covered with matting, a dust-covered table and one bench. There was a small paper window which could not be opened and a doorway with no door. This doorway opened into a room which our chair-bearers used as an eating room, and this led in turn into their sleeping apartment. We were scarcely seated on the mud bed, according to the Chinese fashion, before the room was filled with a crowd, and as usual we found it best to divide our forces, Mrs. Holmes teaching in the yard and I in the house."

Did there ever rise before her, as wearily she lay down to sleep in such a room, a memory of lovely Viewmont! If so, there is never a hint of it in her letters, never a complaint of any hardship, save as it hindered and handicapped the work she wished to do.

Bits of delightful description flashed through the articles in the *Journal* and *Religious Herald*, like reflecting pools of clear insight into the meaning of Chinese life. Of a wheat harvest she writes:

"The men go out to the field while the women and girls and smaller children down to the least babies take their places on the threshing floor. The floor is on a level spot and is rolled until it is perfectly firm and round. The wheat is pulled up by the roots and tied into bundles. Mules and donkeys are then heavily laden and led to the threshing floor. The women unload the animals and then with a chopper cut the bundles in two, the roots being piled in one place and the heads in another. These roots are afterward used as fuel. The wheat is stacked at night, and in the day is spread out on the threshing floor for sunlight until it is perfectly dry. A good deal of the wheat drops out as the drying process goes on and is carefully swept up. The main mass, however, has yet to be disengaged from the straw and chaff. The wheat is spread out on the threshing floor and is threshed by means of a stone roller. This roller is dragged around by a blindfolded mule urged on by the whip of the driver. The mode of cleaning is like that of Bible times. The wheat and chaff is tossed up; the wheat falls in one pile and the chaff flies before the wind. This process is repeated until the wheat is perfectly clean.

"During the wheat harvest the price of labor advances. The usual pay for a man's work is about twelve or fourteen cents a day without food. During the wheat harvest food of the best quality is provided, with Chinese wine at dinner, and the pay ranges from fourteen cents a day to as high as fifty cents. In the neighboring country of Hwanghsien higher prices prevail."

How she often cleverly turned the curiosity of the women to good account is best told in the following incident:

"We seem to have become one of the institutions of this region. People now look for our coming from year to year. At the first village where we stopped this morning, a woman came up laughing with pleasure.

" 'You have come again,' she said, 'The same who were here before!'

" 'Yes, the same, and we have come to tell you the same things we told you before. You can't have forgotten them all!'

" 'No,'—she had remembered some.

"The room was soon filled with women and children. My glove was passed around for examination and as usual elicited the remark that foreigners are skillful.

" 'We are skillful, as you say, but there is one thing we can't do. We can't make God!'

"The woman looked greatly surprised.

" 'We can make steamboats and sewing machines—but we can't make God,' I repeated. Her face expressed puzzled surprise still.

" 'What, not if you could see one of our gods? Couldn't you make one?'

" 'No,' I replied, 'We can't make God.' I think she was beginning to feel a little contempt, when the woman standing by me, who saw the point,

said with a laugh, 'They don't want gods. They don't allow worship of mud images.'

"Then in the turning to me in amazement I had my chance to tell them of the One True God, who made all things himself, and who cannot be worshiped by images, 'made by men's hands.' We talked long about it."

A story of a strange custom deeply interested her, as illustrating the attitude of the Chinese in old times toward their aged. She was shown on one of her trips a series of great caves in the mountains. There, so the Chinese said, they used to take their aged people, those who had passed the age of seventy, leave with them a little bread and water, seal up the cave and leave them to die. She found it difficult to reconcile this story with the reverence the Chinese have for age, but the caves were pointed out to her in the mountains to the west of Tengchow and the story impressed her so much that it found its way into her diary.

In the spring of 1883, Mr. and Mrs. Pruitt had visited the city of Pingtu, the most interior point that had at that time been reached from Tengchow. A servant in the Crawford home in Tengchow, Mr. Chao, was a Pingtu man, and some ten years before, Dan Ho Bang, of a village near Pingtu, had been converted under Dr. Crawford's preaching while on a brief visit to Hwanghsien. None of these contacts gave much promise, however, for the men of the city and villages were bitterly resentful of the intrusion of the foreign men, and the unfriendliness of the people in general toward the men missionaries made the consideration of permanent work there impossible at that time. The Pruitts, however, found enough response at one village, Sah Ling, to make a brief stay there and brought back to Tengchow a

report of the responsiveness among the women there. This one favorable item in the report was balanced by the story of the indignities and insults, suspicions and accusations heaped upon Mr. Pruitt's head in more than one village. However, the Pruitts planned to make regular trips back into this region, hoping to wear down the wall of prejudice by persistent and patient contact with the people.

Mrs. Pruitt's sudden death ended these happy plans, and gave a dramatic direction to Miss Moon's work.

Nearly ten years before, when she first came to China, there had come to her attention a story of women in a far interior city whom she thought were a remnant of the Nestorian Christians, those converts of the missionary invasion of China in the first Christian era. The faith had become very much encrusted with the beliefs of the surrounding religions of Mohammedanism and Buddhism, but some remnants of Christianity were still evident. This interested her very much and tentative plans were made by her and Mrs. Holmes to go in the direction given them by their informants, and seek out this group of women, reported to be very pious and very eager to learn. The ever-present duties of the day pressed so upon them that the plans were never carried out, though reports came at intervals of these seekers after truth who would undoubtedly be most responsive to the gospel.

Mr. and Mrs. Pruitt found these worshipers of one God in the Pingtu region. It was a country filled with religious sects of various types, mostly fundamentally Buddhists, but the most helpful characteristic of their worship was an attitude of seeking, an eagerness to learn and a vague rem-

nant of teaching about the future life. There were here and there definite groups who were vegetarians, the adherents of which were generally women. The city of Pingtu was one hundred and fifteen English miles from Tengchow, over the hill country and into a beautiful valley country beyond, rich and very productive. It was a region rarely visited in that day by foreigners, and the resentment and fear of the white man, prevalent throughout the region, made it dangerous for the men missionaries to enter.

But the story of the seeking women tugged at Lottie Moon's heart.

A woman missionary could go where the men could not!

She talked over with Dr. Crawford the matter of her trying to push into Pingtu alone. He discouraged her, saying, "It is better for a woman not to go where no men missionaries go, for if she does go and is persecuted, she would have no men to protect her."

Was it Orianna Moon speaking through the sister in the reply that came quick as a flash?

"It is not fitting for us to trust men rather than God. What is there for me to fear if God be with me?" The fearlessness of the old Quaker ancestor, defying the established powers in defense of his faith, was finding expression in the gentle, blue-eyed woman in whose heart, too, there was no fear.

The disturbances of the Franco-Chinese War held her in the city through the spring of 1885. The coming of two new missionary families, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Davault, and Mr. and Mrs. Joiner gave hope that the long deferred opening of Hwanghsien as a station could speedily go forward, and through the summer months she made

the usual rounds of the villages in the Tengchow region.

Early in September, 1885, found her teaching in Shantswang, the farthest organized point of attack on the interior, where Mr. Halcomb was pastor.

Here, to the delight of the Chinese Christians, she placed her church membership. The die was cast! She was now truly identified with the interior work. She was ready to push on to Pingtu. With a promise from Mr. Chao, the Pingtu man whom she had known in Tengchow, that she might have a room in his mother's house, she went on in October, alone, reaching Pingtu early in that month. At that time it was seven days' journey from Tengchow to Pingtu, four days from Shantswang. On the way she passed through Laichowfu, where the antagonism against the foreigner was so intense that her carriers muffled the bells on her shentza mules with straw and passed through the city at night to insure her safety. For many years the journey had to be made thus.

She found the Pingtu country, with the city of that same name the center, very different from the region around Tengchow. It was a fertile region. There was not the grinding poverty with which she had become so familiar around Tengchow. The prevailing religion was Buddhism with its many different sects, or groups of worshipers as contrasted to the blank atheism and non-religion of Tengchow. There had been some contact with Christianity through men who had gone to Tengchow and in the homes of their relatives she found a willingness to hear of this religion from the gentle, kindly-faced woman who had come to live among them. It was no disgrace for one to join a religious sect, for they were accustomed to the

idea. There was no feeling against listening to a teacher, no resentment of foreign learning as had been the case in Tengchow.

There was distrust and suspicion when she tried to rent a house for a permanent residence, expressed by one loud objector to the coming of the foreigner thus:

"When I was at Chefoo I saw the foreigners take Chinese girls, put them on boats and take them away. I also saw them take boys and take their hearts and eyes out. This kind of devils in China, as I see it, are all spies. They come to China to get possession of the land. Who will rent them a house? Who can say that they won't just take the house completely away? Or, having rented them the house, say they do live in it, will they ever turn over the rent money when it is due?" Naturally such talk did not make it easier to secure a home.

Taking note of these and other difficulties that would be thrown in her way, especially by the men of the city, she balanced that with the open door to the women and sent a challenge to the Board to develop here a rich new field for the gospel through the throwing in of capable women missionaries.

"I have seen nothing comparable to it in my whole missionary experience," she wrote Dr. Tupper, after the conference with the mission members on her return to Tengchow. "Such eager drinking in of the truth, such teachableness, I have never seen before. There are many hundreds of women in that region who belong to religious sects, devout worshipers of Buddha and abstaining from animal food. Such women leaven a community wherever they are and I regard them as the most hopeful material with which to work.

They are deeply and earnestly religious. They are groping after God, 'If haply they may find him' and I doubt not that many of them will eagerly embrace the truth if presented to them lovingly and earnestly."

She outlined a line of attack on the interior, which would have the men begin with establishing the station firmly at Hwanghsien first, then pushing on to Laichowfu and Pingtu as missionary reinforcement could be sent out to occupy them. At the same time the unmarried women missionaries could occupy the interior stations in order to break down prejudice, eventually throwing a line of missionary occupation from Hwanghsien in the north to Chinkiang in Central China.

Eagerly she made her plans to spend the winter in Pingtu. Until a missionary could come she would occupy the field. She could not free herself entirely from responsibility for the Tengchow work, there were too few workers there now, but the call to Pingtu was clear. With a high hope that the next two years could be spent in specializing on Pingtu, she wrote frankly that she would be but preparing the way, breaking the ground for missionaries to come.

"Our idea is for the older missionaries who are acclimated and can rough it to do the preliminary work," she wrote—and she volunteered first for the hard task. That the missionaries would come she never doubted!

Early in December of 1885 she turned her face happily toward Pingtu, celebrating her forty-fifth birthday on the way. The house she had arranged for tentatively until the Board's approval could be secured was not available, the owner having

been intimidated into breaking the contract made with her. In this crisis God's hand moved in a strange way to give her entrance into the city.

Mr. Chao, the Christian from Tengchow, was with her. An opium addict, named Chao Teh Shin, who had been reduced to penury by his enslavement to the drug, came to Mr. Chao offering his house and asked that he act as guarantor of the rental, and secure the foreigner's money for him. So through the desperate need of the opium eater for money, a comfortable house at the west corner of the city wall, where the people passed daily in great crowds, was secured and the messenger of the gospel was established in that great heathen city.

The women and children of the neighborhood at first dared not have anything to do with Miss Moon. She kept on hand always a jar of delicious cookies, made by an old Virginia recipe, and gave them to the children, who at first dared not eat them for fear the strange woman would poison them. But one day a boy, too hungry to remember his fears, could not resist the tempting odor of a freshly baked cake and once it was tasted, it quickly disappeared. No harm came to him! After that the goodies she passed around in friendly kindness were eagerly eaten and the fear of the foreigner began to turn to kindness and neighborliness.

Gifts were sent to her in return for her gifts to them. She was able to hire a man to draw her water for her, the opium eater's wife washed for her, another neighbor woman sewed for her, and soon she had friends who went with her openly in the streets, and word went around the

city that the white woman living by the West Gate was a friend and not a foe.

Mrs. Chao took her to call upon other families of that name, and soon the women began to come into her home and eagerly listen as she taught them of the strange new faith. Classes were taught with more regularity than had even been possible in her itinerating work in the villages. She made her home a meeting place for the women, thinking it better to win them thus rather than to risk the displeasure of the men by visiting often in their homes. She made very few improvements on the Chinese house in which she lived, preferring to "rough it" rather than to intrude her foreign ideas upon the pepole, even in matters that concerned her comfort. Since it was impossible to get foreign articles of food that far in the interior, she accustomed herself to the Chinese food, and adopted Chinese dress both as a matter of economy and policy. Thus she became "all things" to these people that she might "by all means win some." Identifying herself in outward appearance with them, she was accepted by them and no wall was built between her and these women of Pingtu. So the evangelization of Pingtu began.

For six months, she lived and taught in the house of the opium eater, just by the West Gate of Pingtu. In this time she touched also three villages, going by invitation each time, and making in all thirty-three visits in the villages and one hundred and twenty in the city. When one remembers the long ten years of unfriendliness that lay behind her in the Tengchow work, the joy with which she met the cordiality and affection of these Pingtu women can be understood. About the time she went to live in Pingtu some foreign-

ers employed by the government were sent to the gold mines, thirty miles from the city. The proclamation of the government regarding the courtesies and consideration that must be shown these foreigners paved the way for her in a marvelous fashion. Instead of having to contend for the rights given foreigners by the treaty, she was already under the protection and approval of the government.

Prosperous villages all around the city attracted her greatly. Sah Ling village, the first point of contact for the gospel, gave the most gracious response. Here lived Dan Ho Bang, the convert from Hwanghsien, who eagerly gave all his influence to making pleasant the coming of the foreign teacher. He was faithful, dependable and devoted. This was the first home open to her in the Pingtu country.

Especially was she delighted with the teachableness of the young women. "Sweet, affectionate, modest," are the words often on her pen in speaking of them. The women here were allowed more freedom than in the northern region. They went freely to the temples to worship, to the market to buy and sell and were most hospitably inclined, once their confidence was won. The children were teachable, lovable, and crowded around her home, begging her to come to their homes and fearlessly walked with her on the street.

There was a dark side to the picture. Opium smoking was much more common in Pingtu than in Tengchow. Four of her neighbors were addicts of the habit. Often she speaks of the habit as being very tenacious once it has hold on a person, and comments always:

"There is no remedy but the gospel."

THE PIONEERS

Left to Right—Seated: Mrs. Pruitt, Mrs. Bostick, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Knight, Miss Moon.
Standing: Mr. Bostick, Mr. Pruitt.

She went back to Tengchow in June, 1886. At the mission meeting, in July, the little group bravely made plans to occupy these widening fields until the long-expected workers would come. Mrs. Crawford would work through the country toward Laichowfu, one day's journey this side of Pingtu, hoping in this year to do some definite work in that city. Mr. Halcomb and Mr. Pruitt would continue the development of the Tengchow school and churches, and make long spring and fall tours, reaching out to Laichowfu and Pingtu if possible. Mr. Halcomb was especially interested in getting into Pingtu, and planned to spend the winter there. Miss Moon, settling in Pingtu temporarily, would work from that city as a center in all the country around about. Of her future plans she says, "For myself, my idea is not to settle in Pingtu permanently, but when once the mission is established there to push on to some new fields and break the ground for others to come later. This, of course, with due deference to the wishes of the Board and also with due regard to my own health. I don't know how long I could stand the rough life in the new places. What I want now is to beg you to send six new missionaries to Pingtu."

After writing of their own willingness to stretch every energy to hold the vast territory at the expense of health and comfort, until help should come, the missionaries presented a formal plan of occupation which they thought a reasonable expectation, if Southern Baptists were to continue their work in North China. Two married couples for Pingtu, at least one for Hwanghsien, where Mr. Davault was holding on by sheer will power, fighting against slowly developing tuberculosis, which probably had its inception in exposure to

bitter weather on his trip from Chefoo to Tengchow, when arriving in China. Mr. Halcomb, kindly, humble, energetic and aggressive in the work, most attractive in personality, had resigned, to the regret of his fellow missionaries, and had gone to the American consulate in Chefoo. So in the final summary of their plans for the year, only Mr. Pruitt was left of the younger men of the mission. "A growing man, a very fine preacher, a man of good judgment and of very gentle and winning spirit," Lottie Moon wrote Dr. Tupper. But it would not do for him to go alone to Hwanghsien, as the loneliness had been a large factor in the breakdown of Mr. Davault. So there must be additional workers for Hwanghsien.

Dr. Crawford, whose views concerning mission work had undergone a radical change, especially in regard to the administering of mission funds and the advisability of carrying on school work as a part of missionary activities, went to America early in 1885 to present his views to the Board and secure their approval of his plan to unite the whole of North China work, hitherto considered as three stations, Chefoo, Tengchow, and now Hwanghsien, under one organization, to be known as the Shantung Mission, with himself as the director. Mr. Halcomb had had unusual success with the boys' school, Mrs. Pruitt and afterward Miss Roberts, who had come out in the spring of 1884, had kept going a very good girls' school. These younger missionaries, while deferring most courteously to the older man's wishes and judgment, still were under the conviction that they should be left in freedom to work out their own plans along such lines. It is interesting to see how Lottie Moon, while deeply admiring Dr. Crawford, and respecting the wisdom his long

years in China had brought, flew to the advocacy of the right of the younger missionaries to work out their own ideas in this task which would one day be theirs to carry on alone.

"There has been conflict of opinion in what was formerly the Tengchow Mission," she wrote in April, 1885, to the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board. "As you know, we have two missions, the Tengchow and Hwanghsien. Nearly two years ago, Dr. Crawford formed a plan of getting the Board to make changes in the rules under which we came out, and have been going on these many years. The majority of the mission made so determined and resolute a stand against the proposed changes that he did not send his suggestions to the Board. Now he goes in person to Richmond to press his peculiar views. While we are perfectly willing that he should carry out his views as far as himself and his wife are concerned, and also so far as he can induce others to accept them freely and without official pressure, we are not willing that those views should be forced upon those of us who do not see our way to accepting or even approving them.

"Dr. Crawford insists that his plan of work would give perfect freedom to all parties. As the rest of us see it, it would make him, through the Board, dictator not only for life, but after he had passed from earthly existence. His plan includes even the cash we should spend for mission work and extends even to regulation of mission salaries.

"If that be freedom, give me slavery! I believe the only hope of peace is in having the two independent missions as we now have, responsible to the Board alone, and through it to the churches.

"I have not written this in any spirit of unkindness to Dr. Crawford. I told him I would

write the Board about the matter upon which we disagree. This is in no sense an accusation of him. As he will see the Board in person, it is right that they should know that he represents nobody but himself and his wife. While we are willing that they should have perfect freedom, we are not disposed to submit ourselves to dictatorship. All we ask is the same freedom we concede."

The crux of the trouble lay in the policy of maintaining mission schools. Dr. Crawford had come to the conclusion that no school work should be done by the missionaries, and no schools maintained by mission money. He demanded that the younger missionaries pledge themselves to his view.

The old dream had not died, for in the struggle Lottie Moon, while believing it was primarily time for evangelistic emphasis, at least until their force was increased, came out vigorously as the champion of the development of all phases of mission activity. Very aptly she remarked,

"It took Dr. Crawford twenty years to find out the folly of schools. Now he wishes others to reach that point in as many months. Naturally they decline to do so, when they see as the results of schools, the most efficient members of our churches."

Dr. Crawford's trip to America resulted in his severing his connection with the Board since he could not bring them to take action according to his views. He returned to China, however, working independently. Mrs. Crawford continued to work with Miss Moon and the cordial fellowship and friendship was never broken. Lottie Moon's ability to see all sides of a question kept

the balance often in the inevitable controversies that arose on mission policies.

Only once did a matter of mission policy strike so near to her personal feeling that she was betrayed into resentment. In this instance a reaction, instant and vigorous, led to the extreme measure of resignation. The story may be best told by herself. It occurs in the same letter in which she laid the history of the struggle over school policies before the Board, written in July of 1885.

"Thus far my letter has been taken up with general mission matters. If you will kindly permit, I should like to ask a few questions on a subject which concerns me personally. Can you tell me, or rather will you tell me, if the China Committee purposes to make any changes in the status of unmarried women in the mission?

"Here in Tengchow the ladies have always been admitted on equal terms with the gentlemen of the mission when meeting to consider the matters pertaining to the conduct of the work here. For a long time, you know, the mission consisted of only Dr. and Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Holmes. Then my sister came and these four made up the mission. Later, I joined it and the mission consisted of one man and four women. We met and consulted together always on equal terms. At one time, as you know, the mission was left entirely in the hands of women, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Crawford and myself. It was at a very trying time, but we weathered the storm. When Miss Roberts came no one even dreamed of questioning her right to enter the mission on equal terms. Our meetings were held together to consult about matters in which all were equally concerned. To exclude the married women from

the meetings might be unwise, but it could hardly be deemed unjust, as they could be represented by their husbands. To exclude the unmarried ladies would be a most glaring piece of injustice in my opinion. To such exclusion I could never submit, and retain my self-respect."

The storm had all been raised by an article written by Miss Moon and published in the *Foreign Mission Journal* of November, 1884, in which she had discussed the matter of Woman's Work on the mission field from the standpoint of the freedom that must be given to women missionaries to have a voice in shaping the policies of their work. It had been written to give the established custom of the North China mission and its experience in order to help other mission organizations to reach the same basis.

Some brethren in the South, reading the article and not knowing its background or purpose, wrote to the Foreign Mission Board, denouncing in vigorous terms such advocacy of Woman's Rights on the part of a missionary of the Board. They seemed to see in it dangerous tendencies toward woman suffrage and other violent doctrines. The Committee on China promptly met and after hasty consideration passed a vote of disapproval of the article, and expressed the sentiment of the Board to be against such doctrines.

Away in China, this seemed to be the establishment of a new ruling on the standing of the women missionaries and all the deep impressions of a childhood spent in the atmosphere of a home where an older sister was the adored leader in the new freedom of women, rose to dictate a reply. It is a classic, this letter written two months later, when for a principle she believed with her

whole soul, Lottie Moon came to a decision so vital.

"It seems to be the purpose of the Committee to relegate me henceforth to the class of those women missionaries who must work in silence, without voice in any shaping of mission policies. I distinctly decline to be so relegated. Will you be so kind as to request the Board to appropriate the proper sum to pay my return passage to Virginia? On arrival I will send in my resignation in due form.

"I regret the necessity of taking this step, but any other course is impossible.

"Yours with kindest feelings,

L. Moon."

The signature is written here with more firm emphasis than was usual.

Of course, when the matter was explained, and the Committee found that their action would set aside the time-tested method of the missions, cause a new policy to be established and lose to the mission a most beloved and valued worker, they made haste to set all right, and the next letter from the home at the Little Cross Roads in Tengchow held no reference to a resignation, but rather was full of plans for the opening work in Pingtu.

There was formal request made by the mission for single women to come out to each of the interior stations,—Hwanghsien, Pingtu, and later Laichowfu. It is exceedingly interesting to note that in this matter there had been a great change in Lottie Moon's attitude. Her experience in the country work in Tengchow had caused her to oppose the sending of single women. It was too hard and the work too lonely. She did not think it could be worth all that it cost. The

field developed so slowly that the worker would be easily discouraged.

But now there was a really wonderful opportunity for consecrated women to spend themselves for the women of China. The interior promised to be a different field. It was worth while for a woman to bury herself among the responsive Pingtu women and other fields like it. So plea after plea went to the Board for women missionaries. One of the problems connected with the coming of single women was that of companionship, particularly for the first year, while getting started in the language. She offered a solution of that by inviting them into her home, offering freely all its comforts and happiness that they might gradually become accustomed to the conditions of life in North China. She further suggested that they come to Tengchow from their interior stations for recuperation and rest in the summer, offering her home freely for this purpose.

"Now if you send the young ladies I purpose to take them into my heart and hold to them the place of a mother," she wrote, "if older, more mature ladies, I wish to do for them a sister's part. The field of women's work is simply boundless. If the Board will send us the women my long experience and observation suggest that we make them comfortable and happy. They should have comfortable homes provided for them, two living together. That would be no more expensive than a home for a married couple."

Then followed plans the missionaries had worked out to make the occupation of the new fields as inexpensive as possible. There would be no building of homes. Chinese style houses, with the least possible improvements, would be used.

Modest chapels would be rented, both as a matter of economy and as a means of entering these fields in an unobtrusive manner. No native assistants would be employed, a policy by now somewhat established in the work of most of the North China force. At first no boarding schools would be attempted, just the proclamation of the Word, on the streets, in the market places, and in the homes. The women missionaries would have a rich field in house-to-house visiting and teaching classes of women and girls in their homes. It is interesting to see that she often mentions the establishment of schools as "the next step in the development, after the force shall be strong enough to maintain them well."

So the appeal, not for equipment, not for any large sums of money—but simply for workers, went to Richmond. The estimated cost would be about six thousand dollars.

"Wouldn't such an investment pay better, say, than twenty-five thousand dollars contributed by one man for a memorial church in a city already supplied with churches?" she asks after reading of such a gift in a home paper. "Why can't we have Memorial Missions? When will some rich Baptist come forward and start a mission which would give the gospel to some hundreds of people? When will some church say, 'We will sustain one missionary in Pingtu' and not only say it, but raise the money and send the missionary?"

This was the summer of 1885. In September of that year, she was happily settled in Pingtu for the winter. Again her heart was thrilled by the progress of the work. There were some believers now. She wrote enthusiastically about the classes that came regularly to her. Her visiting in the villages had grown to large proportions.

Letters went to the Board, full of joy in the work, and always with the plea, "Send on the Missionaries." She had planned for two years of pioneering, of burying herself in Pingtu, but there must be some younger woman getting ready to take over the work when her part of it should be done. That meant they should come soon!

In March of 1886 she wrote from Pingtu:

"You will remember that I have heretofore deprecated the sending of unmarried women to Shantung. In the Tengchow region the work is done under such discouraging auspices in the city and under such physical hardships in the country that it has not seemed right to encourage ladies to go there. Here things are different. City and country are alike accessible. Ladies could, from a comfortable home in the city, work not only the city but a country region full of villages. To go out for a day to a village, returning at night, while very wearisome to mind and body, is not physically wearing. It is the long tours, the knocking about in inns, the publicity that wears one out. Still there are drawbacks in the interior and ladies should not come without being fully aware of just what they are undertaking. It is literally true that there is absolutely nothing to attract one but the abundance of hard work. If a woman can be content to bound her life within very narrow limits for the sake of the good she may do, the work will reward the self-denial. Will the Board send the men and women to enable us to go forward?"

No workers could be sent. The Foreign Mission Board was in debt. No additional missionaries could be appointed. So through 1886 Lottie Moon, making two brief trips to Tengchow, spent herself in the developing of the Pingtu work. In

this time no other worker had come to aid her except Mrs. Crawford for one unforgettable month.

Organizing their work, these two, a matchless team of missionaries, went from village to village teaching the gospel to the crowds that thronged them. Mrs. Crawford had been in China so long that she had forgotten all the handicaps that interpretations of scripture had thrown around the opportunities for women to teach the gospel, so she took the men in large classes. Miss Moon, true to the traditions of her Virginia upbringing, taught the women and girls only. In one of these hours of study with the men of the village near to the first point touched by the gospel, Sah Ling, an old man named Li, became an earnest inquirer. Mrs. Crawford taught him patiently but he was slow to learn, and when she had gone back to Tengchow, he returned to Miss Moon asking for further instructions. With him came several men from his village, all asking to be shown the Way of Life.

This was a request she dared not ignore. But she had been brought up under the most rigid interpretation of the limitations of women in the work of the gospel. "I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over a man" had been the authority for that interpretation in her thinking. Yet here were men with eternal souls asking her, who knew the way of life, to tell them of it. She had often had men to stand in her classes of women, but never before had she come face to face with the question of teaching a class of men. There was no man missionary nearer than Mr. Pruitt in Tengchow, and he could not come.

With characteristic energy she cut the Gordian Knot of her problem. She told the men to come to the threshing floor to which she had moved her class of women in order to have room for all who wished to come. There was ample room for the men to sit back of her and with books in hand to study the scripture with the women who sat in front of her. She taught the women—if the men studied along with them, she was sure even Paul would not have objected!

Old Man Li, who had first interested this group of men, was by now an eager inquirer. To him she gave a copy of the New Testament. But he could not read, and so to a kinsman of his, a young man who had been educated to be a Confucian teacher, he went for help in understanding the new doctrines that had so fascinated him. Through this year, the inquirers, both men and women, came in encouraging numbers. It was almost like having a school, with as many as a dozen girls at one time earnestly learning to read their New Testaments, and sing the hymns. At one time her throat gave out and she was forced to dismiss them. "No matter," they replied, "bring out the book and we will study ourselves." From after breakfast until the sun had set, she was constantly busy. From the little Chinese house by the West Gate went many an appeal to Richmond for workers for Pingtu.

On New Year's Day, 1887, she arrived in Tengchow from a four-months' stay in Pingtu to find a heavy mail awaiting her. News from her loved ones, long delayed because there was no way of getting it over to Pingtu, and a letter from Dr. Tupper concerning important mission matters. In reply she wrote some interesting news of the missions, the most pertinent being that of her

going for the rest of the winter to Hwanghsien to be company for Mrs. Joiner. Mr. Joiner had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis and since Mr. and Mrs. Davault must be in Tengchow on account of his health not permitting him to stand the severe winters in Hwanghsien, she had exchanged her home for theirs, and would be within call if Mrs. Joiner needed her. Her further plans included spring tours around Tengchow and then in the early summer she would go on to Pingtu.

It had now been ten years since she had gone back to China after taking the little sister home —ten years of much living alone, and since Mrs. Holmes' return to America, of working alone. She felt that it was unwise to stay longer without some rest and recuperation. For a year she had been bothered with a trouble in her throat that would not yield to treatment. She had a dread of falling into ill health, and having to return to America, leaving her beloved work. So she made formal request for a furlough which she thought was not unreasonable.

That was a year of many changes—changes in the attitude of the Chinese government toward foreigners living within the Empire, as evidenced by the first official recognition of foreign learning, changes noted for the first time in the behavior of the Tengchow people toward the foreigners living in their midst. The famine relief work, begun in 1876 and continued in similar disasters in the ten years that had passed, had made an impression upon the people. The unselfish lives of the missionaries who had lived so long among them had begun to break down prejudice—even in Tengchow. In March, 1887, Lottie Moon wrote from Tengchow:

"A mighty change is being wrought in the feelings of the people toward foreigners. No true missionary cares for the physical hardships. He endures them without a regretful or discontented thought. But the iron enters his soul when all his advances are met by suspicions, coldness, dislike or actual hatred. For many long years this was what the missionary in China had to endure. Happily that state of things rapidly passed away. The change is very marked in the prosecution of country work in the Tengchow region. Where of old we were met by cold averted glances, by murmurs of dislike, we are greeted now by smiles and words of cordial welcome. The mere idle gaze of curiosity is exchanged in many cases for thoughtful, earnest, respectful attention to the Words of Life. I have just returned today from a short trip into the country. I was much delighted by the friendliness of the people. I am more and more impressed by the belief that to win these people to God, we must first win them to ourselves. We need to go out and live among them, manifesting the gentle and loving spirit of our Lord.

"But what can so few do among so many? One missionary could spend months with profit in a circle of a dozen villages. We have in this country hundreds of villages. By short, hasty visits we might reach them perhaps once a year, but to what profit? We need to make friends before we can hope to win converts. We should have scores of workers for every one we now have in the field. I have spoken only of the region around Tengchow, but what of the regions beyond?

"What of Hwanghsien with its eight hundred villages and its four missionaries?

"What of Pingtu where we have pleaded to have missionaries sent? What of that vast region beyond with its teeming millions?

"One is amazed that Christians in the west do not bestir themselves to give the gospel to this people. The prayer in former times was that God would open China. God has answered that prayer, and now who goes forth to possess the land?

"Where are the hundred missionaries that we ought to have today in Shantung, if we would begin to reach these people? Where is the silver and the gold that should be in the Lord's Treasury to send out to those men and women who are asking to be sent to the heathen?

"Alas, alas, some are adding more fields to their broad lands, some are laying it up in banks, some are spending it in selfish indulgences! So these heathen souls go down to death without ever having heard the name of Jesus. In the day of Judgment at whose door will lie the sin?"

To the appeals of the North China missionaries in that year for some reënforcement there came the reply from the Convention meeting in May of "no funds," but there was the crumb of encouragement in a movement to pay the debt hanging over the Foreign Mission Board and the faint hope that after that was done the missionaries could be sent.

This news evoked the following comment in June of that year from Lottie Moon's pen:

"Great changes are taking place in China. Wonderful progress is being made. The question comes up, what are Southern Baptists doing to utilize the opportunities now offered? Here in Shantung where we ought to have a hundred missionaries, we have just eight! How long can

this state of things continue? How long is the King's business to go undone? How many millions more of souls are to pass into eternity without having heard the name of Jesus? In Pingtu, the opportunities for work are simply limited by the strength of the worker. Again I plead for a mission station to be opened there."

That the "strength of the worker" was growing limited, was becoming evident to her more and more as she tried to do the work in Pingtu and keep up the work established in Tengchow. July, 1887, came without any definite hope being given from Richmond that the prayed-for worker would come soon. But the papers and journals of the South had been stirred by the appeals of Lottie Moon, as no other one appeal had ever done. A leaven was working among Southern Baptists that would bring the answer to such earnest prayer.

One day in Tengchow an amusing incident provoked a brilliant bit of philosophy from her pen. She had been on a short trip to a few villages. Everywhere she had been met with smiling faces and pleasant words that day, until the last village. There, while she was talking in the street with some women, an elderly man of respectable appearance came by and spoke in an undertone to the women. He passed on and immediately the women began to make excuses—it was cold, they were busy, and finally all had slipped away. She understood at once what had happened, and looking at the disappearing form of the disturber, she thought to herself, "Poor old man, you have not many years in which to do this evil work! When you are gone there will be none to oppose, and I may come and sit down in peace in your village!"

To this story she adds, "One must not be discouraged by the extremely slow progress of the gospel in heathen lands. To be impatient of early results is as if the pioneer in an unbroken wilderness with forests to be cut down, houses to be built, lands to be cleared, with soil to be plowed and sown, should be dissatisfied that houses do not go up by magic and broad acres in a moment bear golden harvests. The hardy pioneer plods on patiently year after year, and in time he reaps the reward of his labor.

"So in heathen lands we plod on in patience, waiting in faith during the time of seed sowing. The harvest will come in time, and in China—what a harvest it will be!"

Was it with eyes of prophecy that she foresaw the time of harvest in Pingtu? But there were still the years of waiting.

CHAPTER IV

The Furlough That Never Came

"If she had not had faith she could not have gone ten thousand miles from the United States to get to Tengchow. If she had not had zeal, she, a lone woman, wouldn't have gone the one hundred and fifteen miles from Tengchow to the black heathenism of Pingtu. Believing the Master surely would protect her, she discounted the discouraging arguments of other missionaries, considered her own life as of no importance, hearing only the Master's command. Thus God's grace came upon Sah Ling Village!"

—Pastor Li, of North China.

GOING HOME! Letters had been written to Shanghai asking about dates of boat sailing to San Francisco. Plans were made for some of the missionaries to make brief visits to the Pingtu region, holding the work there until the expected workers were ready to take it over. The break in occupancy would not make any great difference in the development there, for it was still in the "ground-breaking stage."

Then one Sunday—but let her tell the story in her own words!

"Two men reached here on Sunday from Sah Ling in Pingtu, the village of which I have previously written. The women and girls interested

in the gospel got impatient of my long delay and these men set out to seek me, hoping to meet me on the way. As they did not, they came on here."

Can you see her face as she listened to the story the two men bore of the appeal of the women and girls she had taught? Can you see their own eager faces, these two men who had walked all the way, the one hundred and fifteen miles from Pingtu to find the teacher who knew the Words of Life?

Home!

Pingtu!

In that hour of decision she turned aside from all the dear thoughts of Virginia, with eyes seeing only the eager faces of the crowds of women, the men standing more reservedly but just as interestedly behind them. She heard only Pingtu calling.

But let her tell it again:

"I have decided to try to hold on until next June (1888). There is no one to send to Pingtu. We do so long for new missionaries, but we realize that the Board can act only as the churches provide the means. So I will go back to Pingtu for the winter. I have sacrificed more in health and comfort for that region than any other. I believe that a good foundation has been laid for a permanent station. I always leave Pingtu with regret and go back to it with joy. Perhaps you will accuse me of having 'Pingtu on the brain!' *I certainly have it on my heart!*"

So it was back to Pingtu, while the dear delights of Virginia were laid aside until such a time as the call no longer came with no one to answer.

Back to the little rented house by the West Gate of the city, back to be neighbor to the opium

eater's wife, back to the gracious opening at Sah Ling.

By now most of the people of Pingtu city knew that there was a Miss Moon who preached the Jesus doctrine. The wife of her cook, Mr. Chao, who had heard the gospel first in Tengchow, went with her on her visits and gained entrance for her into the homes of others of that name, one a yeast-maker, who received her and heard the gospel gladly. Often, passing along the street, men and women would fling at her the reviling terms of hatred, "Devil-old-woman" and worse. Quietly she would reply:

"If I am a person, it is not right that you should call me such names. All people on earth are brothers and sisters." Never angry, never impatient, never resentful, she patiently wore away the prejudice and hatred by her gentle, gracious presence and her blameless life.

At times of the principal holidays and festivals, when many women from the surrounding country villages came in to burn incense at the temples in the city, she cordially invited them into her home, and, curiosity overcoming fear, they would go in. So in this way her name was carried out into the countless villages in all the Pingtu region. In return, invitations came to her to visit their villages. Though she knew very well that the invitations came only that they might have the curious sight of a foreign woman in their villages, she never lost an opportunity to turn the event into a time for teaching the gospel. The majority of the people scorned her, but of them she took no notice. She overheard many discussions of herself. Some said she was a man, some a woman. No matter what they said she only the more kindly invited them to come and hear her tell of the One True

God whom she worshiped. Teaching little groups here and there portions of the Scriptures, leaving copies of the Gospels in the hands of those who could read, teaching hymns, the favorites being, "Jesus Loves Me" and "The Father Will Surely Watch Over Me," and a little prayer which summed up the need of the heathen heart, "O Father, have mercy on me, forgive my sins, in the name of Jesus who died on the cross, Amen," she went on constantly, never saving herself, pressing on to accomplish the task set before her. So passed the winter of 1887-88.

That she knew something of the stirring of organization among Southern Baptist women in that eventful winter is shown by some articles she wrote through 1887 and 1888 for the *Foreign Mission Journal,* the *Religious Herald,* of Virginia, and the *Christian Index,* of Georgia. The call, "Woman's Work for Women," had been rung out by many of the missionaries, especially Dr. R. H. Graves and Dr. E. Z. Simmons, of South China. The brilliant writing of Mrs. T. P. Crawford and Mrs. Nevius, of North China, had appeared for more than twenty years, presenting the appeal of heathen womanhood to the women of the Southland. The words had become a slogan for the crystallizing of sentiment among the women of the South for some definite part in the work of fostering and stimulating foreign missions among the churches. The Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board had fostered this growing interest of the women, hoping that they would be allowed to come into full participation of the work of the Convention.

Miss Moon had kept in close touch with these various movements among the women of the Southland. Through her reading of the many

discussions of woman's work appearing in those days in the Baptist papers of the South, she was able to make definite, effective contributions to the slowly crystallizing purpose of the women to organize in some way their forces for more effectual work. In one of these appeals for the women to do something in a worthy way for the foreign mission enterprise she made a suggestion that was to bear rare and rich fruitage.

The article appeared in the December, 1887, issue of the *Foreign Mission Journal* and was provoked by a movement for a week of prayer begun by the Methodist women in June, 1887. After giving the resolutions in which the Methodist women set forth their purposes and plans, she comments:

"I am convinced that one of the chief reasons our Southern Baptist women do so little is the lack of organization. Why should we not learn from these noble women and instead of the paltry offering we make, do something that will prove we are really in earnest in claiming to be the followers of him who 'though he was rich, for our sake became poor?' "

She suggested that Southern Baptist women should institute a week of prayer and offering, not only for the Foreign Mission Board and its work but for both Boards of the Convention. She suggested the week before Christmas to be set apart for this purpose.

"Need it be said why the week before Christmas is chosen?" she asked, then went on to answer, "Is it not the festive season, when families and friends exchange gifts in memory of the Gift laid on the altar of the world for the redemption of the human race, the most appropriate time to consecrate a portion from both abounding riches and

scant poverty to send forth the good tidings of great joy into all the earth?"

Then she returned to the discussion of better organization for the women.

"In seeking organization we do not need to adopt plans or methods unsuitable to the views or repugnant to the tastes of our brethren. What we want is not power, but simply combination in order to elicit the largest possible giving. Power of appointment and of disbursing funds should be left as heretofore in the hands of the Foreign Mission Board. Separate organization is undesirable, and would do harm, but organization in subordination to the Board is the imperative need of the hour.

"The world is the field,"—the vision is still clear! "The world is the field, and woman's work for Christ is wherever there is a home to be reformed, or a soul to be redeemed. The broad field of our Home Board in which we are to raise the missionaries for the foreign field, should claim much of our gifts and prayers."

Vigorously she pressed home the truth as to the starvation methods which were being pursued, methods that were strangling the foreign mission enterprise in its very beginning. She illustrated the trend and found its solution in an example of missionary work with which she was familiar.

"Some years ago the Southern Methodist Mission in China had run down to the lowest water mark; the rising of the tide seems to have begun with the enlisting of the women of the churches in the cause of missions. The previously unexampled increase in missionary zeal and activity in the Northern Presbyterian Church is attributed to the same reason—the thorough awakening of the women of the churches upon the subject of

missions. In like manner, until the women of our Southern Baptist churches are thoroughly aroused, we shall continue to go on in our present 'hand to mouth' system. We shall continue to see mission stations so poorly manned that missionaries break down from overwork, loneliness and isolation; we shall continue to see promising fields unentered and old stations languishing, we shall continue to see other mission enterprises, no richer and no better educated than our own, outstripping us in the race.

"I wonder how many of us really believe that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive!' A woman who accepts that statement of the Lord Jesus Christ as a fact, and not as 'impractical idealism' will make giving a principle in her life. She will lay aside sacredly not less than one-tenth of her income or her earnings as the Lord's money, which she would no more dare touch for personal use than she would steal. How many are there among our women, alas! alas! who imagine that because 'Jesus paid it all,' they need pay nothing, forgetting that the prime object of their salvation was that they should follow in the footsteps of Jesus Christ in bringing back a lost world to God, and so aid in bringing the answer to the petition our Lord taught his disciples, 'Thy Kingdom come!' "

These stirring words were commented upon in all the Baptist papers, and the discussion began to draw to some definite conclusion. In May, 1888, the Southern Baptist Convention met in Richmond, Virginia. There the women organized, setting forth their purpose in words which in a remarkable manner were like those Miss Moon had used in her article of December. She was in Pingtu at this time. It was not until in the late

summer that she heard the glad news of the step forward Southern Baptist women had taken.

In August, of 1888, she went down to Chinkiang for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Bryan, enthusiastic new missionaries who were just getting into their work at that station. There were some perplexing problems in the Chinkiang work which she might help them solve with her longer experience, and it was an opportunity to get away for a little while from the monotony and loneliness of the life in Tengchow and Pingtu.

"I should have felt very helpless at first without the assistance of experienced missionaries," she wrote in sympathetic explanation of her eagerness to be of service to these two young missionaries whom she admired and loved. "I know from experience the difficulties in the way of the beginner."

She adds, as if it were a minor consideration:

"Then, too, I felt the need of mental change. I have worked so hard in Pingtu, and have been so much alone there that I was mentally jaded. I thought it would not be wrong to remain in bright and pleasant society if I could at the same time be of service as a missionary. The people of Sah Ling are urgent to have me live among them. I confidently believe that we would have hundreds, yes, thousands of inquirers and converts. I know whereof I speak, for I have lived right down among the people and I know they can be won by loving self-sacrifice on the part of the missionaries. I have been very happy here with these dear friends, and the sunshine will go with me in memory when I plunge back into the hard life of the interior."

Then she wrote of the prospect of help coming: "Thanks for the hope you hold out for a woman reënforcement!"

Little did Southern Baptist women know what that meeting in Richmond, in May, 1888, meant to a lonely woman in far away North China.

"I wish you could send us two women in the fall for Pingtu. Is that one of the possibilities?" She went on to say, "I am anxious that they shall come and make a beginning before I leave for America. I should like to go with them to Pingtu and introduce them to my numerous friends there." And again came the insistence upon two women, in company with each other, that the workers who should come after her might be spared the loneliness that had been hers.

Then, "I should be most heartily glad of ten women for the Pingtu region! No one who has not seen can imagine the wide field opened there for women's work. I would I had a thousand lives that I might give them to the women of China!"

But she had only one life, so must plead for Southern Baptists to send the others—one, half promised, two must come—Oh, for ten women!

"I am very desirous to go home next year. I think my health requires it. Still," again came the voice of devotion, "still, I am not willing to go until Pingtu is provided for. When once that is done, I can go home happy and with a clear conscience. But I cannot leave those eager people without the certainty that there will be someone to carry on the work."

While she was in Chinkiang she asked Dr. Tupper's help in adjusting a matter of business. She had had on deposit in Shanghai for several years a sum of nearly $1,000. This was probably a part

of her inheritance from the estate of her mother. It had occurred to her that the Board could use this money as a loan, though her business instincts told her it would be much wiser, from a financial standpoint, to leave it in the bank where the compound interest amounted to quite a bit each year. But she offered it to the Board at the modest rate of 6 per cent and left the matter in Dr. Tupper's hands to arrange, for she could not look after it from Pingtu.

And back she went to Pingtu.

In the office at Richmond these letters from Chinkiang were shared with the new Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Union, an organization now three months old. The words haunted Miss Armstrong when she went back to the new little office in Baltimore, which was the clearing house for all the missionary affairs of the women in the Southern states. The suggestion made in December came to her attention. A letter went to Dr. Tupper asking if he thought it would be possible for the women of the South to raise the amount necessary to send relief to Miss Moon by a special Christmas love offering. He responded, "Try it!" He had the utmost confidence in the women succeeding in anything they undertook.

Most interesting is the correspondence that followed in those busy days of getting ready for this special effort. "Dare we spend $100 for literature?" "Would the reckless expenditure of postage be justified by the results?" were some of the questions that flew from Baltimore to Richmond. In everything, the Foreign Mission Secretary, heartsore over the unanswered pleadings not only from Tengchow and Pingtu, but from every other Southern Baptist field, gave optimistic counsel.

So precious packages of literature were sent from Baltimore to the women's societies that were springing up from Savannah to the new towns of the Panhandle, and eager plans were made in city, town and village for this first Christmas Offering, while out on the lonely outpost of the long, thin line of missionary occupation, Lottie Moon was being all things to the Chinese women of Pingtu, that she might by all means win some!

Back in Pingtu and at work again! There was cholera at Shantswang and the little church was sorely afflicted, losing several valuable members. Fearlessly she went to aid and comfort them. Mr. Pruitt had given up the pastorate there, taken over after Mr. Halcomb had resigned. Happiness had come into this young missionary's life again in the love of a devoted woman, a member of the Presbyterian mission at Tengchow, Miss Anna Seward, and the two had gone to reopen the work in Hwanghsien. Mr. Davault had died and the Joiners had gone home. Truly now was Lottie Moon "holding the fort," for she was teacher, comforter, helper—even pastor, now, to the little flock of the farthest outpost.

In Sah Ling a group of thirty people were meeting regularly every Sabbath for worship, and she must take care of them. In Pingtu the interest was increasing. The opium eater's wife was now a believer. Li Sen Si, kindly neighbor and friend, had humbly asked if she, too, might be a believer. Mr. Chao and Mr. Kiang were her active helpers, taking as much as they could of the teachings of the classes of inquirers now formed in several villages. There was enough work for four missionaries in just what was actually begun, with fields all fallow that had as yet not been touched. "Send on the missionaries!"

In October, she wrote again of the little matter of business which she had entrusted to Dr. Tupper's care. Now she had a new proposition to make. If he would take the money and send out two women missionaries immediately for Pingtu, she would leave it in his hands, drawing no interest until the condition of the Board was such that the interest payments could be assumed, dating from any future date when that would be possible. "Send on the missionaries!"

This letter was sent on to Miss Armstrong. The Christmas Offering came on with the fervor of the women behind it sharpened to deep anxiety by a knowledge that in Pingtu there was one who had given her all!

Christmas in Pingtu, 1888!

"The hard pioneer work is done!" she writes. "We now need women to do the patient teaching in the city and village. I think you know I would not ask ladies to come here if I did not think the time and occasion ripe for such work. Just now we need two immediately for Pingtu and two for Tengchow. A vast field Mrs. Holmes and I used to work there has been untouched for years. Alas, I could wish myself five women instead of but one! Mrs. Crawford is with me. We expect Mr. Pruitt next week. Send on the missionaries!"

Christmas in the Southland!

All through the states, loyal, devoted women were giving the small coins they had been saving since the call first reached them. The First Christmas Offering for China! In sacrifice and love, in tender-hearted sympathy for the lives spent gloriously, unselfishly on the outposts of the Kingdom, the women of the Southland gave. Enough for the missionary! There was enough for two—and more!

On January 8, 1889, Lottie Moon wrote to Dr. Tupper for the second time refusing the "cordial invitation" of the Board to come home. Pingtu was not relieved, though his letter had borne the joyful news of the Christmas offering and the meaning it would have for Pingtu. The missionaries would come, just as soon as they could be found.

In the same mail that brought Dr. Tupper's letter was one from Miss Annie Armstrong, telling of the joy Southern Baptist women had in this, their first definite undertaking, to carry out the purpose for which they had organized, "The stimulation of the missionary spirit and the grace of giving among the women and children of the churches."

The letter Lottie Moon wrote in answer is well worth reading by every son and daughter of the women who gave that first Christmas offering.

"I write to thank the Executive Committee for the hearty response they have made to my appeal for Pingtu. I urge that the new missionaries be sent out immediately. I am holding on after more than eleven years of work at considerable risk of permanent injury to health. Yet I must not leave until others are here to take over the work. After the new missionaries arrive there must be preparation on their part and delay on mine. Therefore, the sooner they come the better. Please listen to no suggestion of delay. The two should be in Tengchow in June at the latest. Then they could come out with me in the autumn to Pingtu and make acquaintance with their field."

Then follows practical suggestions as to their equipment, a caution about the coolness of the climate, and these words in closing:

"Please say to the missionaries that they are coming to a life of hardship, responsibility and constant self-denial. They must live the greater part of the time in Chinese houses in close contact with the people. They will be alone in the interior and will need to be strong and courageous. If the joy of the Lord be their strength, the blessedness of the work will more than compensate for its hardships. Let them come rejoicing to sacrifice for that Lord and Master who so freely gave himself for them."

To Dr. Tupper she wrote of the growing little congregation at Sah Ling. Men and women were remaining faithful. From the neighboring village of Ho Pei, just a half-mile away, Old Man Li was walking after work each evening that he, too, might sit in the outer room with the men and listen as she instructed the women and girls in the inner room. "As sheep without a shepherd!" she exclaimed to her friend and confidant, the Secretary.

One evening there was a touching scene in the little rented chapel. Mr. Pruitt had been there and had instructed them for a week, but could not stay. In Hwanghsien the work was developing far faster than he could keep up with and when Mr. Pruitt left Hwanghsien there was no one but the faithful wife and Baby Ida to man the station.

So these dear Chinese at Sah Ling and Lottie Moon talked the matter over. They would pray for the missionary to come. Not just the two women they were expecting, but a man to guide them into all the paths of Christian living and working. A pastor!

It was touching to hear those who were just beginning to follow Christ falter a prayer that some man in the Southland of America might feel

the call to come to them and teach them the Way.

To the account of this scene, written to the Foreign Mission Board, Miss Moon added the practical suggestion that if a minister were not available who was willing to come to this waiting congregation in a promising field, a layman would do. He would be invaluable in leading these men, in giving them strength to stand against the persecution that even then was beginning to break over them. Old Man Li was shut up in his room each night by angry relatives who were determined that the strange doctrine should not come into their village. But still he carried the New Testament and still the Young Man Li helped him to read it!

At the close of the prayer meeting they decided to write to the Foreign Mission Board and ask for the pastor.

Right loyally did they begin their petition. These are the words:

"For zeal in the propagation of religion, for pureness in giving instruction, we have never heard there was the like of Miss Moon."

Then came the appeal written by their spokesman.

"I am a Pingtu man. For more than ten years I have known of this doctrine but did not inquire into it. On having opportunity to inquire, immediately I truly believed. I am deeply in earnest in learning, but there is no pastor here to teach. If the house is full of hay, it is hard to open the door. Mr. Pruitt is at Hwanghsien but that place is distant from Pingtu more than two hundred li. I am willing to go there to learn but it is difficult. I very earnestly look to the Venerable Board to send out more teachers to Pingtu, to establish a church building, to open the road of eternal life,

THE PINGTU COUNTRY

THE SHENTZA

to lead the people to the gate of virtue, that the light of this mercy shall shine everywhere, and gratitude will be without limit. I am looking for it as if, when the earth is dry, rain is longed for.

Believer Tan Ching P'ing."

Mrs. Crawford spent several weeks in Pingtu, teaching in Sah Ling and other villages with Miss Moon that spring.

Poignantly did these words, written in those busy days, fall on the ears of Southern Baptists:

"As I watched Mrs. Crawford last week instructing patiently for hours the men who eagerly gathered around her, my memory was haunted by the words 'That no man take thy crown.' It seemed to me that here was a woman doing the work of some young man among Southern Baptists who ought to be here, and that when the harvest should be garnered in heaven, and the laborers receive their rewards, the Master would place on her head the crown that should have been his.

"There was One who for us sinners and our salvation left the glories of heaven and sojourned upon this earth in weariness and woe, amid those who hated him and finally took his life. There was another, his chosen missionary who preached the gospel 'in much patience, in afflictions and necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonment, in tumults, in labors, in watching, in fastings, as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things.' The Son of God and his humble disciple, the Apostle to the Gentiles! 'Who follows in their train?' Will not you who read these lines, say, 'Here am I, send me!' "

To the Convention meeting in Memphis, the little group in North China sent the daring

demand for thirty new missionaries for that field and a challenge to the faith of Southern Baptists! There was a response and in July of 1889 there came three new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bostick and Miss Fannie Knight. Later came Mr. and Mrs. League. How joyfully they were welcomed! Reënforcement at last!

In November Lottie Moon wrote,

"'I plead for expectation. The only thing that binds God's arm is our lack of expectation'—so said a speaker at Memphis, in support of his resolution that $150,000 should be raised for the next Convention year for Foreign Missions.

"Missionaries also plead for expectation. Expectation honors God. Expect that he will send 'Thirty Seed Sowers' to Shantung: pray for it, work for it, and soon it will be an accomplished fact.

"'Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son'—'All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them!'—Three of the Thirty have come,—Now for the twenty-seven more!"

In October, 1889, Mr. Pruitt organized the first Baptist Church in Pingtu County, at the village Sah Ling, ten miles from the city, baptizing eleven into membership in the new church. It was a time of great rejoicing for Lottie Moon. She had warned time and again against too great expectation of immediate results from all the open-heartedness of the people to the gospel. Yet sooner than she had hoped there came this tangible result of her work. Old Man Li was one of the first to be baptized. The Young Man Li was now an earnest inquirer. He was a student by disposition and to him Miss Moon gave several books,

one that proved especially helpful being *Superstitions of China,* by Dr. R. H. Graves of Canton. Mr. Li had become very helpful to Mrs. Crawford while she was in Sah Ling teaching. He continued to study and lend his help to Miss Moon in all her work through the months that followed the organization of the church. As yet, however, he had not come out in the open confessing Christianity. All his training as a Confucian teacher, all the customs and traditions of his family and the active opposition of his brothers in particular stood as obstacles in his way.

The organization of the church was the signal for the outbreak of persecution. Miss Moon, working then in the city, was distressed by the suffering of her beloved Christians in Sah Ling. Brother Dan, one of the earlier believers, was tortured and beaten in an effort to force him to worship the ancestral tablets, but so faithful was his testimony that a man of his village, stricken into conviction by it, walked all the way to Tengchow, one hundred and fifteen miles, to ask baptism at the hands of the missionary there, saying that there was no doubt now as to the truth of Christianity. The bitterness and hatred against Christianity culminated at the time of the Chinese New Year, and was intensified by Miss Moon's presence in Sah Ling, and her organization of inquirers' classes which proved too popular to escape the notice of the authorities whose traditional hold upon the people was now most seriously threatened. Her life was threatened. A man of vicious disposition and wicked history was the agent of the threat and the Christians feared greatly for her. To their suggestions that she leave for safety's sake she replied, "Only believe, don't fear. Our Master Jesus watches over us,

and no matter what the persecution, Jesus will surely overcome it." Her very fearlessness overawed the man and he was unable to carry out his murderous intent. This direct threat, and the possibilities it presented must have turned her thoughts to the inner problem of whether there was really fear in her heart, whether death could terrify her. In her little copy of Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ,* which had been her book of devotion next to her Bible, there are several deeply underscored lines dated in this January when she faced death at Sah Ling.

They are exceedingly interesting, these lines which she read to encourage her own heart and search it to see if there was any fear in it.

"Didst thou oftener think of thy death than of the length of thy life, there is no question but thou wouldst be more zealous to amend."

And again:

"If thou canst be silent and suffer, without doubt thou shalt see the Lord will help thee. He knoweth the time and the manner to deliver thee, and therefore thou oughtest to resign thyself unto him."

With the same date mark is this line underscored,

"Thou oughtest so to order thyself in all thy thoughts and actions, as if today thou wert to die."

The Young Man Li, who had not yet asked for baptism, entered into fellowship with the Christians in their persecution, defending and shielding them. This crisis brought about his open alignment with the little church, and so enraged his brothers that they sought his life, and he was forced to flee from village to village. But he bore testimony to the truth as he went. So in China

the time of persecution proved a time of marvelous spread of the gospel even as it had that long ago day in Jerusalem.

But the storm passed. On June 6, 1892, Mr. Pruitt came to strengthen and counsel the little church. The wave of persecution had spent its force. There was now quiet in which the meetings on the Sabbath might be resumed. Miss Barton, the longed for second missionary, had been for a very short time with Miss Moon and Miss Knight in Pingtu studying the language.

As yet, however, neither of the new missionaries could undertake the burdens that the older one was carrying. A church! Many classes of inquirers! Applicants for baptism! And the only minister a hundred and fifteen miles away!

That Sabbath day was very full. The Christians were gathered eagerly to hear the missionary. After the sermon Mr. Pruitt called the candidates for baptism together for examination. This was as much as he could do, however, for in their inexperience, they had constructed their baptismal pool incorrectly and the ordinance would have to be performed at another visit.

The Young Man Li was the first to come forward for examination. He had passed through the fires of testing. He now knew "in whom he had believed." Mr. Pruitt wrote, "I never heard a more earnest and thorough Christian experience. Let us thank the Lord for that brother."

The day of harvest had come early!

That day there came also the grandfather and grandmother, a son and a daughter-in-law and a little grandson of the Yuen family. It was a great day for Mr. and Mrs. Tai, and for Lottie Moon whom they had received into their home that long ago day when the white-faced teacher

of a strange doctrine came first into their quiet village. It was a great day for Dan Ho Bang who had waited years to win his own people to the Christ he had found as Saviour that long ago day in Hwanghsien. It was the day of beginnings, just one little church, just a few scattered believers in the hundreds of villages round about, just a few faithful ones in the great city lying so near, but it was a beginning with promise for the future.

July, 1890! Two women missionaries had come and a third one, Miss Thornton, was expected. With happiness the workers made their plans for the occupation of the Pingtu region. Now with the women on the field the greater need was for a pastor. Miss Moon wrote,

"The native brethren are doing admirably but there should be a foreign resident to lead them. Last year some of the brethren became discouraged because no pastor could be found to go and live among them. I said, 'No matter, we natives will push the work!' Well, 'we natives' mean to push it still, but wish you would send some 'foreign brethren' to help."

From Sah Ling the persecution had driven some of the Christians into the city and now there was hope for a church there very soon.

G. P. Bostick, whose wife had died suddenly in May, had by now acquired the language sufficiently to be an active worker. Mr. Pruitt being ill, it fell to Mr. Bostick's lot to go to Sah Ling on the first Sunday in August, 1890, to baptize the converts examined by Mr. Pruitt in June. Thus did an incomplete baptistry give to the newest missionary the joy of burying the Young Man Li in the waters of baptism.

Matters were turning out happily for all the new women missionaries. Miss Thornton had her heart set on going to Pingtu, which exactly fitted into the plan for the work. Miss Barton wished to stay in Tengchow, which provided for that field, and Miss Knight was already at home in the Chinese house by the West Gate of Pingtu. Miss Knight had proven to be a dear and delightful work-mate. Dr. Tupper said, laughingly, on her appointment, "I am sending you out so that the Moon might be a light for the Knight." Truly the older and younger missionaries had beautifully linked their lives together for Pingtu.

For the Christmas Offering program of that year Miss Moon sent a description of this missionary home to the *Foreign Mission Journal.*

"Entering her yard, you see a Chinese house, one story in height. Our missionary meets you with the sunniest, happiest face. You enter the house and note that she lives in three small rooms. One, her bedroom, is fitted up and furnished in foreign style. The dining room, which is also the entrance way, is paved with brick, but has a glass window and a foreign door. The remaining room is Chinese style. There is the 'kang,' a sort of divan made of mud bricks and covered with matting, on which the women and children sit, flat down, in Chinese style. The modern quarters were put in order, not at the expense of the Board, but of the missionary herself. She also pays her house rent, traveling expenses and her teacher's salary. Left alone repeatedly, in this great heathen city, our missionary has felt herself not to be alone. With Jesus as her nearest and dearest friend, she had lived such a holy and happy life amid her heathen neighbors that she has won hosts of friends. You should see how the people

love her. You should see how the little children run to meet her as she passes about the streets, herself a veritable sunbeam. 'Abiding under the shadow of the Almighty,' she lives a joyous life amid that heathen people."

Two of the Christian men, Mr. Li and Mr. Yuen from the Sah Ling church, were proving to be splendid helpers in all the work. With joy Miss Moon reports a convert in Pingtu city as a result of their witnessing. The two were preaching regularly at Li Tz Yuen and a teacher was sorely needed there for the large and eager class of inquirers. So September found Miss Moon and Miss Knight setting out for a stay with a kindly, genial farmer who had offered a comfortable room for the use of the missionaries, if they would but come and teach the truths of the gospel to those eager to learn.

"Are you comfortable?" asked Miss Knight, solicitously as the two of them settled in the cart, matting over them to shelter from the sun, and two wooden wheels directly beneath them, guiltless of springs of any sort.

"No, and I never expect to be in a cart," was the reply from Miss Moon's years of jarring experience with such vehicles.

It was a happy visit, for the host had invited in his neighbors and friends and the days passed in a most profitable manner. From this home she wrote an article for the *Foreign Mission Journal* in which occurs this paragraph on methods of work,

"When the gospel is allowed to grow naturally in China, without forcing the process of development, the 'church in the home' is usually its first form of organization. God grant us faith and courage to keep hands off and allow this new

garden of the Lord's planting to ripen in the rays of Divine Love free from human interference."

The church at Sah Ling was still without a foreign pastor. Four of the native brethren conducted the regular Sunday services, taking turns in having charge, the three who were free each Sunday going into different villages and preaching the gospel to any who would hear. Thus there was growing up a group of leaders, native leaders, working side by side with Miss Moon and her helpers, with now and then a trip to Tengchow or Hwanghsien for a short class in Bible with the men missionaries, or a brief time spent with Mr. Pruitt and Mr. Bostick when they could come out to Pingtu.

Of these the most earnest was the young teacher Li. Now and then he brought a parable or other passage in the Gospels or Acts to Miss Moon for explanation. Modestly, humbly, yet earnestly he persisted in learning more about this wonderful teaching. Thoroughly consecrated, he wished to pursue the teaching until he, too, would be able to help his brothers to find the Light of the Gospel. In the fall of 1890 Mrs. Crawford held a class in Pingtu City, teaching Exodus and giving an outline study of the Old Testament. This meant much to Mr. Li. Gradually he became the leader of the group, yet always giving due deference to the older brethren. Much time had to be given by the missionaries to the guidance, not only of this young man, but of the others who came into the city for teaching in such numbers that the city work had to be left to Miss Knight increasingly. Early in the winter regular meetings were begun in the city, the first growing out of a rally of the Sah Ling Christians in the city, to which they invited their city relatives and friends.

It is no wonder that a report from the North China Mission to the Foreign Mission Board bore the comment on the work of Miss Moon in these years in Pingtu,

"She is the best 'man' among us," for she was doing the work out there that several men should have been doing.

From a journal kept during the years of 1889 and 1890 there are intimate glimpses of daily life and work which give deeper insight into the problems and trials of pioneering on a heathen mission field than may be had in any other way. This journal is not in diary form, but seems to have been simply the jotting down of incidents as notes for future articles and letters to the people back home, with here and there a writing out of impressions, especially concerning the points of contact that the missionary must make and methods he must use in trying to get the truths of the gospel into the hearts and minds of a people to whom such ideas were utterly foreign. Possibly she recorded these impressions as a basis for future discussion in mission meetings, for usually a missionary brought into these meetings a paper on some timely subject which was then discussed to the profit of all the missionaries.

The journal brings an exceedingly vivid picture of the difficulties of teaching the gospel in that pioneer day, when there was no background provided by any sort of contact with the Christian world.

"I wish it were possible to get those who are interested in foreign missions to understand something of the immensity of the work confronting the missionary," she begins. "I do not refer to the enormous numbers of the heathen or the vast extent of the countries not yet evangelized, nor

to the paucity of the workers in all the mission fields. I am thinking only of what has to be done in even one small community merely to make a beginning.

"The Chinese, as regards foreigners, stand today somewhat as our ancestors did hundreds of years ago; the alien is a natural enemy to be hated and despised. He is a being of inferior civilization to be regarded and treated as devils. Go into one of their temples and see the grotesque and hideous images that represent to them the devils of their Buddhist Hell and you will understand how the Chinese regard the foreigner upon whom he bestows this uncomplimentary epithet. The missionary comes on and settles down among the natives. His first object must be to convince them that he is human, and that he is their sincere friend.

"By patience and gentleness and unwearied love, he wins upon them until there begins to be a division in sentiment. There are those who will hate him to the end and think him a wicked interloper, capable of the basest crimes. But others come to regard him as wiser and better than themselves. Having won the confidence and even the regard and esteem of a few, the missionary may hope that his teaching will begin to make some impression.

"Now the magnitude of the work he has undertaken may well begin to dawn upon him and appalled by its immensity and his own feebleness, he may well cry out, 'Who is sufficient for these things?" Hopefully and confidently may he add 'Our sufficiency is of God.' At every step, the missionary must remove error as he tries to teach the truth. He dwells upon the fact that there is but one True God, and that all the idols are

but mud images, or images carved in wood, or painted on paper, as the kitchen god and the god of wealth. They may accept this statement in general, but immediately they make an exception in favor of some particular divinity in some especial temple.

"The missionary tells them of a soul to be saved or lost and they tell him that there are three souls. One at death will dwell in the tomb to be worshiped there at stated seasons, one remains in the ancestral tablet to be worshiped at home, and yet another goes to a temple where it remains two days, after which it goes away to the southwest. They will tell you that paper horses, carriages, men-servants and maid-servants, and above all paper money are burned for the use of the deceased in the spirit-land. The soul that goes into the unseen world is supposed to go through endless transmigrations, in some cases rising to be a god and in others returning to this world where it animates the bodies of animals or of human beings. Except on the theory of transmigration, they conceive it to be impossible to account for the soul of a new-born child.

"Tell the heathen of the different eternal states of the righteous and the wicked as being the just sequel of life on earth and they will reply, 'Yes, those who are poor and suffer here, will suffer in the other world; those who are prosperous here will be prosperous there.' Tell them of the falseness of the idols and they quote the proverb, 'Worship them and they are gods; don't worship them and they are mud images.'

"We will suppose, however that some faint glimmerings dawn upon them of a desire for better things. They confess that the idols are false and that there is but one True God and that

he alone is the lawful object of worship. They say that they do not know how to pray and the missionary undertakes to teach them. Their spiritual darkness is inconceivable to one who had not seen it. A simple prayer is presented, beginning, 'I pray the heavenly Father to pity me and forgive my sins.'

" 'Ah yes,' says one, 'Pray to heaven and father and mother!'

"Another caught by the similarity of sound in the Chinese words 'Father' and 'Happiness' says, 'Yes, pray to Heaven for Happiness.' The missionary patiently explains the glorious truth of the Fatherhood of God until he hopes the hearer has caught a glimpse of its meaning and then he passes on to talk of sin and the need of forgiveness. The hearer readily admits the fact of sin and the need of forgiveness, but thinks it must be obtained through outward works of supposed merit, such as burning incense, knocking heads to the ground in worship and chanting prayers. The minds of the heathen are so dark that even a brief prayer has to be explained sentence by sentence, often not once alone, but over and over again. This especially holds true of the women, very few of whom can read. It is often the case that a man who reads and goes glibly over the prayers has but slight conception of the spiritual meaning. The words of the prayer being learned, the learner consents to begin to pray. It is easy to see that such a one has taken only the first step in the divine life. How many never go beyond that! What watchcare is needed, what prayer for God's Spirit, what constant instruction of this poor soul upon whose dim eyes the light has only begun to dawn. Then, when God has converted that soul,

how does it need guidance and instruction that it may walk worthy of the high calling wherewith it has been called.

"Now let it be borne in mind that the case above presented is not a solitary one, but that it is representative of every man, woman and child in a heathen community. Then consider the mighty power of public opinion, and above all the weight of family authority. The man who dares to think for himself draws down the displeasure of the whole family connection whom he is supposed to have disgraced. To refuse to worship one's ancestors is to become a marked man in any community; is to be regarded as disloyal to the Emperor, who worships his ancestors; as untrue to his country and unfilial to his parents and as lacking in reverence for the departed. Thousands who would willingly investigate truths are held in iron bonds by the fear of public opinion. 'Afraid people will laugh,' is probably the reason of the ruin of innumerable souls. Such then are some of the obstacles that confront the missionary on settling in a new place. Such, as I well know by experience, were some of the obstacles before me in settling in Pingtu."

In contrast to this picture we find in this same journal a pean of joy over the Pingtu Christians.

"Nine converts have recently been added to the Sah Ling Church. Inquirers are by no means confined to Sah Ling, but are found scattered about in neighboring villages. The success of the country work has re-acted favorably upon that in the city. The meeting for women has steadily increased in interest, and among those lately baptized at Sah Ling was a woman from the city. A number are studying Christian books, and two or three desire baptism.

"I should like to say a word as to the character of these Pingtu Christians. In no country have I seen Christian women of sweeter or lovelier spirit, nowhere have I seen men more heartily consecrated to God's service. Their one chief, absorbing thought seems to be the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

"I have yet to see or hear of the first Chinese Christian who refuses to lead in prayer when called upon. I have noticed among the Pingtu Christians and inquirers a simple, child-like faith in the power of prayer. One night at Sah Ling I was lying sick on the kang, feeling too miserable to attempt to teach as usual. The women lingered affectionately about me, but before they left me for the night they all kneeled and one of them prayed for a blessing upon me. At that time, none of these women were church members. On an occasion when I was absent from Pingtu, two women, also not members of the church, volunteered to lead in prayer in the women's meeting on Sunday. Somewhat more than a year ago, my colleague, Miss Knight, and I were about to take a journey from Pingtu to Tengchow. The evening before our departure, some men from a neighboring village, Li Tz Yuen, called to take leave. They told me that, the night before, they had held a prayer meeting especially to invoke God's blessing upon our journey. These men were all inquirers, not church members.

"Another good point in these Pingtu Christians and inquirers is their diligence in studying the New Testament. One young woman whose Christian books had been burned by her family, did not dare to take home the New Testament that was given her, but left it at a neighbor's, to whose house she would steal over to study it. Another

young woman dared not take her Christian books to her mother-in-law's house, knowing they would be destroyed. When at her own father's she was exceedingly diligent in studying the New Testament and she committed to memory whole chapters in the Gospel of Matthew. Like the Psalmist, she could truly say, 'thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee.'

"Still another good point in our Pingtu brethren is their readiness to conduct public worship. Only at intervals of several months, sometimes only once or twice a year can they have a minister visit them and preach them a sermon. Among the brethren at Sah Ling four men voluntarily conduct the services on Sunday and the prayer meeting on Thursday night. Two of these brethren were teachers, one of them the devout and godly man whom I have mentioned several times, Mr. Yuen,—a man poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. The other is a young man who would spend his days in toil at the loom or on the farm and at night pore over his New Testament. In addition to keeping up services at Sah Ling, these brethren also hold service on Sunday in Pingtu City and Li Tz Yuen.

"The need not only in Pingtu, but in our whole North China field, is for more workers. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few—Pray ye therefore!'"

New Year's 1891 in Pingtu—New Year's in Virginia, too. Fourteen years had passed since Lottie Moon had seen the blue hills behind Viewmont, since she had talked with the little sister, walked with Orianna's boys or rejoiced in the spiritual feasts of Baptist gatherings in Old Virginia.

Home yet! No, for there is a young church in Sah Ling, the promising brethren who must have guidance, the villages where just now the harvest is ripe for the reaper's hand! Not home yet!

Then came the mission meeting in June, 1891. Two things happened. Mr. League and his wife were asked to move to Pingtu. Mr. Pruitt decided not to take his furlough due that year. "The work here is too interesting and in too great need of workers for us to turn our backs on it for sometime to come," he wrote Dr. Tupper.

A man and his wife for Pingtu, at last! Mr. League was, in the minds of the missionaries, just the man for the place and now for Lottie Moon, conscience clear, it's Home Again!

She was jubilant. The little sister, all the dear loved ones, the women who had in these past few years been drawn so near to her through the united effort they were making for the missionary enterprise were as magnets drawing her home. Yet there is pain at parting even for a little while with the work so dearly loved, for which so costly a price of self-denial and sacrifice had been paid. She promised to visit Miss Knight's home, near Franklin, to bear personal messages to the father and mother there.

"It is good to be home again!" she wrote simply to Dr. Tupper.

It was good to be home again!

CHAPTER V

In Which Some Dreams Come True

"God rather desires in us fidelity to those little things which He does place under our control, than an ardour for great things which do not depend upon us."

Translated from St. Francis de Sales, on margin of Lottie Moon's copy of *Imitation of Christ.*

THE trip home had been made with the Pruitts after all, for the Presbyterian doctor in Tengchow thought it much wiser for this young missionary couple to take the furlough due them, than to risk breakdown by over staying the term of service that experience had taught was long enough under the hard conditions of life in North China. So on the maiden voyage of the "Empress of China," the three missionaries journeyed homeward, the first of many trips Southern Baptist missionaries were to make on the Canadian Line.

It was October when Lottie Moon reached Scottsville. There in a "wee modest house," as she termed it to Dr. Tupper, about a mile from town, she and Edmonia set up housekeeping for the year at home. The joy of companionship with this beloved sister is glimpsed through references in letters to the Foreign Secretary, and in letters to relatives. Once more she had someone with whom she might talk freely of the things she loved

best. Such discussions of books and men and affairs as went on in the quiet of that little home! Friends came and went, too many at first for her tired mind and body, but the stimulation of old associations began a blessed ministry to the heart that had endured the loneliness of Pingtu.

There were many demands for her to speak before gatherings of women, especially in Virginia and Georgia. The first of these calls seems to have come from Baltimore, where the desire to see and hear her had been stimulated by the close connection she had had with the Woman's Missionary Union from the first, for here was located the Headquarters of the W.M.U. In her reply we find for the first time a hint of a serious physical trouble which was causing her anxiety. She wrote to Dr. Tupper,

"I was disposed to go, but only thinking about it made my head hurt. I therefore wrote Mrs. Rowland that I had been so unmerciful to myself in China that I thought it time to call a halt now and take needed rest. I have been often warned by missionaries not to begin work until thoroughly rested, lest the homecoming do more harm than good. My present purpose is to keep quiet all this winter. I don't think my head will ever get well without perfect rest."

The winter was a quiet one. There were many of the family with whom ties of fellowship were renewed. There were others who had come into the family since she had gone to China, cousins and nieces and nephews by marriage, children with whom she must make acquaintance, winning their youthful love and loyalty by her stories and her merry play with them. For the lonely years had not robbed her of the gift of laughter that had been hers in youth.

A little reflection of all this is found in a letter written to another relative by the young wife of one of the dearly loved cousins of Mt. Ayr, who had never met her before.

"Of course I dreaded a stranger's coming," she wrote, "but when she came she was so charming. I loved her more every day, and she must have liked us for she stayed a week longer than she intended. She entered into our country life, went bathing in the creek, spending the day visiting my friends, and taking buggy rides and long walks. We all loved her and were sorry to have her leave."

So the links with the old, dear life in Virginia were caught up once again. Rest and loving companionship brought their healing to the tired body and renewed energy to the weary mind.

There were other visits to be made. Mrs. W. E. Hatcher, dear friend of the Charlottesville school days, invited her to Richmond for a week. So precious were those days that the visit to the Hatcher home became a feature of every furlough. Thus three times, through the forty years of Lottie Moon's life as a missionary did these two great women touch hands and hearts, one a leader in all the work of women in the homeland, the other a bearer of the light to the women of a far land.

The winter did not pass, however, without those interests that lay nearest her heart coming in for their toll of time and thought. As secretary of the North China Mission she knew much that the Foreign Secretary needed to talk over with her. So in November an invitation went from the little home in Scottsville to Richmond, planning for a day of conference about affairs in North China. Evidently Dr. Tupper had invited her to come to Richmond, from the opening sentence.

"Thanks for your kind invitation which I highly appreciate. But I think it best, at present, to tarry quietly at home. Yet I should be glad to talk over North China matters with you according to your wish." Then came plans for his coming up to Scottsville, closed with the gracious invitation, "My sister and I would be pleased for you to come and have dinner and supper with us."

The "North China matters" consisted chiefly of the pleas of the missionaries she had left in China for reënforcement, and her own presentation of the marvelous opportunities now before the Board to enter wide open fields, if only the men and women could be sent.

"We sorely need now six more families—two for each station—and two single women for Tengchow," she wrote before Dr. Tupper came. "You remember the Mission formally asked for the latter more than a year ago. It might as well be frankly said that only single women can be depended upon for evangelistic work. Except Mrs. League, we have had no married woman to undertake work of that sort since the death of the first Mrs. Pruitt. Mrs. Crawford, of course, is also an exception. Ladies with families, cannot, indeed ought not, to do country work. Their work lies immediately around their homes.

"In North China the very large majority of the people are in villages. To reach them, one must be away from home a good part of the year. It is manifest, then, that we must have single women to do this work. As I have often said, they should not be young. The nearer forty the better, I think. It is a pleasant fact that the older a single woman grows, the more the Chinese reverence her. I have often had them tell me that when I die I shall become a god! So much by way of

enforcing our pleas for two more ladies for Tengchow."

The Soochow mission had also entrusted to her advocacy their plea for helpers. Her interest in this station was all the more earnest because of her dear friend, Miss Safford, having been with the Presbyterian Mission there for so long. Perhaps in her advocacy of the cause just at this time we find a more tender note, for Miss Safford died before this furlough came and Lottie Moon's pilgrimage to Soochow in 1893 was one of tribute to her memory. Ever a student of mission policies she presented most diplomatically the situation in the Soochow Baptist mission with its one missionary family, and argued that their lives would be wasted if reënforcement was not to be sent. Either send an adequate force to handle the work, or send these missionaries where there would be a chance to build permanently with a proper missionary force, was her plea.

She kept in very close touch with North China. In the spring of 1892, in a letter about mission matters, we find the following glowing tribute to the young missionary who had been such a comrade in all of the work of the North China mission, and whose youthful strength had saved the day when the mission had been torn by the conflicting opinions on the school question. It is also an illuminating side light on missionary pioneering.

"Mr. Pruitt has done and can do for the Hwanghsien station what no other man has done or can do. He went there when the name of the foreigner was utterly odious to the Chinese. Fearful blunders had been made in the beginning of the station which we feared twenty years of holy living would not and could not retrieve. Mr. and Mrs. Pruitt went there, however, and set quietly

to work. In five years the change was amazing. I know whereof I speak. I spent a winter in Hwanghsien in 1885-6, and the place was absolutely closed to all mission effort, I had scarcely a visitor and there was not a house, except among the few Christians, open to me in all that region.

"Last spring, at Mrs. Pruitt's request, I spent about two weeks helping her in her work about her home. I never was more surprised and delighted in my life. I found that, instead of being hated and despised we were welcomed heartily into many families and in some there was an eager desire to hear the gospel. Unlike Tengchow, Hwanghsien is a rich and prosperous region. I found that Mr. Pruitt was visited by men belonging to leading families."

So through her eyes we see into the work of others of the mission. Controversy over mission policies had not entirely died out. In fact it was just now coming to a head along some lines, in the decision of some of the missionaries to join their efforts in an independent movement known as the Gospel Mission, depending solely upon the direct contributions of the churches at home whose interest they might enlist in the project. Miss Moon was a staunch believer in the principles of mission work as carried forward through the Foreign Mission Board. But her marvelous ability to see the other person's viewpoint was never more clearly illustrated than in her position of tolerance and liberality in this controversy in which many held their views to a divisive conclusion. She expressed it thus in comment to Dr. Tupper on one of the missionaries involved in the discussion.

"The news from ——— is what I have been expecting. As to the question of an 'independent

missionary' I think his acceptability to the Mission as a body would depend upon what policy he should pursue. I don't think he would be likely to go into anything unacceptable to others in the Mission. To speak frankly, we missionaries 'box the compass' in our methods so constantly that I shouldn't be astonished, should I live ten years longer, to see Bro. ——— an ardent advocate of schools, native preachers and Bible women!!!"

That her insight was keen is proven by the fact that in about ten years this missionary was back in complete harmony with the Mission on all these matters! It is significant that in all these years of many differences of opinion on mission policies, she kept the warm friendship of all sides.

So through the days she counseled with those at home who had in hand the adjusting of all these matters, giving out of her own rich experience and wise judgment, valuable aid to the burdened Secretary and Board.

Then there were meetings to attend, after the quiet winter had passed. In May, 1882, she was present at the Southern Baptist Convention in Atlanta. Here she spoke before the eager women who had come to hear the missionary whose written words had been a challenge to them through these history-making years. We have no record of her own feelings in this meeting, or her own reaction to this first contact with the organized body of Southern Baptist women. But we have many a story of the effect she had on their hearts and minds. Back to their States they went, with the thrill of her voice and eyes upon them still and the spell of the story she told of the women of North China—of Pingtu—to pass on to the women

of the churches and set a new pace for the work all along the line.

Though it was a woman's meeting at which she spoke, yet we know there were some men who came, drawn by the desire in their hearts to hear first-hand the story she had to tell. One of these was her old pastor, Dr. Headden, whose heart had gone out to her in her work as that of a father. With him was a friend, a young doctor. For four years the North China Mission had prayed for a doctor. Just as she was leaving Tengchow a distressing accident had happened. The mules of a cart in which Mr. and Mrs. League with the Pruitts, their children and their cook were riding had run away, injuring them all to some extent, and breaking the leg of the Chinese cook. To get the sufferer to a doctor, they had to make a painful journey of more than fifty miles. This experience had intensified the appeal for a doctor for the Mission.

This was on her heart as she came before Southern Baptist women, and she gave a ringing challenge for some trained man to give his life to North China. She spoke by direction of the Spirit of God. The young doctor was there and could not forget her words. Years later they took T. W. Ayers to North China to establish the first hospital ever built by Southern Baptists on foreign soil!

There was another listener through whom God was working out a strange providence for her. Dr. Spalding, pastor of Capitol Avenue Baptist Church, in Atlanta, also heard her. So deeply was he impressed by her words that he followed closely all her work. Five years later in a sermon he made mention of her with such reverence and great fervor that a doctor in the audience, a

Presbyterian elder, determined to place her name on his prayer list. This was in 1898. Ten years later the doctor, now a Baptist, was in her home at the Little Cross Roads in Tengchow, he and his wife appointees of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. For the story she had told, re-told by one who heard her, had changed the current of his life, and through the providence of God, Dr. J. McF. Gaston was sent to China to establish the medical work at Laichowfu and to be her physician when the time came that she needed him.

So did her contacts during this first furlough widen into measureless circles, of which she was to know only in part.

The fall of 1892 found her going to the Associations in Virginia. Her own Association, Albemarle, met at Scottsville. For all these years they had been making mention of her and her work in their minutes, praying for her and finding in her an inspiration for the increasing of their gifts to missions. Now she could tell the story of her work to them face to face. But only the women heard the story from her lips, in a meeting held in the Presbyterian Church, crowded to the doors with eager listeners. A woman who was there that day adds to the account of this report brought from the far fields by the gifted daughter of the Association, "How the men did envy our chance to hear her tell it, but they decorously stayed at the Baptist Church attending to the prosaic affairs of the Association, obeying the letter of the law, according to their own interpretation."

Thus the winter passed and in the spring of 1893 she was again at the Southern Baptist Convention, this time in Nashville. Women who

heard her on that occasion pressed for her to visit their societies, so into Tennessee and Georgia she went through that summer with her message of the far fields where women were waiting by the millions to hear the story of Jesus. She spent one week with the Cartersville friends who had meant so much to her all these years. One letter speaks of a trip to the missionary societies of Virginia. Though this must have been not quite literally true, we do know that she visited many of them, speaking constantly on behalf of the dear women of China to whom she was beginning to be anxious to return. We have a reflection on what she meant to the women she came thus to know in a bit of reminiscence from one in whose home she visited during this time in Tennessee.

"'I shall never forget the pleasure, also the spiritual benefit her visit of three days in my home was to us. The memory of it is ever with us as an oasis of spiritual joy in our lives. As she and I drove home from the service held with our women, she said in talking of her work as a missionary, 'The call to me to go to China was as clear as the crystal tones of a bell.' At another time, she remarked as we talked together, 'People talk of the hardships of missionary life. 'Tis true there are hardships, but I am so happy in the work that I never see the hardships.' She sought earnestly to induce others to go back with her to China."

So in appeals, in blessed contact with the women, eager and responsive, in constant spending of herself that the people might know about the work, the last few months at home passed quickly. She wished to stay for the wedding of a young cousin, but as the fall of 1893 approached she became more eager to get back to China. Letters had come regularly from Miss Knight in

Pingtu, and from others of the missionaries. A new missionary, the long-prayed-for missionary to Pingtu had gone out, W. H. Sears, and she was eager to be back in the midst of the work she so loved.

"China is my home," she said happily to a friend.

The cherished dream of taking Edmonia back with her had long ago been given up as she had seen how frail was this little sister, so it was again alone that she turned her face westward, China bound, in October of that year.

In San Francisco she found Mrs. Yates and her daughter, Mrs. Seaman, whom Miss Moon calls "Lovely" in a letter written to a cousin. Two new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Stephens and Dr. Hartwell and his family had just preceded her on earlier boats. So there was much missionary news to be heard and homeland experiences to be exchanged. Landing in Chefoo in the middle of the severe North China winter, she was caught in a great snowstorm on the trip from the seaport to Tengchow and spent three days making the trip usually made in a day and a half. So she arrived in Tengchow more tired and worn than on any previous trip. But the welcome was warm. In Miss Barton's little home she tarried joyfully while making the usual arrangements to open the house at the Little Cross Roads. She was constantly busy greeting friends, both foreign and native, who crowded in to tell her how happy they were to have her "home" again.

There was much mission news to hear. The work was going along at somewhat the same pace in Tengchow. In Hwanghsien much advance had been made, while glowing reports came from the

new missionaries in Pingtu. Miss Knight had stayed by the work, as she had promised she would. Mr. Sears, young, energetic and enthusiastic about the possibilities before him, had gone to work already, having for his constant companion Mr. Li as teacher and helper.

Miss Knight, however, was longing to see her—the older woman who had meant so much to her. A strong friendship had sprung up between the two in the days before Miss Moon left for America, the older woman looking upon this first missionary of the Christmas Offering as a little sister to be carefully guarded and guided, while Miss Knight admired and loved her as one would an ideal. In letters that passed between the two, and between Miss Knight and her own home folk, there are beautiful revelations of the character of both of these women, who had first been bound together by their love for the Pingtu field.

As Miss Moon was leaving for America, Miss Knight wrote to her sister in Virginia, of her hope that the two could meet and become acquainted. "She is a wonderful woman," the younger missionary wrote. "Has all the courage and firmness of a man, and yet a more gentle and womanly woman it would be hard to find. I think she is one of the most useful missionaries on China soil. Yet she makes very little ado about her sacrifices. I think I might safely say that no missionary is making greater sacrifices than she is making. May a double portion of her spirit fall on me."

On arrival in Tengchow, Miss Moon received a letter from Miss Knight urging her to come on out to Pingtu. In reply she wrote a letter so full of tenderness and affection for this young woman who had taken her place in Pingtu that only the

perspective of the years can justify our reading words that reveal so intimately her innermost feelings. This is a Lottie Moon rarely seen, a tender, loving, confiding Lottie Moon whom few people ever knew.

"My own precious Fan"—the letter began, dated January 8, 1894, just a day after she had landed.

"Many greetings have I met since landing in China and especially many most cordial and affectionate in Shantung, but none have sent such a glow of happiness as your dear letter, received while at breakfast this morning. You brave, noble, unselfish darling! My trust in you has not failed. I relied implicitly upon your promise that whether I lived or died, you would push the work at Pingtu. Right nobly have you kept your word. It was our Lord's work, and you were only too glad and thankful to do it for his sake. Yet I cannot forget how you upheld my weary hands and cheered my sometimes almost fainting spirit during that first winter in Pingtu together. Do you wonder then, my precious darling, that I turn to you with all and more than all the old time love and that if you are 'homesick' for me, I am longing with intense desire to look upon your dear face again? In China, you are my dearest and you know that I do not speak lightly words of affection. When I truly love, as I love you, it is with my whole heart.

"Yes, come to me, dear child, in the early spring. I had thought of doing some much needed work in this region before going to Pingtu. You may help me in this and then in the summer I can go with you to Pingtu."

There is a postcript to this letter which has a place here only as it reveals the shyness and reti-

cence of her nature, as Lottie Moon wrote across the corner of the first page,

"This is a love letter, so you must regard it as for yourself alone, for I am naturally very shy of expressing much of my own feelings to anyone."

So life in China began again with old ties of affection to renew and the dropped threads of the work to pick up. The early months of 1894 saw many changes in the work in North China. The division over mission policies had lost to the Foreign Mission Board force some of the younger workers as well as the veteran Crawfords. Miss Thornton married Mr. Bostick, Miss Knight joined the Crawfords at Tai-An-fu, the new center for the Gospel Mission enterprises, and a year later died of smallpox just after her marriage to Mr. King. Dr. Hartwell was back but was not very well. Miss Anna Hartwell came up from Canton where she had been working and joined the Tengchow mission. Miss Barton soon left for her furlough which was to mark the end of her work in China and the beginning of her missionary life as the wife of Z. C. Taylor in Brazil. All told, there were only six missionaries left in the North China mission that year. The Tengchow work had to be built up again, and to this task Lottie Moon turned after one brief happy trip out to Pingtu to greet her beloved women there.

The North China Association met at Hwanghsien Nov. 5, 1894. There were thirty delegates besides the Hwanghsien members in attendance. Dr. Hartwell was not able to be there but Mr. Sears and Mr. Li brought a heartening report of nine baptisms and splendid interest from Pingtu

—so the work held together and in faith and hope the workers went on.

In the midst of these trying problems within the mission there came a trial from outside. China and Japan were at war, and all at once the struggle centered over the control of this rich Shantung region, where the two nations were striving to secure control of trade and resources. All the affairs of the city and country were disturbed. Dr. Hartwell had been very ill but fortunately was better just at the time the war broke over Tengchow. Miss Moon wrote of the situation.

"We have been in the midst of intense excitement, on account of the nearness of the war. Rumors that China will ask for peace fills us with delight. Our work has gone on as usual, I think. The church here is doing admirably. The meetings have been kept up with spirit during Dr. Hartwell's illness. One good result of the war has been to draw the people and the missionaries closer together. The common danger has been a bond of sympathy. Strange to say the danger dreaded was not from the Japanese, but from the Chinese soldiers. The people feared that if the Japanese men of war should appear, their own soldiers would loot and fire the city.

"The country people feared lest disorganized bands of soldiers would rob and commit outrages. As long as the missionaries are here the sense of security to some extent continues. The people think that we are well informed and that we would leave if there was any danger. The country people tell me that so long as I go to the country they feel safe. If I did not go they would feel sure there was trouble here in the city, either from their soldiers or from the coming of the Japanese.

The city people say that their soldiers behave better on account of our being here. I have never been received so cordially in the country as at present. People come around to talk about the war, and when that has been discussed they will listen to the gospel."

So no matter what befell, it all turned out to the furthering of the gospel!

Thus it was that one evening, coming in from a country trip, tired and worn, having patiently talked for days without stopping to the crowds of people who listened to the matchless story she had to tell of a God of love, she was not the least disturbed when she found a great hole in the corner of her bedroom where a cannon ball had passed through, over her bed, and into the courtyard beyond, where it lay as a grim reminder that death was in the air. The dull heavy booming of the guns was still punctuating the air at regular intervals, for the threatened bombarding of Tengchow had actually begun. Nevertheless, so fearless was her spirit, so calm her faith, that she lay down and sweetly went to sleep, disturbed not at all by the evidence that the house at the Little Cross Roads was within range of the guns.

The attack on Tengchow sent the people fleeing through the cold of winter to Hwanghsien, which was out of reach of the guns. Dr. Pruitt, writing from Hwanghsien, says:

"The bombardment of Tengchow greatly upset the steady gravity of that old city. It has almost emptied the city of its population which is terrible in this cold and snow. Hundreds have reached this city, thirty of our Christians and their families being with us, occupying the school quarters during its vacation. We are glad to have them.

It reminds me of a Georgia camp meeting, and it is resulting in great spiritual good."

Those days in Tengchow were exciting. The Japanese ships, probably searching for Chinese men of war, hidden among the Chang San Tao Islands, had been caught in a fog and came nearer to the city than they meant to. They were fired upon by the one good gun of Tengchow, located on a high hill to the west of the Water City. The Japanese returned the fire. They soon learned the range of the gun, then standing outside its line of fire, they threw shot and shell into the city at will with their much superior guns.

On the second day of the bombardment, Dr. Mateer, the Presbyterian missionary, wired the American Consul for a gunboat to take away the women and children. It had been decided that the men missionaries should stay with their frightened Chinese people, for it was evident that there would be a panic if they withdrew. The Chinese officials had called them in to solicit their aid in keeping the city quiet. But when the time came to get the women and children off to the gunboat there were so many difficulties in getting coolies to carry the baggage that several of the men were compelled to go with them. It was a bitter cold day, the tide was low and the rocks of the beach were covered with ice. A storm was threatening and the ship's officers hurried the refugees into the cutter to get them away while it was possible for the little boat to reach the ship. In the confusion the baggage of the Hartwells was left unclaimed on the rocks while the ship put out to sea to meet the storm away from the dangerous reefs. Chefoo was reached safely and there in one small house they spent the anxious days that followed.

In February, Dr. Hartwell went back to Tengchow, but matters were still too unsettled for anything to be accomplished, and the banditry and looting was spreading inland, until it was deemed wise for the missionaries to come from Pingtu to Chefoo. So the little colony of refugees in the seaport city was increased by the arrival of the Sears, Randles, and several families of Swedish Baptist missionaries from the interior cities.

Hwanghsien was the only station where the missionary force was not broken. From this vantage point Dr. Pruitt was able to analyze better, perhaps, than the others some of the influences at work in China during this troublous time. They are very valuable as comments on what is now history.

"There is here a general belief," he wrote the Board, "that all the European countries are in sympathy with Japan. The reason is partly due to the fact that the Japanese are more in sympathy with the west and understand and employ western methods more, and partly to the fact that the Chinese do not understand what it is to be neutral. In their theory he that is not for us is against us. Then there is another point which is pretty strong in the ordinary Chinaman's mind, and that is that we all ought to be for him. China is the celestial empire. The fact that this war is destroying that idea makes us who live out here endure it uncomplainingly. I have a strong belief that more opportunities than ever before will be offered to this old country when peace is made. This war means so much to Christian people because it increases our responsibilities so much."

By April of 1895, the country was quiet again, at least sufficiently for the missionaries to return to their stations, and begin work again. Slowly

work in the villages was resumed, Miss Anna Hartwell going with Miss Moon on trips that gradually took in the territory formerly reached by Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Crawford.

An incident linking the work with that of the early pioneer days occurred which proved the beginning of a new phase in Tengchow. A boy who had gone to school to Mrs. Holmes many years before had come to be very successful in his business. He desired to make a gift to the mission, for the purpose of establishing a school for heathen boys. The boys' school for the mission had been established at Hwanghsien, under Mr. and Mrs. Pruitt and was proving very succesful. The aim in the minds of the missionaries was that it would minister primarily to the training of the children of Christian families. On the other hand, this Chinese Baptist layman, having doubtless in mind his own heathen boyhood, wanted the Tengchow school to be for boys of heathen homes. The Chinese were much interested and undertook to support the school so that it would not become dependent upon the Board. The wife of this Christian Chinese had been a pupil in Miss Moon's school in her girlhood, and was in thorough sympathy with her husband's generous impulse. So the work of the years began to bear fruit and the school projects in Tengchow took on new life, this time from the Chinese themselves.

This was not the only school in Tengchow, however, for Mrs. Hartwell had a flourishing girls' school and Miss Moon and Miss Hartwell had both been giving much time to the supervision of two other schools, both of which showed much promise. They were now the only single women at work in the whole mission. In November of 1895, she wrote a long letter to the son of Orianna

Moon in which we have an intimate glimpse into the life during these years in the house at the Little Cross Roads.

"I live a quiet life," she said. "I live alone, and except on very special occasions entertain very little. One such special occasion has lately occurred in the meeting of our association with our church here and at the same time in the meeting of a Presbytery in our city.

"I had a family of five with me during the Association. They were here only from Saturday until Tuesday. Besides these Americans I had seven Chinese guests. I have separate apartments for the Chinese and foreigners.

"Then there were numbers of the Chinese brethren calling to pay their respects, so that I had a busy and fatiguing experience. I have also had all the members of the Presbytery to dine with me several times."

It was at this Association she noted several marked advances in the work, calling for special mention. Two new churches were admitted to membership, and there were more baptisms than in any previous year. The zeal and enthusiasm of the leaders were most gratifying and the way in which the Chinese themselves were taking part in all the work gave new courage to the missionaries. She reported to her nephew in America a most interesting discussion at this gathering of Christian Chinese.

"Among the subjects discussed were foot-binding and education. Some of the younger men have developed a strong opposition to foot-binding, but the older men were significantly silent. Their consciences tell them that the custom is wrong, but they think it bad manners probably to talk publicly on the subject. One young man in

opening his address said that he had once felt horrified at the thought of discussing the subject publicly, but his conscience forbade his remaining silent longer. An exhaustive paper was read on education, the writer urging that each church have a school. He was followed by a foreigner, who urged that every child in the family should be educated. The Chinese custom is to pick out one and send him to school, leaving the others in partial or complete ignorance. Of course, the well-to-do people generally send all their sons to school, more or less."

A letter to the Sunbeams, published in the *Foreign Mission Journal*, gives a vivid picture of a day in the house at the Little Cross Roads, during this year.

"I will tell you how I spent this morning. After breakfast I called in a boy for a lesson in English. He is a little chap, without father or mother. He is bright and good, and trustworthy. I had thought that some day I would teach him English, but did not tell him my intention. He determined he would learn English, so every day when I would be busy in the dining room he would ask me 'What is this called?' He quite persecuted me, haunting me wherever he could to get new English words. I was much pleased with his eagerness to learn, and struck by his clever way of getting taught. I told him to borrow the cook's primer until I could send to Chefoo and get one for him. Such a happy boy! It is a great pleasure to teach him.

"This is my holiday time and four of my schoolboys were cleaning up my yard for me. I promised them twenty cash apiece for cleaning each yard. There are three yards. The boys are little fellows, and were very much pleased to earn some

money to spend as they like. They had two rough knives with which they cut the grass, and they pulled up the weeds and swept the paved walks. As they finished this morning task I found two boys waiting for me. They were from a village and had called to see me. I asked if they had come to the city to 'hear theatricals.' They said 'No,' they had come to 'eat wine.' By this they meant that they were invited to a feast. I asked them in and read and talked to them. I read them part of a hymn that begins, 'Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,' and inquired if they knew what it meant. Then, as they did not understand it, I explained the meaning. I let them read some in the 'Peep o' Day,' and showed them pictures of Bethlehem and Jerusalem. When they were leaving I gave them each a picture. I asked them to come to Sunday school next Sunday. As they were about to go a young man came in who is to be married next week. He asked me to write and ask Pastor Pruitt to perform the ceremony. I told him that Mr. Pruitt would be here for the wedding.

"When he went away I told my cook I had time to teach him. He read to me the fifth chapter of Matthew, and afterward I gave him a lesson in his English Primer. One of my schoolboys hung around and finally wanted to know if he might go to the sea. I consented, but said that if he would wait awhile I would pay the money due. So I brought out a heavy string of five hundred Chinese brass cash, and counted out to each boy twenty cash. They went off happy to the sea. Tomorrow they must clean up a yard they did not finish today."

Evidently in letters from home her family had shown how disturbed and fearful for her safety

they had been during all the excitement of the war earlier in the year, for now she adds a comment on the condition of the country that was characteristic of her accurate evaluation of the movements of her day which have become history.

"Here everything has been quiet since the Japanese left us. The people are more friendly than I ever knew them to be before. There is a Mohammedan rebellion out west of which we have varying accounts. Thus far China has managed to survive foreign wars and internal commotions and probably this rebellion will be put down as others have been.

"To my thinking, Russia is the most formidable power that China has yet been brought into contact with, and yet she turns from Japan, her natural ally, to cast herself in the arms of Russia. I believe she will rue the day when it is too late. Missionaries naturally do not want Russia to acquire Chinese territory because she tolerates none but her own 'orthodox' propagating of the gospel. Japan, on the other hand, is very friendly and liberal toward Protestant Christianity."

In a letter written to a cousin, a woman of her own age, she told quaintly of how she managed her shopping and chatted in true feminine fashion of her manner of dress.

"I shall be interrupted presently by a clerk coming in from the shop in which I do most of my dealing, but I will begin a letter. It is the custom here for women not to go to the shops. The goods is brought to our houses. Of course, that is not half so interesting as to go to a well-stocked place and see lots of lovely new goods displayed temptingly on the counter. Probably one buys a good deal less, being not exposed to temptation.

"I suppose clothes are the smallest of my expenses. I wear the Chinese dress in modified form and that costs less than the western. There are no expensive bonnets or boots. For three-fourths of the year my shoes cost less than eighty cents apiece (800 cash). In winter I wear boots that cost a little over a dollar. They are made by a Chinese woman. They are not real Chinese shoes, but a modification, or rather a foreign cloth slipper—shoe, I mean—and boot. They are very comfortable. So far as the Chinese dress goes, I wear the very large, long loose-flowing sacque, as we used to call them in my young days. They 'cover a multitude of faults.' Owing to that fact I have worn my old skirts since my return from America and am now having my first one made in about three and a half years. Don't you think that pretty economical? I am the only one who wears the Chinese dress under all circumstances. Several wear it when they go out in the country, but not at home or usually among foreigners. I find it too troublesome and too expensive to wear the foreign dress. Besides, as a chief reason, one gets nearer to the people, I think, when wearing the Chinese dress."

She had been having some repairs to her compound made, and in telling of this she again gave much information about the life in that little home, how it was built, and the surge of life about it in that great Chinese city.

"I have been quite overrun with masons for about a week and they are still here. Some of my many roofs got out of order, and I am having some parts changed from thatched roofs to tiled. The straw roof is vexatious as the birds pick it to pieces and so it does not last. The tile roof is lasting. I have also three whitewashers here at

work in my Chinese guest rooms. In all, there are seven workmen. I hope they will get done this day week.

"Last week a thief came over my wall at night, broke into the kitchen and carried off between four and five thousand cash ($5). Part belonged to the cook but most of it was mine. One of the masons was suspected, but there was no proof. Evidently the thief climbed over by aid of an overhanging tree. I had the tree well trimmed and a foreign door with a foreign lock exchanged for the Chinese door and lock of the kitchen. Heretofore my house has remained unlocked at night, and windows all up. I trusted to the security of the street doors, not thinking of any one climbing over the wall. I suppose the low overhanging limbs of the tree were tempting. Once climb up on the wall, get into the tree and come down 'just as easy!' I had sharp-pointed glass on top of the wall and then inside a frame for flowers. He knocked off the glass, got a foothold on the wall, swung himself by a limb into a tree, came over the wall, down into the yard, and I slept!"

The work around Tengchow, now so pitifully undermanned, demanded all her time. Yet this did not keep her from continuing to have a keen interest in how everything went in Pingtu. Now that the missionaries had come for that field, she withdrew, that the loyalty of the people might be undividedly given to the new missionaries, who must be the ones to carry forward the work, but her heart still yearned over Pingtu and she noted with deep concern every turn of events. In July of 1897 there came news of the organization of a new church in a village where she had gone adventuring in those first days in Pingtu. Mr. Sears and his teacher, Mr. Li, had first gone there to-

gether three years before. Now came the glad news that in spite of persecution the little church had been organized and was standing staunchly for the faith. There were Christians in seven villages as the result of the work of three years, centering in that village. There were now three churches with a total of eighty-three members, and two missionary families to carry on the work. Hwanghsien, with its two churches and growing school, had also two missionary families, while the mother station of North China Mission, Tengchow, had one church, one missionary family, that of the veteran J. B. Hartwell, and two single ladies. Thus stood the work and workers at the close of 1897, thirty-seven years after the first Southern Baptist missionary had entered this region to claim it for Jesus Christ.

Thus did a new year begin.

"I never knew the people to be in so receptive a mood," wrote Lottie Moon in April. "I am giving five days a week to the country work. I go out on Tuesdays and return on Saturdays. Inquirers multiply. We have had nine baptisms here this year, and expect other applicants at the next communion season, which falls on the first Sunday in the fourth Chinese month. So far as I know the church is harmonious. All our difficulties seem happily surmounted. The schools are, with one exception, full to overflowing. The girls' school ought to have enlarged quarters. There is not room to receive the numerous applicants."

She had seen the homeland since last she wrote those impassioned appeals for the occupation of Pingtu. The same plea comes now, inevitably, yet on a different note.

"I must not worry you about reënforcement, but three ladies want to come and live and work with

me. The work simply clamors to be done. Miss Hartwell is kept in the city, and so I only am left to look after the country work. There is plenty for four women to do among our country stations, and as there is only one to do it, you will know that much is left undone. I do trust the brethren will lift the burden of that awful debt."

So it was with a muted note her calls came now, for she knew better the burdens of the Board in its endeavor to awaken the people at home to the reality of the work on the frontier. There came many letters filled with news of the work, but only in an undercurrent is the appeal made, "I am alone in this village tonight"—"There is no one to send in answer to this invitation," and once in awhile a note of utter weariness expressed in such words as, "I have waited long and longingly for co-workers."

In the latter part of 1898, illness struck the little missionary force a heavy blow. Dr. Hartwell had to return to the United States to spend several months in the hospital. Miss Anna Hartwell, left with the school work that Mrs. Hartwell had been carrying on, in addition to her own work, broke down and for three months was prostrated by a very serious illness. So upon Lottie Moon there fell the responsibility for all the work in and around Tengchow, and the care of the invalid also. They were the only single women in the whole North China Mission, and there was no one to come to their relief, or to share their heavy burdens. Once every two months Mr. Pruitt could come over to preach for the Tengchow Church and administer the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and several times he came for brief periods of teaching classes of inquirers, and looking after affairs of the schools, there now being

five of these schools in the city. The country work which had been so fruitful was sorely neglected, for in these months at the bedside of the sick missionary there could be only a few trips made, while the wide field that Dr. Hartwell had been covering with his preaching tours, could only be touched now and then by Mr. Sears or Mr. Stephens, both of whom had all they could possibly care for in their own fields in Pingtu County.

By April, her letters had a more cheerful note. Dr. and Mrs. Hartwell had returned, Dr. Hartwell in better health than for many years. He was then sixty-three years old, but still vigorous in mind and now, with restored physical health, began to do the best work of his long life in North China. The trying experiences of these months had developed a Chinese leader, Mr. Wong, whose life became a blessing to all the work. So in a letter, written in April of that year, to the beloved nephew in Virginia, son of Orianna, there was interesting and cheerful news from her work, and delightful comment on life in general:

"Yesterday I went out to the country and greatly enjoyed it. I visited three villages. They are two or three miles from the city and within a stone's throw of each other. In the first village I sat in my sedan chair and talked to the people. In the second village it was much better, for a woman asked me to go in and after dinner I had a quiet time talking to several women. My hostess especially seemed very favorably disposed to Christianity. She has an opium-smoking husband who is in Manchuria. With an aged mother-in-law and two children to support she has a hard time.

"This is not a rare case. The no-account men go to Manchuria as a last resort and leave help-

less families behind. The energetic men go, make money and send it to their families. You probably know from telegrams what goes on in China, as we here learn what goes on in America and Europe. Our province is supposed to be mostly in the German sphere of influence. There has been much disorder in the interior as well as violent persecution of the Catholics and Presbyterians. Some of the former were murdered with aggravated cruelty. Of the latter the Christians in eight villages were rendered homeless. Some Germans were attacked with intent to kill. They defended themselves and wounded and killed some of their assailants, afterward making their escape to the coast, where they were received on board a German man-of-war. All foreigners would say, I suppose, that Germany did right to send soldiers to the disturbed district. The partition of China seems only a matter of time."

Thus reads the account of the small beginnings of that dreadful time that was presently to sweep China with terror and startle the world into recognition that China was a giant of terrible power, once aroused into fanaticism. Several months went peacefully by, however, with little reference to the disturbed state of affairs.

School work had begun in real earnest now. Mrs. Hartwell's school was full and running over, the school begun at the instance of the Chinese Christian business man was prospering under Miss Moon's supervision and in the kitchen on the North Street property next door to the first house in which a Baptist missionary had ever lived in Tengchow, another school for boys had begun. For this she could secure only a woman teacher, and the boys were almost all of the beggar class, the only ones in that neighborhood who

would come to a foreign Christian school. But she had ever been interested in making a dent in the hard indifference of the aristocratic people of this section of the city and so, with a hope and a prayer, she began this school enterprise in their midst. It flourished, outgrowing its quarters, until a wall had to be taken down to provide more room, and the days were full of happy work, for still the country work had to be looked after, no matter how absorbing the work in the city became. For there was no one else to do it. There was a reassuring note in a letter written in June of 1899 concerning the health of the force:

"Dr. Hartwell is much better than I ever expected to see him, and is prudent, I am glad to say. Mrs. Hartwell's health is superb." There was deep concern, however, about Miss Anna Hartwell. She had mothered and fathered four children while her parents were in the United States the previous year, had carried on three schools, looked after her own country work and had done all that was done of evangelistic work in the city. No wonder she broke down! And there was no one to take her place.

Is it surprising that there should come a cry from the older missionary's heart to Dr. Willingham, now the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board? "I wish our people could realize that our Lord's last command is as binding as is the command to baptize."

In that same month there came good news. In the mission meeting held in Tengchow she met the newest missionary, John Lowe, and just afterward Dr. Hartwell had a letter telling of the appointment of J. C. Owen. "We are all much pleased to have so valuable additions to our force,"

she wrote in joy. But yet there were no single women.

"We need immediately two or three unmarried women for country work," she pleads. "We used to have Mrs. Crawford, Miss Barton, and Mrs. Bostick for that work, and on my return from America I was to have been the fourth. This would have given us a reasonably good force. I came back to find everything changed. Mrs. Crawford, worth her weight in gold, was working in Pingtu with the Gospel Mission force, with her accustomed zeal and ardor. Mrs. Bostick was also there, doing what she could. Miss Barton had deserted us for Mr. Taylor and another field had claimed her, at the close of 1894. I found myself left to do as best I could work which would absorb the energies of at least four women. Needless to say, it cannot be done. I grieve that I must neglect for a year at a time or longer stations that used to be visited faithfully twice each year by Mrs. Crawford. I can simply skim over the field. Connected with Tengchow are thirty stations that should be constantly visited. Miss Hartwell had agreed to take about ten of these, but she had been so hindered by her father's illness and her mother's long absence that she had done almost no country work in the last two years. She was doing splendid work with the Girls' School and looking after the city work when she herself became ill from overwork. Southern Baptists do not seem to realize the need of strongly manned stations. Having sown sparingly we reap sparingly. The fault is not the Board's and certainly not the Secretary's, but lies in the selfishness of the churches. There is no reason why we should not have large success, except lack of workers."

Matters went on this way through the year. In September at the mission meeting she urged that another plea be made to the Board for women workers. So much was it on her heart that the women of North China must be reached with the gospel that in every mission meeting she reiterated this one question that burned into the hearts of the other missionaries so that they never forgot it, "What of the women, what of the women?" In all their plans for the work she constantly presented this neglected side of the work, in all the reports to the Board she accented this need. At the same time, despite the fact that she was nearing the sixty-year line, she threw herself more vigorously than ever into the impossible task of being four missionaries herself.

"In all the twenty-six years I have been in China," she wrote Dr. Willingham, "the force here has never been so low as during this year. I keep at the country work and find much to encourage me in its prosecution. I shall rejoice when there are others younger and more energetic to share and push the work. I trust it will not be much longer that I must wait for co-workers."

Late in September Miss Hartwell left for Canton, it being thought the change would do her good. This left Miss Moon the only single woman missionary in North China. She sent in her report on the thirtieth of September showing that in the three months of that quarter she had visited fifty-five different towns and villages, besides looking after the schools in Tengchow carried on by Chinese teachers.

"I hope you understand," she wrote with this report, "that the work is still in the stage of seed sowing. I hope a great harvest is being

prepared, but it is not yet ripe. When it is, where are the reapers?"

With her keen insight into the Chinese mind she had seen a marvelous transformation coming gradually in the attitude of the Tengchow people, once so hard to reach. Twenty-seven years before, the young, brilliant Lottie Moon, eager for a girls' school, consecrating all her splendid equipment of heart and mind to Chinese womanhood, had made the great sacrifice of all her dear ambitions and turned from the building of a school to the greater schoolroom of the villages of China, led by the Spirit of God. Now, to her unspeakable joy, she finds schools beginning to spring up and thrive in this same old city of Tengchow, a city of stone walls and stonier-hearted people. It was a marvelous change, and one that evoked many happy comments and much discussion in long letters to the Secretary in Richmond. One of these letters went into detail concerning the day school that had been opened in a section of the city hitherto out of the reach of the church directly.

"One fairly groans over the neglected possibilities," she begins. "In the expectation of an increase of pupils in my day school I have been looking out for new quarters. Rent heretofore has been at the rate of about fifty cents a year. The room is too small and is overcrowded so that I have tried to find a place that would cost about five dollars a year, but have not succeeded. We ought to have quarters where the pupils would have a play yard. At present they have none. If a suitable place is found I shall rent. Otherwise, I may have to divide the school which would necessitate another teacher. I have rooms here

on my place that I could use if the school be divided.

"Perhaps you will say, Where is the money to come from for this enlargement? If the Lord gives the enlargement he will surely not withhold the funds. He will surely say to the brethren of the Board, 'Since you have authorized the work, don't let it suffer.' If, however, the Board hears no such voice, missionaries have a way of quietly supplying deficits out of their own pockets, whatever personal self-denial or economies are needed in order to accomplish it."

So this phase of the work began to grow faster than the money from the homeland could support it. In another letter Miss Moon spoke of the deficits that Mr. Pruitt was quietly making up in the operation of the Boys' School at Hwanghsien which the Board intended to make the chief school in the entire field. Bravely she justified her mention of the matter in these words, "The Board has cut the funds so low that he has to provide for a deficit every year out of his own salary. I suppose he does not mention it, but it seems right that someone should."

In March, 1900, there came more school news.

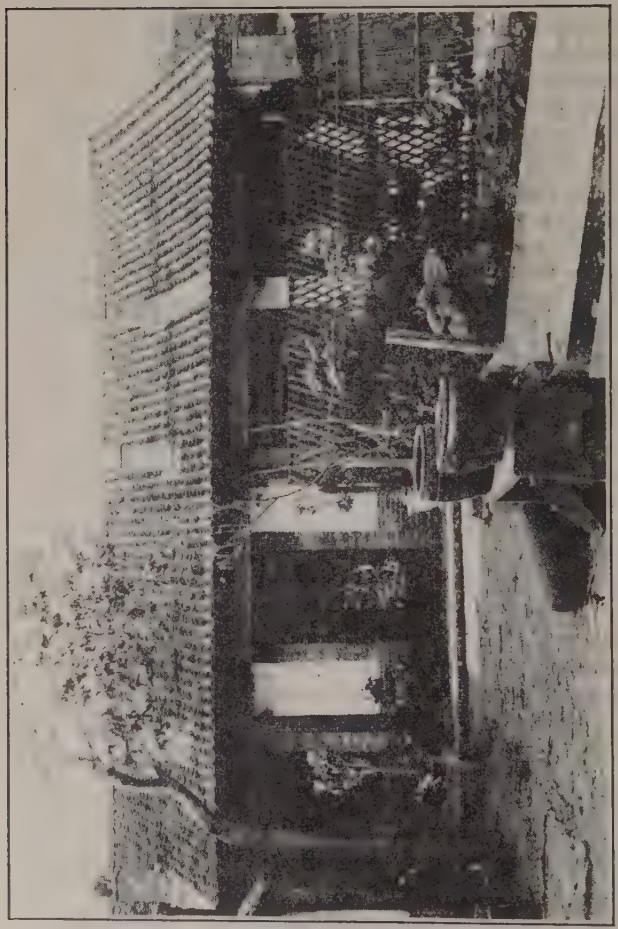
"The rooms are jammed to their utmost capacity, too much, I fear, for the health of the pupils. I have borrowed desks and benches for three months while seeking gradually to purchase second-hand ones. Those now in use will have to be returned to Dr. Hartwell in June for use in his Bible class." This Bible class had been begun by Dr. Hartwell in the fall preceding and so encouraging had been the response of Christian young men in the church and the Boys' School in Tengchow that he intended to repeat it for a short term in the summer.

"When the boys first come to school," she went on in this letter, "I use books printed here in Tengchow, hymn books and catechisms, and these cost very little. Later I have to get books from Shanghai, Peep of Day, Old Testament History, Pilgrim's Progress and geographies. The cost is very heavy besides extremely heavy postage. But one cannot have a school without books. The twenty-five dollars sent me by the Sunbeams of Freemason Church, of Norfolk, pays for the teacher and the books for this school, but leaves nothing for rent. If I had proper rooms the school could easily run up to forty or fifty pupils."

In the development of this school there came up another matter that linked this question again with the old ambitions. It, too, is best told in her own words.

"There are some rooms I covet and had I the funds I would buy them on my own account. They would do not only for the school, if it should grow to a hundred pupils, but would be a place for holding Sunday school in a wholly destitute part of the city, where we used to have a church years ago. I have never been willing to abandon our hold on North Street where Baptists were first to establish themselves. The first missionary to Tengchow, Dr. Hartwell, settled on North Street. I have lived there three years. Mr. Pruitt and Mr. Halcomb also lived there. I hope to see the day when we will have missionaries again living on North Street. The property has never belonged to us, but we have had a lease on it and can get it again. It would be ideal for this day school."

The very next week there came a joyful letter to the Secretary in which the whole school opportunity in Tengchow was summed up.



THE BOYS' SCHOOL AT NORTH GATE

"I am happy to say that the work seems to have taken new life. The day schools are flourishing. In the Memorial School there are twenty-five pupils. They are eager, alert and cheerful. It is a delight to teach them. The oldest pupil is nineteen as the Chinese count. We have a promising Primary department in which most of the pupils are new ones. Still the whole is under one teacher, an excellent young man, a good disciplinarian and a capable teacher. In another school for boys alone there are fifteen little fellows who are the joy of my heart. They have a fine teacher in Mrs. Wang, a graduate of the Presbyterian Girls' School here in Tengchow. She is a sweet and lovely character and I am very glad to have her influence extended over these little ones. They are all from heathen families except three. Then there is the girls' school with twelve pupils. The teacher is a graduate from our Tengchow Girls' School and, as she is faithful and efficient, the children made good progress in their studies. I am sure you will rejoice with me in our large and growing Sunday school. The Lord is very good to us in building up our work here. The congregations are good in the mornings, but the attendance is better in the afternoons at Sunday school. The brethren are faithful, active and efficient and the Chinese sisters have a mind to work."

The North Street school came to be a reality, though the quarters secured were small and the school was still overcrowded. So responsive were the people of that section of the city that she saw fine prospects for a Sunday school soon, and if only a suitable building could be secured and the additional expense assured by the Board, the school could easily have a hundred pupils. So

far the twenty-five dollars from the Norfolk Sunbeams was all she had had for the school, paying the deficit every year herself. Thus had one dream of the enthusiastic first years in China begun to come true. If only the money were available to take advantage of the opportunity now just before her!

To read these letters one would think that the school work was enough for one worker. But, alongside the accounts of the development in schools, there always came the insistent presentation of the country work. Through this winter of 1899-1900 her letters were filled with pleas for more workers. Sometimes it was with a bit of apology she came with the plea.

"I have a fear that you will consider me troublesome," she wrote when near her fifty-ninth birthday in December, 1899, "but we do so need workers. I feel that I ought to urge again and again that they be sent. At present Dr. Hartwell and myself are in full work. It should be remembered that he is considerably past sixty and that in about a year I will also be sixty years of age. It is not to be expected in the natural course of events that we can go on many years longer. It does seem that younger people ought to be here to learn the ins and outs of the work. I say the simple truth when I affirm that I am the only one now in the mission fully acquainted with the Tengchow field. There ought to be women here now whom I could introduce to the work. Dr. Hartwell has resumed country work, but as pastor here he cannot give much time to the country. For nearly six years the chief burden of the country work has fallen on me. I have tried to do it faithfully, but it is utterly impossible for one woman to do the work of four women. I know that you

have calls like this from all the fields and that you long to answer them all. I think, however, that it should be remembered that Tengchow was left unmanned nearly two years and that now the stations have only two missionaries in full work. Mrs. Hartwell is lovely in character and person, but she is busy with her school and cannot do the evangelistic work. Miss Anna Hartwell will not return for sometime, I fear a long time. We are very thankful for Mr. Owen here, but he is only one, and we need several more to be learning the language. You promised me several years ago that when the finances of the Board should justify it you would bring the matter before them. Later you gave me hope of reenforcement this year. Pardon me if I venture now to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance. I have been going to the country every week for sometime and expect to make two trips or more before settling down for the winter. So I hope you won't think that it is laziness that makes me call for help. All the trips I can make will not overtake one-half the work, nay not one-fourth of what clamors to be done."

On New Year's Day, 1900, there came a letter with joyful tidings. Miss Dutton had been appointed to Tengchow and was even then on her way. With new hope and high enthusiasm she wrote her thanks to Dr. Willingham.

"I thank you heartily for your New Year's greetings. Nothing could be more to my taste. My only disappointment is that the Board appointed one instead of three missionaries. Miss Dutton and I cannot begin to cope with the work now demanding to be done, and it is always widening, broadening out indefinitely. Please don't

think me unreasonable. I speak the words of truth and soberness. Tengchow should have not less than four families as maximum force. To this add four single women to do the hard rough country work that women with young children ought not to be expected to undertake. If the Board could give us such a force we could not only hold our own but could lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes. One great difficulty is to get the people at home to realize the immensity of our fields in actual square miles and the countless numbers living in said square miles.

"Take, for instance, a big town like Buh Go, where Mrs. Crawford worked so long, so faithfully, and so efficiently. A missionary might take that town as a center and spend a lifetime working only it and the adjacent towns. Take Wu Shi Li Pu, to which I go constantly. Were I free to settle there, work there and be in the neighboring towns and villages would more than engross all my time. Why, only three or four miles away is a large town of probably five thousand inhabitants which I can't get time even to touch. One fairly groans over the neglected possibilities."

A plague swept Tengchow in the early spring, causing anxiety on account of the missionaries. A letter to Dr. Willingham made this comment, evidently in reply to an inquiry of their safety.

"I am glad to say the plague has not returned thus far as an epidemic, though there are sporadic cases of what the doctor calls 'septic' plague. This is usually fatal in twenty-four hours. We go on cheerfully with our work, not thinking much about the plague, but avoiding so far as possible the streets on which there have been recent cases."

Two interesting events of the year were approaching. The marriage of Mr. Owen to Miss

Miller, of the Presbyterian mission, and the arrival of Miss Dutton. In reference to the first event, Mrs. Pruitt wrote to the Secretary about a house for them, a letter in which there occurs a sentence that reflects clearly the need for suitable living quarters for missionaries. "I hope the Board may be able to grant them the money necessary for buying a good-sized lot and erecting a substantial foreign house upon it. I emphasize those two words because the Hartwells and their school girls are all suffering in health from lack of courtyard room and fresh air in their premises. In a Chinese city we are obliged to furnish our own fresh air, or go without, for our neighbors contaminate all that comes within their reach, without fail."

The coming of Miss Dutton was a joyful event. "She is all I could desire in a co-worker," Lottie Moon wrote from the house at the Little Cross Roads, where she welcomed the new missionary to her heart and field. After looking over the work and conferring with the missionaries, it was decided that Miss Dutton should take over the country district which had once been Mrs. Crawford's field, about one-fourth of the entire country district that has formerly been well covered by the missionaries. Miss Moon was to take another fourth and another urgent request was sent to the Board for two more missionaries quickly to retrieve what was being lost in the hundreds of villages still left where once the work had been established.

By this time it was the beginning of summer. This had always been the season for constant country work. But out of the north and west there had come mutterings of a storm, whispers

of anti-foreign, anti-Christian movements and a name that came to stand for all the accumulated fear and hatred of the foreigners—The Boxers. The last week of May there came an order from the United States minister, Conger, that the missionaries stay strictly at home except in cases of absolute necessity, and then to call for escort of Chinese soldiers. The missionaries distrusted the soldiers more than they feared the Boxers, so the situation was one to cause much confusion as to just what course should be pursued. The more thoughtful missionaries regarded the rising tide of Chinese feeling with grave fears for the outcome. With all due regard for the fearfulness of the United States minister, they quietly as possible went about their duties, Dr. Hartwell even going out to Shantswang to preach, and Miss Moon made several trips into the country. Neither was molested, though news had come that the Boxers farther west in Shantung had attacked foreigners, torn up the railroad into Tientsin, burned the Peking railroad station and devastated the villages in the west and north. The attacks having been upon Europeans and European interests, the different foreign powers requested the Chinese Government to either control the situation and protect the lives of foreigners or they would take steps with gunboats and troops to do so themselves. It then became apparent that the Empress Dowager, who was the real ruler of China, was secretly encouraging the Boxers, and the seven foreign powers took possession of the forts around Peking in order to make their threat effective.

On June the sixteenth the message reached Tengchow, "Paoting Fa is burning." Then came

anxious days when the fate of the dozen missionaries in that interior city was unknown, followed by the sorrowful tidings of the dreadful massacre when these brave men and women were martyred by the fanatics. Dr. Hartwell wrote all this to the Board in Richmond, adding to the account what he knew of events in general:

"Some Boxer emissaries have been in this city, trying to stir up the people, but have received no encouragement from the people who have now come to regard the foreigners as pretty decent people." What a change from the Tengchow days when this same veteran missionary had to flee for his life under cover of the night! "At least they do not seem to wish any disturbance in the city to interfere with their little trade. Of course we do not know what secret machinations may be going on, but everything seems quiet and the officials are true friends of the foreigners as well as General Sha, who gave us today the news from Peking."

Ten days went by with watchfulness on the part of the missionaries and anxiety in the homeland. That there was cause for fear was shown in the following paragraph in a letter from Mr. Pruitt, written on June the twenty-sixth:

"I am happy to be able to tell you that we are not only not molested, but that we have had many tokens of esteem shown us during these days of stress. It is my candid opinion that our neighbors are not anxious to get rid of us. For one thing, we have had no friction in the courts which has in some places been a prolific source of anti-foreign feeling. But, of course, we do not shut our eyes to the tremendous organizing power of the Boxers and others. They are at this mo-

ment carrying on their propaganda in different parts of the country, but without much success as yet. It is very important for the people at home to remember that this is not an anti-Christian agitation so much as an anti-foreign one. The feeling has been stirred very much more by the presence of the commercial than the missionary foreigner. The ordinary European deals in a high-handed way with the Chinese he meets. Of course, I do not pretend to say such dealing is unprovoked. But there is the fact to work out its direful results. The last news from our Gospel Mission friends was the one word, 'critical.' News from Peking is that all foreigners in the city are practically prisoners. May a loving Father stretch out his hand to save. Pray for us."

On July the fourteenth the American Consul at Chinkiang, Mr. William Martin, ordered all the missionaries to the seaport where they would be under the protection of American gunboats. Two days later the situation became so grave around Tengchow that a Chinese steamer was chartered by the Consul at Chefoo, John Fowler, to go up the coast to take the missionaries to a place of safety. It was under such exciting circumstances that Mr. Owen and Miss Miller were married, having hurried up their preparations under the fear of being separated in the confusion of getting away. The women and children were taken to this boat and placed under the considerate care of Commander Sah, a Christian Chinese officer who won the praise of everyone by his faithfulness and kindness in this crisis. At the risk of his own life he disobeyed the orders of the Empress Dowager and, to relieve the anxieties of the missionaries, stood at anchor for twenty-four hours at

Tengchow until the missionary families could all come on board. Mr. Seaman, son-in-law of Matthew Yates, of Shanghai, had offered the use of his house at Chefoo for the fugitives, and the little group of missionaries from Tengchow, Hwanghsien and Pingtu found it already crowded. The Crawfords were there and others of the Gospel Mission groups from farther west in Shantung. It was a happy meeting of old friends in the midst of the stress and strain of the anxious time. But the house was too small for the more than twenty grown people and eleven children who had fled to it. So as soon as conferences could be held many changes were made in the plans for the next few months. The furlough of the Pruitts was due in six months, so it seemed wise for them to move up the date and take their furlough during this time when all work was impossible. So they went home. Miss Dutton and Miss Moon decided to go to Fukuoka, Japan, and find more comfortable quarters with the missionaries there. Presently arrangements were made to take care of the Presbyterian and Congregational missionaries, and finally the little Seaman house settled down to a normal population of only four missionary families which was still rather crowded.

It was well that they had gotten within the shelter of the American flag, flying over the consulate next door to the Seaman house, for word came in a few days that the official headquarters at Tengchow was completely in possession of the Boxers, and they were drilling in the courtyard of the governor of the province. This was evidence that there had been a secret alliance for many weeks, perhaps, between the officials and the Boxers.

Each day there came news of the looting of the missions, narrow escape or martyrdom of missionaries and the terrible persecution of the Chinese Christians. On July 20 there came the news that Pingtu was looted by the Boxers and the Christians fearfully persecuted. Especially were the hearts of the missionaries torn by the news from Pingtu. It was in the full sweep of the Boxer bands. In order to arouse the populace against the Christians, men, saying they were hired by the foreigners, went through the country smearing blood on houses here and there, and when caught had on them medicine with which it was said they poisoned wells. Fearful tales were circulated about the foreigners. Many of these centered around the building of the railroads, then new in China. It was said that the bodies of women and children were needed for the abutments of the bridges.

Brother Sun Hwe Teh, the sixty-four-year-old pastor at Shantswang, was caught about twenty miles away from home with some simple medicines in his bag. So suspicious did this look that the head of the village where he stopped for the night aroused the men of the village and they tortured the evangelist for three days by tying him up by the hands and feet with a stone for a weight about his waist. Finally he prevailed on them to send to his own village for men to identify him, and was released, but not until his hands were in such a condition that gangrene set in and the faithful old man died on August the first.

Stories of the faithfulness of the Christians in the villages around Pingtu City was borne by refugees who had managed to slip through to Chefoo to the shelter of the influence of the missionaries.

The Consul at Chefoo, John Fowler, endeared himself to all the missionaries by his untiring efforts in behalf of these fugitives and his fearless intervention for the tortured captives. Not much could be done, however. Thousands of Chinese Christians were killed in most revolting manner, buried alive, beaten to death, burned and cut to pieces. Few recanted to save their lives, though there was a proclamation made by the Provincial Governors to induce them to do so temporarily. Yuan Shi Kai, the governor of Shantung, though not a Christian, was accused of being one because of his efforts to placate the fanatical populace, control the situation and save the Christians. One company of some twenty Christians from a village near Pingtu City were captured, given time to recant, but on refusing were tied by their queues to the tails of horses and thus dragged twenty-five miles to Laichowfu, where death awaited most of them. Pastor Li was among these, but in the providence of God his life was spared and he escaped into the country where he was hidden away until the storm had passed. Many of these Christians were beaten unmercifully, and the missionaries in Chefoo, waiting with saddened hearts, heard daily of the massacres and torturing to death of the faithful Chinese in all parts of the province.

Going into the interior was impossible. Not until October did anyone venture to go into Tengchow. Then Dr. Hartwell and his son, Mr. Charlie Hartwell, came by the road safely, not being molested by anyone, though five days later another missionary attempted the same trip and was turned back by the appearance of suspicious looking men. Dr. Hayes, of the Presbyterian Mis-

sion, preceded the Hartwells in a Chinese junk, but the father and son were the first of the foreigners to travel the road. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Stephens both wanted to go to Hwanghsien on their bicycles, but the Consul, John Fowler, who had been such a faithful friend, dissuaded them, for that would be an inland trip and there were still very strict orders from the United States Government that no Americans were to go into the interior. Dr. Hartwell found the Christians pathetically glad to see him again. They had gone through bitter persecution and two had been beaten to death. As news of his being in Tengchow spread they came in numbers from the villages all through the country to tell their troubles to their pastor and receive comfort from his sympathy. The bond that bound the missionaries and native Christians together in this time was exceedingly tender and strong. On the other hand, the heathen Chinese seemed amazed to see the foreigner back in their midst. The appearance of the missionaries was a signal for many demonstrations, all seemingly based simply on surprise that after all that had happened these strange teachers of religion dared to return. But they did not stay long in Tengchow, for no work could be opened. After holding services, the Hartwells returned to Chefoo until the country was in a more settled state. So matters stood in old Tengchow at the beginning of the winter of 1900.

In all this troublous time Lottie Moon was in Fukuoka, Japan, where she and Miss Dutton had taken refuge late in July with the missionaries, securing rooms that were much more comfortable than the crowded quarters in Chefoo and removing themselves from the anxieties of the Consul.

At first she expected to be able to return to Tengchow in a short time, but as the reports from North China came with the news of the uncertain conditions, and the impossibility of the missionaries returning, she and Miss Dutton settled down to wait until they could return directly to their own homes in Tengchow. The Seaman home in Chefoo remained overcrowded, with seventeen occupants, and certainly it was much better for them and for the others that they stay in Japan. At the time Dr. Hartwell ventured to Tengchow in October Mr. Stephens wrote to Miss Moon of the opposition of the Consul to the going of the missionaries to the interior, and though her hopes of returning were raised by Dr. Hartwell's reply, the very next mail told of his decision to settle for the winter in Chefoo.

So it happened that after all she was a missionary for one winter in Japan, the land she had always loved and toward which she had felt drawn since her first sight of it in 1873. She lived near Mr. and Mrs. McCollum of whom she spoke with grateful thanks, "They confer their favors so graciously that they seem to convey the impression that it is they who are receiving the kindness." She visited the Walnes for a day on her way to Fukuoka, and in October spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, in Kokura. Two new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clarke visited her on their way to their own home in Kumamoto.

The months in Japan were a much needed rest. She had been in China now six and a half years with no rest or change even for a few months. It was a grateful interlude, this stay in a beautiful land, where new friends and new contacts bright-

ened the routine of missionary life and brought contrast that rested mind and heart. But they were not idle months. Her presence brought joy to the Japanese missionaries who were burdened with their own problems, and who welcomed her as a blessing to their work. At the beginning of the winter when she saw that she could not return to Tengchow, she had undertaken the teaching of Mr. McCollum's boys. A little later the head of a school for Japanese young men came to her asking that she teach English four hours a day in the school, which was managed by a Commercial Club of the city. The English teacher, a Japanese, and the Principal came to her daily for private lessons in English. She accepted the opening as offering an opportunity for the teaching of the Bible, for no stipulation was made as to what book she was to use as a text. The Principal was a man famous over all Japan as a fencing master, and he and the English teacher soon became earnest Bible students, coming for two hours extra of Bible study on Saturday.

The English class of young men proved a great joy to her. They eagerly listened to her teaching of Christian truth, some becoming so interested that they asked to come in the evenings to her home for discussion of what she had told them. Several formed a Sunday class for Bible study, and from these there were three who openly professed their faith in Christ. She had her picture made with these three young men, the trophies of her stay in Japan. It was a satisfaction to her also that she was able to help in her own support during this trying time when the Board had to meet so many unexpected and unavoidable expenses, for she was paid for all her work in the school.

In January there came news with a hopeful tone. The missionaries had taken up with the Governor of Shantung, Yuan Shi Kai, the matter of the safety of the Christians who had fled rather than recant, now returning to their homes. They had also raised the question of the standing of those Christians who had recanted under the promise of protection of the authorities, having been told it was but a temporary measure and that when the storm passed they could renew their pledges to the Christian faith, for there were a few who had been tempted to take the easier way offered by sympathetic officials. It was thought that this order came from Yuan Shi Kai, for he had all along shown great sympathy for the missionaries and the native Christians and had risked his own life in order to give them some measure of protection.

So in courteous terms the missionaries presented their problems and the cause of the native Christians. A most courteous reply was made, in which there occurred two sentences that recalled to the Tengchow missionaries an incident that had often been retold among them, for it was both significant and amusing.

Lottie Moon had ever been punctilious in her insistence on the missionaries observing the fine points of Chinese etiquette. No less strict was she in seeing that inside the church, in the carrying forward of all Christian services, Chinese proprieties should be respected, and that no disorder, or crudeness of Chinese etiquette should ever stamp the Christian meeting with vulgarity from the Chinese viewpoint.

Several years before the Boxer outbreak Yuan Shi Kai had been a minor official in Tengchow

and had been a frequent attendant on the services of Monument Street Church. On one occasion he had entered and seated himself on the women's side of the church, either inadvertently, or thinking his official position placed him above the rules of the church, or perhaps in a spirit of bravado to see just how far these Christians carried their new ideas and revolutionary customs.

He soon found out their attitude. For from her own seat Lottie Moon saw him, and well knowing the embarrassment it would be to the women of the congregation, and the scandal it might cause, she at once requested him to move, enforcing her words with the vigorous use of her umbrella, until she had him marching over where he belonged. Needless to say, he moved, and if this message with its words of approval and commendation of the missionaries' strictness of conduct be any indication, he never forgot the incident, nor did he fail to understand its significance.

So the letter means more than just an official recognition of the request of the missionaries to return to their stations, and pledge of security for the native Christians. It is an illuminating glimpse into the attitude of the younger generation of Chinese officials who were bringing about the changes in China which Miss Moon so often mentioned, in spite of the distressing events of that terrible year.

"Your letter with the enclosed list of districts where your mission work is carried on was received yesterday and its contents noted," said the Governor to the missionaries. "With reference to the cause of the recanting of Christians on the 6th Moon, (July, 1900), all chow and hien officials on their own authority determined and arranged the matter in the hope of protecting the

Christians. Their action was not on my instructions. I, on numerous occasions, ordered my subordinates to protect Christian interests as you, Reverend Sirs, well know. As there is no disorder from international friction it is the more important that foreign treaty engagements be looked after and carefully observed. All pledges of Christians to recant, whether given to officials or to persons acting as security therefor, all voluntary pledges or promises of whatever kind to the same effect are null and void and no further account is to be taken of them. I have moreover instructed my subordinates to put out proclamations for public information lest Christians be subject to hindrance or annoyance.

"You, Reverend Sirs, have been preaching in China for many years and without exception exhort men to righteousness. Your church customs are strict and all your converts may well observe them." (Was it a memory of a day in Tengchow church that made him comment on this as a count in the favor of the missionary?) "In establishing your customs you have been careful to see that Chinese law was observed. How then can it be said there was disloyalty? To meet this calumny I have instructed that proclamations be put out. I purpose hereafter to have lasting peace. Church interests may prosper and your idea of preaching righteousness I can promote. Enclosed please find copy of proclamation and orders to my subordinates for which I ask for your forbearing consideration. The present turning over is of a most extraordinary character. It forced you, Reverend Sirs, by land and water to go long journeys and subjected you to alarm and danger causing me many qualms of conscience. If you, Reverend Sirs, wish to return to the In-

terior I would beg that you first give me word that I may most certainly order the Military to carefully protect and escort you. With wishes for your happiness, Yours in reply,

Yuan Shi Kai."

Application to the American Consul, Mr. Fowler, however, brought earnest request that they should not yet venture into the interior, though Mr. Lowe and Mr. Stephens each made trips to their fields, and several trips were made to Tengchow and to Hwanghsien. Frequent letters went from Chefoo to Fukuoka, keeping Miss Moon in close touch with the situation. But all agreed that nothing could be done yet, certainly not until the Consul, who had been so earnest and untiring in his efforts for them, should agree that it was safe for them to leave Chefoo.

As February, 1901, brought the beginning of the Chinese New Year, Miss Moon began to hope that she could go back. She well knew that there would be much disturbance during the holiday time, so when Miss Dutton, hearing that the men missionaries had been permitted to return to their stations by the Consul, decided to try to return, Miss Moon stayed on a little while longer, preferring to be busy in Fukuoka rather than to be idle in crowded Chefoo. The country was still in a state of war in many places, the papers being filled with accounts of cruelties and persecutions, looting and pillaging.

Not until after the first of April did she sail from Nagasaki, arriving in due time at Tengchow. The home at the Little Cross Roads was opened and set in order. The Christians crowded in to greet her, coming from the villages for many miles when they heard she had returned. So life in old Tengchow was resumed, the threads of the

work picked up once again and gradually order came out of the chaos of the last ten months, and life, though never again to be quite the same after such a fearful tragedy, was fuller than before, for a New China was beginning to emerge from the ancient land.

In May of that year the long-prayed-for, long-hoped-for medical missionary, T. W. Ayers, of Georgia, came out to Hwanghsien. He was welcomed with joy by everyone. The Consul, Mr. Fowler, commented on his coming to Mr. Stephens, "I always welcome the medical missionary to China, and you will find that with the dispensary and hospital work at Hwanghsien you will bring to Christ one hundred persons where one has been brought heretofore." It meant the making of Hwanghsien into the main station of North China. At the mission meeting in June several new and important phases of work were decided upon. There was great need for more training of leaders and preachers among the native Christians. So it was decided that Dr. Hartwell was to teach training classes in three centers of the work, Tengchow, Hwanghsien and Pingtu, for one month each. This was the beginning of a regular theological class for the entire year. Mr. and Mrs. Pruitt had already sacrificed much for the boys' school. The new medical work rapidly developed and Miss Moon led in the request to the Board that a medical department be established in connection with the boys' school for the training of Chinese young men who would be great helpers to the missionaries in all their country and city work. This appealed to her very much, for through the years she had seen so much of suffering and pain in all her country work that now a prospect of giving relief not only to those who could come to

the doctor in Hwanghsien, but to the people of the hundreds of villages in the country filled her with great joy. This was a dream not to be realized soon, for it was many years yet before the Board could send the second medical man necessary to carry forward the plan.

Her report for the quarter ending in June was exceedingly interesting.

"I have made five trips to the country. The first was to Buh Go, where the Christians gave me a most joyful welcome. They could hardly talk of anything but the fearful perils through which they passed during two months of last summer. Out of them all the Lord delivered them. They were full of thankfulness for the deliverance. At Wu Shi Li Pu, which I used to consider very hopeful, the work seems to have gone back, and poppy planting is much in evidence. I heard of many opium shops. Of course they have been there all these years but I have never before seen the poppy growing there and the women pressing out the juice. The women and girls came about me as usual, but the men with whom I used to be on excellent terms were conspicuously absent. At Wen Ga Hia considerable interest was manifested. I expect to go there again next week.

"I teach as usual in the Sunday school here, though my old class of men and boys is scattered. I have a small class of young men not one of whom can read. We had a very pleasant mission meeting at Hwanghsien. We regretted very much the absence of the Pingtu brethren who are busy attending to indemnities and restoring their homes. They deserve our deepest sympathy. Their burdens are heavy. I heard yesterday that a new society has sprung up in Pingtu and Laiyang whose purpose is to resist the payment of

indemnities. In Chihli several hundred villages have banded together and have united their forces with the Boxers. The Imperial troops have been defeated and no one can foresee the end. We pray that the trouble may not extend to this end of the country. A Boxer proclamation was put upon Mr. Stephens' door recently saying that his house was to be burned. Mr. Stephens was absent at the time, but Mrs. Stephens took vigorous measures and the affair seems to have been nipped in the bud. The officials are sincerely anxious to keep down disturbances. If once they get beyond control the scenes of last year will be repeated with added horrors."

In the homeland the reflection of all the stirring events in China had been shown by greatly increased missionary zeal and interest. The stories of tragedy and heroism, of martyrdom and spiritual triumph in time of sore trial had stirred the hearts of the people and the Board was given courage and means to throw in the long needed reënforcements all along the line. Tengchow and North China received its share of the new missionaries, to the great joy of the veteran woman who had pleaded so long and seemingly so much in vain.

That these were still days of much anxiety can be seen from a letter written to a young cousin on receipt of the announcement of his wedding. After tender felicitations on the happy event, she wrote of a crisis that was then on in which Chinese custom threatened to bring about another Boxer outbreak. Again does this reveal the changing attitude of the younger leaders in China, for the Governor she speaks of is the same Yuan Shi Kai who, for the sake of a new China, had

dared the vengeance of the Empress Dowager during the past year of terror.

"I returned here about the middle of April. Shantung is apparently as quiet as it ever was. The people are kind and friendly. Yet everything depends, humanly speaking, on the life of one man. If our governor should die, or be removed, the province would be in a blaze in a few weeks. His mother died over a month ago. According to Chinese customs he should go into retirement for a period of twenty-seven months. Immediately in a district out west, the 'Boxers' began to drill and they declared that they would exterminate all Christians in that region. Last year they killed one hundred and twenty.

"The Governor was ordered not to go into retirement for the usual period, but to mourn in his Yamen, (Court of Law), for one hundred days according to the Manchu custom. His substitute was ordered to consult him on all matters of importance. The Governor then, remains in power, much to our relief. As soon as the 'Boxers' began again, he sent out cavalry to suppress them. He is said to have the best troops in China. They are well fed and clothed and promptly paid. Hence, they are contented and obey orders. They are drilled in Western style. The 'Boxer' movement is not dead but it no longer has government help and therefore is not to be greatly feared."

Life settled back into much the same routine as the days passed. In late July there came an opportunity for a remarkable step forward, in Miss Moon's opinion, in the offer of the Presbyterian Mission to sell its admirably located property in Tengchow to the Southern Baptists and withdraw from that field. This had been brought about by the decision of the Presbyterians to

remove their splendid school from Tengchow to Wei Hsien, and early in the year 1901 there had been much debate as to the further step of abandoning Tengchow as a mission station. This did not happen, however, and the Presbyterians kept their mission station. So the opportunity passed.

In August, along with the return of the Pruitts, there came the news of a new woman missionary for Tengchow and one for Hwanghsien. "There is plenty of work for her to do," was the reply of Lottie Moon to the announcement of her appointment. The high tide of feeling in the homeland aroused by the heroism during the Boxer Rebellion had crystallized in the form of men and means for reenforcement all along the line. Miss Hartwell was returning, and there was much to be done to have residences ready. All the work was progressing in splendid fashion. The country work, in which only Dr. Hartwell had been active now for many years, was in the capable hands of Mr. and Mrs. Owens. "Mr. Owens is most active and energetic," wrote Lottie Moon just before the Association in October, 1901. "Still it is hardly possible for him to cover a fourth of our field, and his heart goes out to the regions beyond. He is a choice spirit and I believe will accomplish much for the Master. His wife is a gifted worker and does well everything she undertakes. We are greatly blessed in having two such workers. Our most imperative need in Tengchow just now is more men. We greatly need active, energetic young men like Mr. Owens for the country work. It is a hard, rough life, and the only attraction it possesses is that it is the Master's work. All our churches have been built up largely

or entirely from the country people. It is, therefore, a wise policy to send out now strong young men who will be ready to endure hardships for the gospel's sake. One hardly hears of Mr. Owens' return before he is off somewhere else. Fancy how delightful it is to an old worker to see such energy and zeal exercised in a field so long neglected for lack of workers."

The fact that she had turned with all her heart and mind again to the Tengchow work did not prevent her from following with eagerness and a tender watchfulness the progress of the work in Pingtu. With joy she had seen the new missionaries take hold, reach out and occupy the field, building their foundations deep and strong. But for two years now Pingtu had been marking time. The Boxer troubles had struck harder at Pingtu than any other North China mission. The recovery was slower. There had been no reenforcement, and the work was growing far beyond the power of the three missionary families to handle. Then at the mission meeting at Hwanghsien, in October, there came a new crisis. It was decided to open work at Laichowfu, with the Lowes entering as the first missionary family to live there. This took away one-third of the force at Pingtu. The year before, the mission had requested the sending of single women to all three stations, Tengchow, Hwanghsien and Pingtu. Hwanghsien and Tengchow had been sent one each, but as yet none had gone to Pingtu. When word came to the mission that there were two more single women under appointment for North China, Miss Moon wrote from her heart of love for Pingtu, making an appeal that they be sent to this field for which she had pleaded in days gone by. Again the

devoted advocate came to plead for the women of Pingtu.

"At the mission meeting Mr. Sears said that in Pingtu there are one hundred Christian heads of families whose wives are heathen. Single women are needed to teach the wives and children of these Christian men. One of the saddest sights in the world is to see a congregation made up wholly or almost wholly of men. Then the Lowes leaving, leaves her school for girls now numbering twelve. Next year there will be twenty. Who is to look after this school? I want to urge that something be done and done promptly for Pingtu. I told Mr. Lowe yesterday that surely the South has two other women who might be found for Pingtu. The need is very great. Tengchow has three single women, Pingtu none; Hwanghsien has one single woman, Pingtu none; as to the overwhelming pressure of work Tengchow and Hwanghsien combined do not compare with Pingtu."

So she had written twenty years before. Pingtu still on her heart!

The plan for Dr. Hartwell to spend a stated time each year in Pingtu and Hwanghsien teaching classes of workers had worked splendidly so far as that phase of the work had gone, but had proven disastrous to his regular work at Tengchow. Her letter presented the problems that had resulted. "Mr. Owen, of course, puts his shoulder to the wheel, but however willing he may be, he cannot do three men's work, nor be in two places at once." Winningly, pleadingly and urgently she wrote to Dr. Willingham, telling him of the work, of its changing phases, of the great need. Her pen was as vigorous as of old, her love for the

work had deepened as the years had passed, her heart was filled with joy at the opportunities now before them in North China, and possessed by a great longing that somehow Southern Baptists could be made to see the necessity for throwing in the needed forces to occupy the land so wondrously changing in these eventful years.

In February, the two young women, appointed in August, Miss Jessie Pettigrew and Miss Mary Williford, arrived in North China, one going to Hwanghsien and the other to Pingtu, whither Miss Dutton had already removed from Tengchow, with the hearty approval of the mission.

"I shall always contend," wrote Lottie Moon in a letter giving this news to Dr. Willingham, "that a well-equipped station needs not less than four single women and four families. Of the latter one should be a physician. Do wake up the Foreign Mission Board to see our needs. Oh, if they could all be transported to Shantung just for a few days and could see for themselves! Then right quickly would they say, 'Men and women for Pingtu, a good strong reenforcement for Laichowfu, another family and two single women for Hwanghsien, two more families and two more single women for Tengchow!'

"Why is it that the new missionaries are so deeply impressed with the need of more laborers? Why is it that as soon as they get on the field their hearts are so stirred within them that they write and beg for more workers? It is that their eyes are opened to see the awful need as the people in America cannot perceive it. I think we old ones feel it more than the newcomers.

"Southern Baptists were the first to enter Shantung; they were also the first to settle in

Tengchow; yet we have never at any time had an adequate force at any station. We have had in all Shantung until within the very recent years only as many missionaries as the Presbyterians had in Tengchow alone. Besides they have had five other well-equipped stations. The English Baptists began on a small scale but Mr. Jones waked them up and they poured missionaries into Shantung. They have strong stations in Shantung and Shansi. So you wonder when I see the need as I do that I continue to cry out for more workers. Mission workers in Shantung this year are looking for a large ingathering. Who is to teach the new converts? Who are to evangelize the enormous masses hardly beginning to be moved? You should have heard the prayers that went up last Saturday evening in the station meeting for strong young men to go out into the country and build up churches—strong, earnest, consecrated young men."

Again she spoke of the need for strong new missionaries:

"The plea is always for strong men and women, the very best that can be had. We want those that will be missed in their communities and churches!"

The beginning of the year 1902 came with a sweep of work in both country and city. A revival spirit that filled the little churches with inquirers was pervading all the work, and the letters during this spring were happy and rejoicing. In a letter to a cousin, she wrote with exultation:

"From being the hardest, coldest and most indifferent of people, the inhabitants of Tengchow have become most cordially kind and friendly. I have lived on this street where I now reside about

twenty years, and my nearest neighbors have seemed absolutely oblivious of my existence. They were altogether too respectable to associate with the 'foreign devils.'

"Now they seek me and invite me to their homes. Of course, some still hate us, but as I go about the city numbers of people, especially the children, speak to me most kindly by name. I have not the remotest idea who they are. My day school (the one on North Street) has run up to thirty-five children, twenty-three boys and twelve girls, with probability of increase. We have a woman's prayer meeting in the schoolhouse on Wednesday afternoons, and have begun services for men, women and children on Sundays.

"By the way, will you ask the Scottsville Sunday school to gather up all their old cards and send me, unless they are sending them to someone else? I need about one hundred and twenty a month. Please ask Mr. Daniel to speak to the Hardware and other Sunday schools and ask them to send Sunday school picture cards. I need them as rewards, one a week when I examine the children in my day school. This school is really a Sunday school six days a week. On Sundays the children attend Sunday school at the church near my home. I am busy on Sundays from breakfast until about sunset. Fancy how glad I am when the darkness settles down and I can rest."

A significant change came in the name by which the people addressed her or spoke of her. In the old days she had had to smile and be kind to those who called her "Devil Old Woman." Now, even in Tengchow, she was met by the gracious name, "The Heavenly Book Visitor." Past sixty, she was, too busy to think of resting, too happy in the

work to consider slowing down and now had come the long hoped-for, long prayed-for change.

On North Street improvements had been made in the house, and the school was growing steadily. A small class of women attended the Sunday services regularly and in April, one of these, a woman who had been taught in her childhood by Mrs. Crawford, was baptized. She was one of the more than one hundred baptisms that gladdened the hearts of the missionaries that year. There was a friendliness to Christianity that made all the work seem lighter, happier and more worthwhile than ever. Gone was the old feeling of the "Stone Wall." A new Tengchow had come to be.

In the village work the only difficulty was in getting to them often enough to follow up the hundreds of opportunities. In Buh Go, where the Boxers had been so active, regular meetings of inquirers were begun again. Here one of Mrs. Pruitt's boys began a self-supporting school, to the great joy of Miss Moon, who had visited the village for years. In April, she wrote that there were twenty boys in the school from five different villages.

So the work grew—in joy and pain, in times of eager, stressful labor and times of quiet peace. One evening, in the spring of this year, she had been teaching at Wu Shi Li Pu all day. The women had thronged the little room where she sat on the kang teaching Scripture and songs to the eager listeners. Lost in the fascination of leading souls to an understanding of the plan of salvation, she had forgotten the problems of the mission, forgotten the indifferent ears of Southern Baptists, deaf to her pleading for more workers, forgotten all save the supreme joy of telling his

story to these people, her people, who would never have known him and his love, except for her.

Dark had come and the crowd had scattered. Only a few women who had come to be friends in her many trips to this village lingered to minister to her with gifts of food, and eager offers of service for her comfort. Their kindness filled her cup to overflowing. The village noises died into peaceful quiet. Supper was over. By the sputtering light she wrote a letter, then from the little traveling case she took a small black book from its place between her Hebrew Old Testament and her Greek New Testament. Bought in Cartersville while she was teaching there, she had come to love its stately prose next to her Bible. Of late she had read and marked its lines often. Into its blank pages in front and back she had copied through the years many passages she loved from other devotional writings in French, German, Latin, and Italian, as well as English. Here on a page was John A. Broadus on Baptism by the side of a great passage on love from Staupitz. The book was *Imitation of Christ,* by Thomas à Kempis. Quietly she read.

"Oh, unspeakable grace! Oh, admirable condescension! Oh, immeasurable love, especially bestowed on man!

"But what return shall I make to the Lord for this grace, for charity so unparalleled?

"There is nothing else that I am able to present more acceptable than to offer my heart wholly to God, and to unite it most inwardly unto him."

Taking her pencil she underscored the last sentence and wrote the date and village name on the margin. Then she read on to the end of the chapter.

"Then will he say unto me, 'If thou art willing to be with me I am willing to be with thee.'

"And I will answer him, 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to remain with me, for I will gladly be with thee. This is my whole desire.' "

She laid the book by its companions in the little traveling desk, and wrote in the diary open before her, where she had just finished the account of the week's work:

"I bless the dear Lord for being with me on this tour now almost ended. He keeps my heart first on himself—and so I have enjoyed the work today."

The entry was ended. She snuffed out the light and quietly went to sleep. For her heart was stayed on him who had never failed her, and she was no longer lonely, no longer worried by the much speaking of the day. She believed his promise. Sleep fell sweetly over her, to bless her tired body, and refresh her mind for another day of witnessing to his love.

Thus the days came and went; thus some dreams came true; thus the sowing of past years found fruition in the harvest here and there of precious souls won; thus the year slipped away and furlough time came again.

And it was Virginia again in the springtime of 1903!

CHAPTER VI

Shadows and the Heavenly Light

"God layeth His Cross upon those He loveth, and they who bear it patiently acquire much wisdom."

From margin of Lottie Moon's copy of *Imitation of Christ.*

"NOTHING seems to me so alluring as an old Virginia home such as yours," wrote Lottie Moon to a cousin a few months before leaving China. It had been hard to leave China with the work developing in such a rush. But once her face was turned toward home she was filled with joy at the thoughts that surged upon her heart and mind. By January, 1903, she was in Scottsville, exactly nine years from the time she had landed in China in 1894, after the last happy time at home.

The family was more scattered. The home at Viewmont had succumbed to the fate of many of the large estates after the war and had gradually been sold off in small farms. Nieces and nephews whom she had learned to know as gay young people on the previous furlough were now pressing her with invitations to come to their own homes and meet the littlest members of the families.

She was a high favorite with the children. The gift of laughter was still hers, and she could tell a story in matchless fashion. So from the little

tots to the fascinated young people, she charmed and captured them. The stories of her visiting in Chinese homes, giving fascinating glimpses into that strange life she lived in such a far away land, made indelible impressions on these young kinsfolk of hers. In turn they brought sunshine and laughter back into her face. How she enjoyed telling a group of the young people, hanging around her chair, of the day that she went visiting in a village and had to eat nine eggs and drink all the water in which they had been poached in as many different homes for politeness' sake, and then on reaching her room must needs accept without a murmur the apology of her hostess for having *only* two eggs to offer her for supper—and eat the two eggs!

Perhaps it was because of such dietetic orgies to which she had accustomed herself for the sake of winning favor for her message, that she was now subject to whims of appetite that led to a most interesting experience in a cousin's home.

One day she confided to the cousin her longing for a partridge, but it was the closed season for hunting them and she regretfully resigned herself to doing without, for she expected to be on her way back to China before the open season came. Sitting by her side was a great Maltese cat which had been her constant companion since coming into the home. No one noticed him, until they saw him walking in a very stately fashion into the room with a full grown partridge caught in his mouth. He laid it at her feet, with not a mark of his teeth upon it. Needless to say, she had her partridge, and the cat won a place in the traditionary lore of the family.

She sought the quiet of nature much during these visits, sitting in meditation often for hours

under some great oak tree, or walking with some child through the woods, seeking rest in the renewed sight of birds and flowers and trees of the dear homeland, and recreation of mind and spirit in the companionship of children.

At the invitation of her friends, Professor and Mrs. Thornton, she went to Charlottesville to be their guest at the banquet given in honor of the visit of President Roosevelt to the University of Virginia. It was an occasion full of delight to the little missionary from far away China. With quiet dignity, but a sparkle of her eyes that belied her sober demeanor, she sat in the carriage with the President on the ride to Monticello, thrilled at the contact with the great man and storing up against lonely days in China all the experiences of a day so full of happy incidents. Of all the honored guests of that memorable day, perhaps the little missionary in the quiet, somewhat old fashioned dress was the most unusual and distinguished, could the crowd have known the story of her intrepid life. Like a child she enjoyed the day to its fullest, exclaiming that it had been forty years since she had seen a President and she wanted to make the most of this one!

The spring passed gaily, the Southern Baptist Convention at Savannah, Ga., being the high light of these first months at home. Here she met old friends, touched heart and hand again with the women of the South, and poured out her soul to them for China in words that her enthralled listeners never forgot. Summer came with many invitations pressing upon her. Through Virginia and Georgia she went, not at the old mad pace of the other furlough, but more slowly, more considerate of the toll the years had taken of vitality and strength. There was a memorable visit to

Hollins Institute, soon to be a College—a school that was now bidding for the patronage, not of just one State, but of the South. Again she walked under the bending trees down to the Sulphur Spring and up the road to Enon Baptist Church; again she looked at the sunrise over Tinkers Mountain. There was rejoicing at the new buildings and all the improvements that was to bring a new day to Hollins.

There were conferences with Dr. Willingham about mission matters, particularly the future of the North Street School, in which she was deeply interested. Then at the end of the summer, as her mind began to turn again to China, she went to Careby Hall for a visit with her beloved classmate of Albemarle days, Mrs. W. E. Hatcher. She was welcomed as a dear guest by the whole family. Here she found companionship and sympathy, with the mental stimulus that stirred all the best thought of mind and heart. Discussions of China from the viewpoint of the statesman, as well as that of the Christian missionary, as to the future of that great land politically and religiously, brought this Virginia home into intimate contact with mission problems and policies.

A young Chinese man, O Fang Yeung, in school at Fork Union, came to see her and she became much interested in his hopes and plans. She urged that he return to China, telling him all that she foresaw in the future of China's great need for Christian leadership. It was a joy to her to hear several years later of his having given his life to Christian service in his own land. Her complete absorption in China and China's needs brought a new vision of consecration of life to her friends. Never was it more forcibly brought to

their minds as when one day she and Mrs. Hatcher had been talking most intimately about life and its meaning. To those who loved her so it seemed a pity that she was returning to China as age brought its attendant feebleness and lessening of vitality. Something of this feeling was expressed by her friend. Quickly she answered,

"O Jennie, do not sympathize with me, rather congratulate me. I would count it a great privation if I could not return to my work."

They stood aside from such devotion, such courage, not daring to suggest that old age in the homeland would be much more comfortable, with the attentions of friends and kinspeople, and the tender care that would relieve from responsibility.

Fall came on, and she turned her face toward China. The last months were spent at Crewe where her brother now lived and where Edmonia had come to be with her a while before she sailed. There were some business matters to be attended to. One was completing arrangements for the income on the money she had loaned the Board to be paid to the little sister whom she had found frailer and more in need of care than ever.

Delightful as the year had been, she began to long for China. America was the foreign land now, and China was "Home." Presently she wrote the Secretary to arrange passage for her, timing her arrival so as to reach China at just about the time she had left it the year before. So it was with a happy heart she turned her face China-ward on February 15, 1904, bidding farewell to the loved ones at Crewe, stopping for a day at Richmond, and then outward bound for home!

The Japanese-Russian War was on and the ship on which she sailed carried a cargo of beef for

the Russian Army at Vladivostok, which she wrote, was certain to be captured by the Japanese. But she added, with thought perhaps of the seasickness to which she had always been subject, "With so heavy a cargo, the ship cannot help but be steady."

The journey was uneventful. During the stop in Japan, she visited the Calder Willinghams, new missionaries to Japan. It was an especial pleasure for her to know Mrs. Willingham, since she had been told by the Foreign Secretary that the Board had meant to send her to Tengchow, had not romance stepped in the way and taken her to Japan as the wife of the Secretary's missionary son. Of this visit she wrote later, "Beautiful Japan! It is the land of my heart ever since I found refuge there in Boxer times. The people somehow cast a glamour over one who lives among them with an open eye and heart. So I fell under the spell and it abides."

While on furlough she had presented the need of a permanent building for the North Street School, urging that the old property which had been leased for many years and was well known as a center of Baptist work would be the most feasible and effective property to purchase for this purpose. Her viewpoint seemed wise to the Board, but the money had to be found, the Board not being able to take care of the purchase out of current receipts. From the Sunbeam Band of Freemason Street Church, Norfolk, Virginia, came this gift of $450 which insured the permanence of the school. As had been the case in the purchase of her home twenty-five years or more before, she again found herself in the tangle of Chinese land laws and customs. Three owners appeared, all of whom had to be satisfied, and the

negotiations lengthened into months of annoyance and endless discussion with owners, leases and go-betweens. Not until in September, five months later, was the purchase actually made and Mr. Pruitt, the treasurer of the mission, had the deed officially signed and sealed. So, after many years, this house, where once she had wanted so much to live, the property that had in the earliest days of Tengchow work been known as a center of Baptist mission activities, finally became the property of the mission and the school there was an established fact.

Missionary problems have as many facets as the most intricately cut diamond. One that came to a crisis just after her arrival in Tengchow is an interesting sidelight on the domestic affairs of the house at the Little Cross Roads. It seems that in the other missions of China the problem of wholesale entertainment entailed by the constant visiting of inquirers from the villages to the homes of the misisonaries had been somewhat solved by adjustment of mission work by which the missionaries made regular stays in the villages for classes, rather than have the inquirers come to their own homes. But in North China, so largely had the work been country work, that there was a constant stream of inquirers coming in to the missionary headquarters making the burden of entertainment a tremendous one. There was no fund provided for this particular phase of the work, and so the missionaries had gone on, taking care of it themselves from their own meager resources, until with the growth of the work, it had assumed proportions that were beyond their financial ability to care for.

Early in the year Miss Moon wrote of the situation to Dr. Willingham, assuring him that the

missionaries were not wanting to raise a discussion because of their desire to shift their own proper responsibility, but that the situation had grown beyond their ability to cope with it and they needed some adjustment of the burden. Just at that time there were many women coming in from the country for baptism. It was the custom to instruct them for a week or two. Since she and Miss Hartwell had been doing the country work for several years it was but natural that they should come to them as visitors during this time. This meant more servants to do the work, more coolie hire, as well as a large increase in the food budget, all out of the missionaries' salary.

Mr. Newton and Mr. Owen were also doing country work and had the same problem, though neither had raised the question with the Board. Her presentation of the problem gives a picture of missionary work and attendant complications of Chinese customs and manners.

"In some fields the missionary lives right in the midst of his people. They can easily attend services and go home the same day. Here we have never had any Christians in the near villages. The people of the near villages have been openly hostile or entirely indifferent. Until late years with the breaking down of opposition in the city, our work was almost entirely in remote villages and towns. Those who come for communion or baptism must stay at least two nights. Women invariably stay longer. They do not get away under three nights at the shortest is my experience. With living expenses so much higher, due to the war, I simply cannot afford to go on entertaining guests at my own expense, and yet the work cannot afford to have the entertaining stopped. We are entertained in the homes of these women

when we go on the field, but where we are at the most only two guests at a time for them, they are often twenty at a time for us! I had a small class of five women last month, three of whom were from the country. They remained not quite three weeks. Of the three, two were baptized before going home and the other had been baptized in the spring. It is delightful work and the class serves to attract the women and girls of the city who like to come in and learn with the women from the country. I consulted with Miss Hartwell and tried to limit the expenses of the class to the same that she allows for her school girls, 2000 cash apiece per month. This supplies good but plain food. Of course, guests have to be entertained on a different scale. It would seem niggardly to feed them as they live at home. The fact that they are guests entitles them to expect such entertaining as they would give to guests in their homes."

So discussion of a small problem gave insight into the manifold phases of missionary life. Of course, the question was settled by the Board. Two solutions were offered, to have classes at stated times at the centrally located villages for all those who could attend from their homes, and second, to have certain times in the year larger classes of perhaps several weeks duration, the expense of which to be borne by a small fund provided by the Board. In the letter in which she acknowledged gratefully the attention of the Board to the request she hastened to reassure them that this fund would be most conscientiously administered for she says,

"This does not mean, of course, that I shall not entertain personal Chinese friends at my own expense."

The Japanese-Russian War had affected conditions in North China greatly during the summer. Living expenses were very much higher, the rate of exchange lower than in all her years of residence in China, and since Manchuria was shut off as an outlet for the surplus of Chinese labor, there was much poverty and suffering in her region. This had affected the attendance at the North Street School. An epidemic of smallpox raged in the city from the spring through the summer and even into the opening months of school. The Chinese custom of sewing the clothes on children and letting them just wear out of them, prevented the admittance of several children to the school for they would be bearers of the contagion even though all in their family may have recovered or died of the disease a long while before. She wrote of all this to the Secretary and then pictured the economic condition of the people as she saw it right on her own street.

"The most trying hindrance at present comes from the extreme pressure of hard times. Our proximity to the scene of hostilities has greatly enhanced the cost of living. Parents who could formerly spare their children to go to school must now have their help to eke out a scanty subsistence. It is really pitiable. The poorest food, Hushu, which is the staple food for even the middle class, used to cost from six to nine hundred cash a bushel. It has now run up from twelve to seventeen hundred cash a bushel. Only very poor people used to depend upon grass for fuel. Now those who were formerly decently comfortable have to send out their children to get grass. They dig it up by the roots, dry it in the sun, and lay it away for the winter. It used to be three

cash a catty, now it is ten cash. A catty is one and one-third pounds. How the poor are to pull through the winter is a problem. There will be much suffering and want.

"Our region is dependent for the overflow of its population upon Manchuria. Nearly every family has its representatives over there in times of peace. These send back money to help support those who stay at home. Now the majority of those who should be in Manchuria earning money are idle at home, a tax on the dwindling resources of the family. Some are still at Port Arthur or Vladivostok unable to make remittances as before. The prospects are gloomy in the extreme. A boy who used to be in the North Street School, an orphan, was turned out to sleep on the streets and beg. An old woman past seventy who had seen better days, has been sleeping on the street in a temple door, exposed to the wind and rain. There are many other homeless ones. Those I have mentioned are people I have known for years."

Later in the year she wrote again of the situation among the people.

"As winter deepens, the poverty and want around us grow more acute. One admires the people who meet these trials. They fall heavy on the respectable poor, who are half the time, I may say now at all times, on the verge of starvation. When the War is over, things will brighten." More than ever before her letters were filled with the sadness of the sights about her.

The fall of 1904 brought a momentous decision in the missionary life of the North China work. The Training School under Dr. Hartwell had grown to greater proportions than could longer be handled by one man. There had for sometime

been feeling among the missionaries that the plan of having three classes with Dr. Hartwell spending the time necessary in the three main stations, Tengchow, Hwanghsien and Pingtu, should be superseded by a permanent Training School, located in one station with buildings sufficient to provide boarding facilities. So for a year the school had been established at Tengchow, where it had pushed the Boys' School out of its quarters. Something had to be done.

The mission meeting at Pingtu in November came to the decision to ask that this Training School be located at Hwanghsien, and provision be made for it by the Board. Mr. Pruitt had come over from Hwanghsien to help Dr. Hartwell during the previous year. This had depleted the Hwanghsien force by taking its veteran worker away. After going carefully over the whole question it seemed wise to ask the Board to move the Training School at Hwanghsien, and there associate it with the two institutions on which the mission was already majoring, the Boys' School and the Hospital.

This was done. This decision had many implications. Already the Hospital had been located at Hwanghsien. The Boys' School there had been made the chief educational institution for the North China mission. Now the school which was to develop into a Theological Seminary of no small proportions was located there. As the frontier of missionary adventure progressed westward, so did the center of activity move westward, and it was logical that Hwanghsien, the younger city, with a hustling air of business, a receptive people in a rich valley and a point of departure for the interior should become the central point for

development of those institutions that would provide the native leadership.

As yet there had been little development of women's work beyond the fundamental evangelistic work from house to house. As the years passed and weightier matters came into the mission council meeting, Miss Moon continued to plead for more attention to this vital phase of the work. "What of the women" was the question that stirred the matter at every meeting. But she plead in vain. One of the missionaries associated with her in those days has said, "She was a generation ahead of her time in her emphasis on woman's work. She was a born pioneer."

In the meantime school work went on splendidly in the North Street compound, now almost entirely rebuilt into a most attractive school plant. "I am simply delighted with the facilities afforded me for carrying on school work," she wrote Dr. Willingham in a letter telling of all the details of the remodeling and rebuilding of the property. It had cost, purchase price and all, only a little more than $450. Now came the question of adding another teacher to take care of the crowding pupils, for the school was growing by leaps and bounds. This would entail an expense of fifteen gold dollars a year. Could she have that additional appropriation? Happily she wrote of the large yard where the children could play in the sunshine, and of the happiness and splendid progress of the pupils.

"I have the pleasure of reporting a good half session of the Memorial School on North Street," she wrote at the close of June, 1905. "A better class of boys have come in this year, so we are not so broken up by the wheat harvest. Of course, we still have many poor boys who must go out to

glean wheat and who in the autumn will have to dig up fuel for the winter. I recognize the necessity and praise them for helping their parents. Still in the advanced department more than half are from families above this necessity, financially. Improvements in the curriculum have undoubtedly drawn in boys who otherwise would not have come. The New Testament is and will remain the chief textbook. The school is the joy of my heart."

Later she wrote of these boys, "It is a delight to see the boys growing in character. Each boy feels that I am his friend, and will come to me without hesitation. The Chinese ideal of the relation between pupils and teacher is one of fear on the one side and severity on the other. The pupil must shrink away when his teacher appears. They have never dreamed that the law of life is love. One of the boys was baptized not long since. The boys are sent to us to be made into gentlemen. I hope they will some day be Christian gentlemen." She also mentioned in connection with the school the neglect of the country work that had to be, if the schools were looked after. "If I were three women and still young I might do something in the country!" she exclaimed.

Changes were taking place in North China, changes that were gradually remaking the thinking of the people. A school system modeled somewhat after the fashion of the foreign schools was slowly being established. Two of these schools had been established in Tengchow, and Tengchow was coming to be quite an educational center in this new day, even as it had been in the centuries past with its historic Examination Halls of the Old China.

In the fall the removal of the Training School to Hwanghsien became an established fact. This left only the Newtons and Miss Moon at Tengchow. She had been heartily in accord with the decision to establish the school at the other station but she faced honestly the situation at Tengchow. "It ought to be remembered that I am not equal to the country work that I used to do," was her only admission of her inability to fling her own marvelous energies into the breach until relief could come. The school had been such a joy to her, she longed to stay with it, yet as of old the country work called to her. "I have always thought that if I could be in two places at one time I might accomplish something. As it is, if one interest is pushed two others suffer. If I am constantly in the country, the work of city visiting and the school both suffer. If I confine myself to the city there is no one to work my district in the country which is enormously large. I have known the field now for over thirty years, and it has never seemed so hopeful as now. The people are not naturally religious as they are out west. It took more than twenty years to live down the hostility engendered by the Anglo-French War in China. Now that hostility exists only to a limited extent. We need now many workers, missionary and native." Of Miss Hartwell's removal to Hwanghsien she speaks with deep regret.

"She leaves the Girls' School without a head. She also had two day schools in the city and one in the country. She has country work, but that can be worked as easily from Hwanghsien. Her going will be a calamity for our situation and especially for the Girls' Boarding School.

Whatever she does, she does most admirably. Our loss is Hwanghsien's gain."

But there was hope of reenforcement, hope realized by the coming of Miss Taylor. Of the strenuous program and heavy responsibility that fell on her shoulders during the school year of 1906 while Miss Taylor was learning the language, she said very little. She was too busy to write! The North Street School was still flourishing, the city work was showing gratifying results, the day schools which Miss Hartwell had been supervising were full and of the Girls' Boarding School, for which she had felt so much apprehension, she wrote happily.

"Under Miss Hartwell's wise administration the discipline and spiritual atmosphere of the school were such that after her departure the school has seemed to run itself. The teachers proved most trustworthy, and the matron is a beautiful Christian character. Even the school cook bears the impress of Miss Hartwell's faithful, prayerful training. A sweeter, lovelier, more docile set of girls I have never known. Under such circumstances then, the care of the school has been far less exacting than I feared. It has really been a minimum of trouble."

Even then, however, Miss Taylor had begun to relieve her of some of the details of the work, and when after the Chinese New Year she took entire charge, Miss Moon could pick up the work in the villages, now so long neglected.

So the year passed. Still through the house at the Little Cross Roads passed the currents of missionary life, still there was no faltering, no slackening of mind or heart, though here and there is a glimpse of the realization that the years were telling in an inevitable lessening of vigor

of body. From her study she kept in touch with the thought of the world. The bound volumes of Review of Reviews gathered on her book shelves, the Fortnightly Review, Edinburgh Review, Atlantic Monthly, Littell's Magazine and books from America and England kept her in touch with literature, science and art. Even fashion magazines penetrated this section of China once in a while, chiefly Paris fashions re-printed for the Russian ladies of the Manchurian cities.

She had never ceased to be a student. There had come up a question about the necessity for the missionaries continuing to keep a Chinese teacher after many years in China. It evoked from her a most scholarly discussion of the Chinese language, its intricacies and the need for constant study on the part of the missionary, no matter how long his residence in China, nor how apt a student he might be. Out of her own experience as a linguist, based on a facility that she had assiduously developed from the school days in Virginia, she spoke with authority on the subject.

"The missionary comes to China knowing English and most probably Greek, Latin and possibly Hebrew; also one or more European languages as they are taught in American colleges. These languages are all alphabet languages, and to know one is an immense advantage in acquiring another. English and German are cognate, so are Italian, Spanish, French and Protuguese. Even Russian, which sounds to our ears barbarous, is alphabetic. To know Greek and Latin gives one a clue to the meaning of many words in English, or even in the study of modern continental languages. Not one of these languages gives any help in studying

Chinese. The Chinese language grew up in a wholly different fashion. It is not alphabetic."

Then she went into a most technical analysis of the Chinese language, concluding in the end with the simple statement, "The better the type of work one wishes to do as a missionary, the more one needs a teacher, and the longer one lives in China, the more one needs to learn of this most intricate language."

So we find often in these years mention of an hour spent with her teacher, for habits of study reasserted themselves as the years became a little more exacting of hours for physical rest. The study of Hebrew, begun ten years before, "to keep her mind in trim" as she said, was undertaken more seriously now and the reading of Greek, ever a joy, was done more regularly.

From the earliest years there had been at stated times a unique gathering of all the missionaries of every denomination in Tengchow, known as the Tengchow Literary Society. Modeled undoubtedly on the lines of the literary society of the colleges of that day, its avowed purpose was to keep its members in touch with the thought life of the world, broaden their knowledge, and to keep their minds alert to the best of literature and current history. They had regular programs with assigned subjects for discussions and papers. Sometimes this was on literature, ancient or modern, sometimes on comparative religion, especially those phases that would be most interesting to students of Chinese life, sometimes they went into history, and even archæology. Dr. Crawford had been a most active member of this organization, and Mrs. Crawford had kept the minutes of the society for many years. Many papers leading out in discussions are still avail-

able to those who would like to know what these missionaries, isolated in a far away part of the world, thought and talked about. Lottie Moon kept many of her papers. They are on such widely diverse subjects as "Grecian Literature," "The Value of the Study of Modern Languages," "The Advantage of Wearing Chinese Dress," "The Latest Movements of Scientific Thought," "Difficulties of Missionary Life," "The Poetry of Browning," and "Causes of the American Civil War." Fragments of the programs show as varied a range of study and research from other missionaries as these topics taken at random from her letters. There were many choice and scholarly spirits among the Presbyterian missionaries. One may easily picture the animated discussions, and brilliant arguments that characterized their meetings. There is no record as to how long this organization lived. But for many years Lottie Moon was a leading spirit, determined that neither would she grow dull and narrow, nor would she let those about her sink into the rut of the task before them, however fascinating and exacting that task might be. Thus did she try to balance her life, and find avenues of escape from the pressure of heathenism, that could have overwhelmed her mentally and spiritually, as well as physically, if she did not keep well the fortress of her own high heart.

There were hours of leisure, too. In the quiet of the evening it was pleasant to walk through the city, out of the great city gate, past the ancient wall and down between overhanging trees to the seashore. Often with her Chinese friends, or one of the missionaries she walked and talked in this hour of relaxation. In later years she rode down to the beach in a sedan chair, always

with the same Chinese coolies for bearers. There was one dear Chinese friend whom she called "sister," who was often her companion in these evening walks.

Jane Lide, who came out in 1909 to be her youthful associate, was the witness of an amusing incident of one of these walks. In one place the path was very narrow, and elevated above the cart road below. One evening as they turned a corner of the great wall, towering on one side of the path, they saw coming toward them a petty official of the Chinese army on horseback, riding, not on the road, but on the foot path. It was far too narrow for them to pass in safety, and the younger woman was preparing to get off the path, fearful he would ride them down, which certainly seemed his intention.

With her hand firmly grasping that of her companion, Miss Moon held her in the path, saying, "Don't be afraid, Jane, I'll attend to this fellow."

She never went out without her umbrella, large and very useful in many an emergency. She waited until the impudent horseman was right upon them, and then suddenly raised the umbrella to its full spread of top, right in the horse's face. Needless to say the horse and rider took to the road below unceremoniously and rather uncomfortably and the official's dignity was considerably disturbed. But Miss Moon and her companion went quietly on with their walk and thereafter the young man was more careful in his dealings with the foreign women whether he liked them any better or not.

There were other times of leisure and recreation. Often during the summer months the missionaries came up to Tengchow to escape from

the heat of the interior cities. Here there were cool breezes, and the soothing music of sea waves to rest tired minds and bodies, marvelous places for the children to play, and rest from the press of the crowd. They built a little clubhouse of mat sheds on the beach which was occupied by someone most of the summer. Here she came to know better the missionaries with whom she was not directly associated, and the children growing up in their homes in the now widely scattered stations of North China mission. Here came the Sears with their two children, George and Mary, loved as friends all the more dearly because through them dreams were coming true in Pingtu.

Then, once or twice she went down to Chefoo, four and a half hours away by coastwise steamer. It was a delightful trip, never out of sight of land, and the sea usually very quiet. In Chefoo there were several homes open to the missionaries, some of them the summer homes of missionaries at Shanghai and other Central China stations, or rather community-owned homes, for not many of them could claim one all to themselves. Here she came to know better the missionaries of the other parts of China. So there had been, especially in these later years, times of rest and change that brought relief to her tired mind and heart and companionship to her spirit.

The home at the Little Cross Roads had come to mean much to her and to missionaries and Chinese friends. Through the years there had been necessary improvements, which had gradually transformed it from the hundred-year-old Chinese house into which she had moved nearly thirty years before. The yard was a bit of old Virginia, with its shrubs, roses and flowers of many kinds.

She had much company, of whom sometimes she wrote in mock despair to the homefolk.

"Our Presbyterian friends have had both mission meeting and Presbytery here and the two lasted for nearly two weeks, while, in the meantime, our Association also came and went. I entertained a good many of the Presbyterians at dinner and had of my own mission a family of five with me from Saturday unto Tuesday, besides a number of Chinese guests. All the latter are not gone yet. I had the Presbyterians to dinner three days last week and to supper once. And twice to dinner this week. I have good servants and like to entertain my friends.

"On Tuesday I went to the country, returning on Saturday. As soon as I arrived the Chinese began to drop in to welcome me. Today I studied Chinese, paid up teacher and servants for last moon (month), called at Dr. Hartwell's, came back and rushed through a letter to Mrs. Crawford, partly on business. I was expecting momently to be interrupted by a Chinese woman and two restless children who are staying here. Immediately after dinner while I was in my storeroom they came but did not stay very long. I got some knitting and that somehow moderated any impatience I may have felt. As I wrote the last sentence a woman came in to know if I were going out visiting the Chinese this afternoon. I have been so rushed of late that I felt I could excuse myself and told her I had not time. I ought to go and see a sick neighbor. Another interruption! Ah me! The good brother has gone after a rather long talk. Another! Oh! It was the milk and butter man with his account for the past month. We go by the Chinese month. As I have had company the account for both items

ran up to over four thousand cash. I had oyster soup several times for my guests and that requires a good deal of milk."

Homemaker, builder, teacher, preacher, executive, counselor and friend. Certainly the home which she had made in the old Chinese city played a great part in all the different fields of service in which she spent her life.

Into the house at the Little Cross Roads through the years there had come the interesting boys and girls of the missionary families.

On the return from her furlough in 1893, she had made a fast friend of a nine-year-old lad, the son of J. B. Hartwell. The boy had been born in San Francisco, in the interval of fourteen years that had just ended between his father's first service in China and this, which was to mean the rest of his life in China. The boy was going out to China for the first time, and Miss Moon enjoyed his eager enthusiasm greatly. Soon there came to be a bond between them that even the busy life in China could not break. The house at the Little Cross Roads was his second home, and it was her delight to have him in and out of the house, often staying there with her. The son of a missionary in those early days often had a very fragmentary education at best, and when the boy drifted into a careless attitude toward this very vital factor in the making of his future, it was his friend, the older missionary, who touched the mainspring of ambition and interest and set his mind to eagerly exploring the fascinating field of knowledge in books.

For she told him stories—stories of Napoleon, of Robert E. Lee and his generals, gave him the stirring life of Prince Kuropatkin to read, fascinated him with the high adventure and swift

movement of history, and the charm and thrill of biography. Lottie Moon was a Southerner who had never surrendered. She gave him the Southern viewpoint of the Civil War, capturing his ardent boy spirit and turning him into an eager reader of all the books in her library. It shaped his life. For today Charlie Hartwell, the lad, is Prof. C. N. Hartwell, the Dean of Willingham College, of Hwanghsien, nor is it any accident that he is teacher of history in that school of higher education for North China.

Little children came and went as the missionary families stayed for a brief time in Tengchow, first on arrival, and later as they came to the coast for relief from the heat of the summers in the interior. Many a one of these can tell stories of the cookie jar in the kitchen, kept filled with choice cake made by an old Virginian recipe. The Lawton children, the Newton children, and many others had their place in her heart, as she had a place in their childish devotion. George Sears, born in her home, was always "her boy" in an especial way. She had a high chair made for his use on the visits of the Sears family to Tengchow —a high chair that in after years served well for his own little son, and the children of his sister, Mrs. Frank Connely, once the little Mary Sears, of the red curls and merry laugh.

Tenderly did she write of Robert Pruitt, the splendid young son of these devoted missionaries, who lost his eyesight. "A brave lad," she called him.

"I am especially fond of children," she wrote to a cousin, one day as she sat at her desk inside the study of her home while on the outside there was a scene which she proceeded to describe most vividly. "On the porch are two Chinese women,

one of whom is teaching the other. A child is rolling a tin can, to his own amusement and without serious annoyance to other people. He is more like a Western child than any Chinese child I have ever met. He is very natural in his ways and is not in the least afraid of foreigners. I like to have the little fellow around. He came with his mother on Thursday. I had not seen her for twenty years, and had not the remotest idea who she was. She said she had longed to see me and so had come. She used to be in my school when a girl about twelve years old. She was in school about two years and has forgotten some and remembers some that she had learned.

"About four years ago her husband had smallpox and lost his eyesight, so the burden of the family fell on her. I feel very sorry for her and am glad for her to have a rest from household and farm cares for a few days. She will be here about eight days longer."

Little children appealed to her most tenderly.

"I take most pleasure in the little ones of the school, the youngest of whom is about five years old. She is a very merry, happy little creature, fat and rosy and laughs and sings nearly all day long. I think she is rather proud of having a book and going to school. Of course, I do not allow her to be confined. Your boys," she was writing to Orianna and her fine family of boys, "Your boys would be vastly amused to see her take a pointer and try to point out the provinces on the map of China. It often sets me to laughing to see her. Of course, she learns only a very little bit of geography in this way, but still she learns something. Her father is a hopeless invalid and her mother works out. I was asked to take the child and consented, not knowing what a little

thing she was. She was a poor, wizened looking creature in very poor health. But good food and kind treatment have worked wonders. It is astonishing how she can sing. I am quite surprised sometimes to hear her sing hymn after hymn she has picked up, hearing the other girls sing.

"My girls have had a holiday today, and took a lunch with them to the seaside. I think I'll go out and see what has become of them. I wish your boys were here to walk with me."

In and out of her house these Chinese children went, and from them she fashioned the men and women who were to bless old Tengchow with Christian leadership in days to come. Yet sometimes they were exasperatingly Chinese in their acceptance of her home and all that made it the attractive place it was. Sometimes even her gentle patience had to find a vent for her feelings. On one occasion she did pour out her housewifely soul to a cousin to whom she was writing at the time.

"My guests are to leave tomorrow. She is a bright and pleasant woman whom I like very much, but the children rush in and out at all hours, turn my chairs about as they please, drop crumbs all about the floor, and 'cut-up' generally. When they stand in the chairs or spit on the carpet, I venture to mildly interfere! One has to be so careful not to give offense. Chinese children who live on dirt floors can't be expected, when admitted to one's best room, to act as if they had been taught that nice chairs are not made to stand in, nor carpets put down to be spit upon."

But the children came and went just the same, the chairs and carpet survived and she won them to her and often to her Christ.

Children of her school grew up and in turn brought their children to her as to one who would surely love them. These Chinese boys and girls, too, knew about the cookie jar. They knew the happiness of the interest of this foreigner in them. When they were absent from her school she came to see them, to sternly march them back to school if they had played truant or to give them help in her most strange foreign way if they were sick. "Law Moo Guniang," they called her, using the most respectful term of address in the dialect of Tengchow, "Revered Miss Moon," she was to them. There was always a class of boys to whom she was teaching English.

Perhaps they were often such boys as she described in a letter thus:

"Just here two boys have walked in uninvited. I stopped them at the sitting room door and instructed them that they are always to knock at the outer door before coming in. I told them that was the foreign custom. They were here twice on yesterday, besides coming on previous days, and I really hoped the snow would keep them at home today! They came to say that their mother was coming to visit me this afternoon. I dined with them day before yesterday. On yesterday a Chinese woman dined with me. I do not enjoy Chinese food and drinking tea does not suit me, but social intercourse is one way of winning the people. One of these boys is very jerky in his manner, perhaps I might better call it nervous. He can't keep still. Both are looking on as I write and interrupt not a little."

Just one of the many Chinese boys, whose bright mind attracted her so that she gave him especial attention, was Chao Tei San. Along with the English she taught his mind, there went the love

of God she put into his heart, and he grew up a devout Christian, full of ambition to do something worth while in the world. Dr. and Mrs. Pruitt, too, had a hand in the shaping of the boy's life. Between them, the three made a good job, even as they did with many another Chinese lad. For Chao Tei San grew up to be a man of influence and great usefulness in his chosen sphere of engineering and built the motor road from Weishien to Chefoo over which the missionaries now travel in their goings to and fro with the gospel. All of his technical education was secured by correspondence courses from American schools. Without the knowledge of English he had gotten in the classes at the house at the Little Cross Roads this would not have been possible.

There were other children in her life, however —the children of the homeland. She had constant and at times heavy correspondence with the Sunbeam Bands that had begun to multiply under the consecrated leadership of a young Virginia pastor, Dr. George Braxton Taylor, in the early nineties. What she meant to them, to many a Sunbeam who saved pennies to send to the support of a boy or girl in one of her schools, or to buy desks, or build a wall, or do a dozen other things that the Sunbeams did do for her, only the men and women of today in the South can tell. For to many a one, now giving the strength of middle life to kingdom work, that first contact with the missionary enterprise, in writing to her and in turn having letters from her was the molding influence of a life. There are several of these letters preserved in which she tells in a way to fascinate any child the thrilling incidents of everyday life in the house by the Little Cross Roads. Many references to these letters are in her

correspondence with the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, for often she made apology for putting off such routine work as a quarterly report, because there must be letters written to the Norfolk Sunbeams, or to the two children who had sent her part of their Christmas money, or to some other child or group of children in the South who were thus her partners in the work of telling the Chinese boys and girls of Jesus.

There were other children in the Homeland—those of her own family. "One misses a good deal in losing the childhood of the young people among one's relatives, and I am especially fond of children. Even among the Chinese I have the reputation of being a lover of children," she wrote to her nephew, W. L. Andrews. There is always mention of the children in her letters to relatives. "I wish I might see your golden-haired darling, and hear her talk," she wrote once. She wrote to many of these boys and girls charming letters, full of just the interesting anecdotes and incidents of her life that would give them great delight. There were stories of her comical mistakes with the Chinese language, such as the time she gave the wrong inflection to the word for lion in telling the story of how David killed a lion with his hands. One little boy commented rather scornfully, "That is nothing, I kill them every day, more than one!" For she had changed the meaning of the word from "lion" to "vermin," by the tone of her voice, and no wonder the Chinese boys gravely listening could see nothing extraordinary in David's exploit! Then there was the story of a contrary mule that upset the missionary, her bedding, food chest, and all in the ditch; many a tale of strange ways of travel that sounded queer to the ears of American children, and amusing

stories of adventures that might have been disastrous but for her quick wit and keen sense of humor.

The letters were not always about China. Sometimes these young people submitted grave questions for her to answer. Now it was a youth who had come to the age of doubt about his faith, and so across the Pacific went a correspondence that on the one side was the outpouring of a heart that would have confided to no one at home but turned with utmost confidence to this one who had tried and tested her faith until he knew she could give the certain help he needed. And back came letters that justified the confidence shown, for out of her own sure faith she gave the help needed, gravely discussing all the questions propounded, and leading on beyond these to the deeper issues of faith, a sure foundation that no doubts could assail. For truly did she "know in whom she had believed."

Then in the period following the Civil War there was a generation of young people in the South who had great handicaps in finding their places in the economic life of their country. Patriotically, they desired to give their strength to the rebuilding of the South. But they had been deprived of that period of preparation for professions which would have been their right in normal times, and so even in her own family there was heartbreak and disappointment among these young people. This they carried to her, sure of her sympathy, eager for her advice. To one of these young men she wrote,

"It is hard to be qualified for work and yet unable to obtain it. It is also difficult on the very threshold of life to be kept waiting, as you have been. It is a discipline in patience and in

cheerful submission to the will of God. The reasons you give for not being discouraged are excellent. I trust you will keep up a brave spirit. The present crisis is extraordinary and in the nature of things cannot last."

So she built herself into the lives of these young people, her own blood, her own kindred, never failing them, being to them often a beacon light, for, though none of them followed in her steps to a foreign land, yet they all loved her for her own devotion to a high calling and to them she was a beloved counsellor and high ideal.

More than letters came across the sea and land to link the absent-kinswoman with these young folk. At all holiday times there were firecrackers, huge and queerly shaped. Any time of the year there came cards with strange, weird marks that she vouched for as writing, and translated for them. Occasionally pictures there were that made her seem more real to their youthful fancies. At Christmas time there came boxes with strange gifts, to be prized as rare treasures, bits of brass intricately patterned, quaint little dolls, odd pieces of jewelry, souvenirs of a land that in those days was very far away indeed. For it was before the time when there is a curio shop in every city and town with its "imported" Chinese wares.

Not all the links with these dear young folk of her own family were happy ones. All the news that went from Virginia to the house at the Little Cross Roads was not that of graduations and weddings and happiness and gaiety. For there must be sadness, too. One of the greatest griefs in these years came in the death of the son of her dear cousin, James, the one she always called "Brother," who had married her roommate at Hollins. Lindsay was a very attractive and ambi-

tious boy, just entering the University Medical Department. All the family had had high hopes for him. She had met him on the furlough in 1893. Then four years later came the news of his death. Tenderly did she write to the stricken mother and father.

"You are very much in my heart these days since I heard of your sore bereavement. Well I know that shock has fallen on none so heavily as on the tenderest of all human hearts, a mother's. Yet it has been a joy to me to know that you were bearing this great sorrow in a spirit of patient submission to the will of him who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

"I think of him as I saw him always kindly, gentle and unselfish. I could not realize then that the young shoulders were patiently bearing a heavy burden that the noble aspirations to fit himself for a life of usefulness might find its fulfillment. He was happy in his home life, happy in the love and esteem of those who knew him. Thinking of his slight, graceful form, I suppose he could never have been very strong, and I have no doubt that in his noble desire to do his full duty he constantly overdid. Dr. Broadus says that the saddest thing about the changed conditions of our lives in the South is the sacrifice of our young men. How they toil, how nobly they toil, to fit themselves to hold their rightful places in the world, and how inevitably some must fall, weary with the march of life. I recall that my dear mother said on her deathbed, that for a year she had not known what it was to feel rested. I have often repeated these lines in thinking of her:

"Limbs that shall never tire,
Nor ask to rest,
In service blest,
These shall be thine!

"Life that shall fear no death,
God's life above
Of light and love,
That shall be thine!
All well with thee!"

"And this is true of our dearly loved Lindsay. The Lord lent him to you for more than twenty years. You have all the sweet memories of his childhood, of his youth, and his young manhood: These are a beautiful legacy. What a blessing to have had a son upon whose life you may look with unmingled joy and satisfaction. God saw he was ready for promotion to a higher, holier sphere. How happy he is we may not conceive. Already he knows more than all the sages. May the Lord bless and comfort you as he alone can. All human words are weak in the presence of such sorrow."

Then two years later there came the news of the death of the beloved cousin James. She wrote touchingly from a village near Tengchow where she was when the letter was brought to her by her companion, a Chinese Bible woman.

"I feel more and more that time is short and eternity near at hand. Therefore I cannot 'sorrow as those who have no hope.' I rather think with solemn joy that our dear ones have entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God."

So there were ties of love binding Virginia to that old city of Tengchow, that held through joy and sorrow, with the tears and laughter of life

linking the family with the dear one of theirs who had gone afar on a mission high.

Life at the house at the Little Cross Roads changed little through the years, save that more time was spent there as age slowed down the old mad pace and she made less effort to actually be three or four people. Yet a glimpse she gave now and then of the daily routine showed little evidence of any slackening pace.

"My life here is so much the same from day to day that there seems little to write about it. After breakfast I study Chinese for a short time with my teacher. After that, for four days in the week I must visit day schools and examine the pupils, or hear them examined. In the afternoons of several days in the week I go out to visit the Chinese with a Chinese Bible woman, who is supported by the Woman's Missionary Society of our church in Tengchow. On yesterday afternoon we made three visits. The first family visited was not very cordial. My companion, Mrs. Kiang, talked to them a while and then we went to see some people living in the same compound. They received us warmly and Mrs. Kiang taught the young woman hymns while I talked with the older woman. I told her of our Lord's birth, life, wonderful works, death, burial, resurrection and ascension. This took a long while. Then we went to a place where I had never been before. We entered a little yard, passed through a small house then into another yard, and so into the house for which our visit was intended. It was small and dark. A man smiled pleasantly as we entered. A woman and two girls sat on the kang. We talked to them a good while. When I came home the two girls followed me and I taught them part of a hymn.

"Where I am accustomed to go regularly I usually spend most of the time teaching hymns, prayers, religious books or the New Testament. I prefer this, as it seems most useful, but of course, we ought to extend the work, and when one goes into a new place there is not always an opportunity to do anything but tell the gospel story or talk of the sin and folly of idolatry.

"So closed the day's work."

She was thrilled over the adventure of Mr. Newton into Manchuria in the spring of 1906. "Where Japanese and Russians had their death struggle," she wrote, "we hope to see the messengers of the Prince of Peace enter in." This first spying out of the land did not result in any immediate movement into this great territory north of Shangtung, but it was the first contact with work that was eventually to be established by Southern Baptists, and the point of departure in interest and actual movement of missionaries was old Tengchow, the mother station of North China, now coming to be secondary in importance but still the inspiration of missionary adventure.

The house at the Little Cross Roads had come to be more than just the center of one missionary's life. For the offer made years before of her home as a place of residence for the new missionaries, where they might have a brief time of adjustment between the old life and the new was carried into a blessed reality. Missionary after missionary came from America to pause here in an old Virginia home for a few weeks or months as the need might be before plunging into the interior where there would be no gentle influences to help them in the adjustments of the new life. Here they found the hospitality of the homeland, saw actually in operation a home where the best relationship

had been established between the foreign and the native customs and manners, drank deep from the well of Lottie Moon's rich experience, glimpsed the strength of her, the power of her, and took heart for their own unknown future. Here the strangeness of the land to which they had come was brought more gently to their attention. Hours of study of an impossible language were made less tedious and hopeless by her constant encouragement. That first feeling of the irrevocable separation from loved ones that so often dismays and daunts the new missionary, no matter how devoted to the task before him, was assuaged by seeing the supremely happy life of this one who had triumphed over loneliness, racial barriers, and pioneer hardships and had come out with a merry smile, gallant bearing and a supreme faith.

The single women were her especial care. Not yet had she forgotten the loneliness of Pingtu! Some of those who came out were destined for as lonely interior posts as had been hers in that memorable time when she gave up all things for the field now beginning to be the greatest harvest field of soul winning in all North China. Indeed she was to see the day when Pingtu was the scene of the greatest ingathering of all Southern Baptist foreign fields. So as a loving older sister she opened her heart and her home to these young women. Miss Jeter was with her for a while. Miss Pettigrew and Miss Williford gratefully came to the quiet of her study through many days for their first hard battle with the Chinese language, though they lived at Dr. Hartwell's. Miss Taylor lived with her through many months. At one time rooms were fitted up in the compound as a home for Mr. and Mrs. Owens, who had never

had the joy of keeping house until they took possession of part of this home within the walls at the corner of the Little Cross Roads. Nor did they move until their own home was ready months later. Often did she speak of the joy of having them with her.

Down to the waterfront she sent a little Chinese boy, one day in 1908, to meet the boat from Chefoo bringing a new missionary doctor and his wife. To their intense surprise and great delight the boy greeted them in English, proudly and carefully learned for the occasion. With this escort, they stepped into "Old Virginia," as Dr. Gaston emphatically asserted, and sat down to a dinner that night that might have been served in that state so noted for its hospitality. It was the introduction of Dr. and Mrs. Gaston to China. Much did it mean to these who had ten years before begun praying for the work of their charming hostess—and now because of that prayer, perhaps, were her guests in China!

Many another missionary shared the hospitality, were heartened by the cheer, helped by the atmosphere, both social and scholarly, of that home she made in the old Chinese city. Perhaps the last of these new missionaries to be introduced to China through the doors of the house at the Little Cross Roads were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Adams, the last missionaries to be stationed at Tengchow. They were young and full of enthusiasm. They were her hope for the future of the work at Tengchow. She loved them both at once and they her. "I don't know how we would have ever gotten along without the kind and most helpful counsel of Miss Lottie Moon," he wrote to the Foreign Mission Board after six months in Tengchow. "She is one of the nobility and we all love

her. And how the Chinese love her is beautiful to see."

Her ministry was more than just that of companionship and hospitality. Out of her experience and deep study of Chinese life and customs she gave them counsel that set forward their work by many a year of hard learning alone. She had come to some definite conclusions concerning methods of work among the Chinese, and so winning was her personality that she was able to make such impressions upon these new missionaries that unconsciously they took up the work where she was leaving off and went on without a break, moulding their thinking after the pattern she had set by her pioneering into the field of custom and manners, insisting on the new missionaries shaping their own lives after the standards of conduct that had been found most winsome in the days of heartbreak when Tengchow had been a stone wall of indifference to all the appeal of the missionaries.

She had always worked closely with the Chinese Christians, associating with her in all work a Chinese teacher who was also an assistant, helping her in the teaching of classes, supervising the Chinese laborers that were frequently working under her on some repairs or building of house or school, looking after her marketing and in every way possible helping her to establish and maintain amicable and helpful relations with the Chinese with whom she must make contact for the everyday necessities of life as well as for the propagation of the gospel. In her visiting she made it a custom to take with her a teacher or a Bible woman, often both, in country work. Thus she had learned Chinese viewpoints on conduct and etiquette that had won her the esteem eventually

of even the aristocratic families of Tengchow. All this hard-won experience she passed on to the new missionaries. So winsomely did she do it, and yet so firmly and insistently that today the work bears the impress of her personality, even though the missionaries who are carrying out her ideals in their lives among the Chinese of North China may not be aware of all they owe to her and her stern, high standards until they read the old letters that are the record of her impressions and convictions. One such young missionary, now following in her footsteps through the villages of Pingtu, who never saw Lottie Moon in the flesh, exclaimed as she read the record of the years into which she had written all the experiences of those pioneer days, "That is the way we do it today. She blazed the trail for us. We even think thus in our planning for the work."

In all the record of these years there is one strangely missing note. There is never a record, directly, of conversions under her teaching. She often mentions the baptisms, in this place or that, but never once does she speak of them as the direct result of her work. It is left to the reader to infer this. So there is no record by which, according to modern ideas of measuring the worth of an evangelist's work, we might know whether she was successful or not; So completely did she merge herself with the efforts of the Chinese Christians that often we find accounts of their soul-winning but never does she tell the tale of her own success in a total of souls won through her own efforts. Yet the years tell their own story, as we measure the growth, slow at first, then as the believers become more wide-spread through the villages and cities of North China and the work gathers momentum, until in the last

years there is harvest time everywhere, with evangelistic fervor characterizing the whole mission, from the old cities where it first took root, out to the ever westward-moving frontier, where adventurous men and women continued to press on. In all this she had her part, and not a small one. Of the souls that came into the kingdom in large numbers in the later years, surely some were trophies of her devotion, though never does she cast them up and credit them to her account. There is no need, for as the work through all the years to come widens and deepens in the current of this surging life of Shantung, so will there still be gathered trophies of her devotion, for she built her life into the very warp and woof of the fabric of the gospel in North China. Now and then we can catch a glimpse of just what this means, as for instance in the record that the churches give of the more than three thousand baptisms administered by that young Confucian teacher from Sah Ling village, who read to his older kinsman the copy of the New Testament she had given him, who worked by her side in those early days of triumph and heartbreak in Pingtu, that young man, now the associate of Mr. Sears, now the great evangelist and home missionary—Pastor Li. But for herself, she wrote no record. She wrote only of "The Field." She lost herself in it and unconsciously proved the law of success which Jesus laid down for his followers, for truly in losing her life did she find it, eternally, in a thousand lives of Chinese brought to the Saviour. Thus did she blaze the way of abnegation of self for all the generations of missionaries to come.

She was a vital part of all the missionary planning through these forty years of the making of history in North China. For many years she was

mission secretary. Later, turning this over to younger members of the forces, she was a quiet listener in mission meetings until something came up in which she was especially interested. Then her eyes would sparkle and she would rapidly focus all her brilliant powers of analysis upon the issue, expressing herself very clearly and forcefully. She had strong convictions, was not easily turned from her conclusions, yet ever ready to look upon any question from another's viewpoint. The one subject on which she was persistent was that of education of women and developing of leadership among the women of the churches. Her plea always was for them to have equal educational opportunities with the men. Not until Jane Lide, the young missionary who came out at last to carry forward just such a project, did Lottie Moon see this dream realized. For, from the Girls' School she had begun, Jane Lide began the Normal School for girls, later to be merged with Hwanghsien College in the first Baptist Coeducational institution of China. Truly her plea for equal opportunities for girls has been answered!

From one of the younger missionaries who knew her has come testimony to the high standards of conduct established in the North China mission by the blameless life, even from the Chinese viewpoint, of this pioneer woman. "She was firm in her convictions that every missionary must be willing to yield to the Chinese social conventions, and strive to understand their viewpoint and conform to it. She prepared the way for us, not by her scholarship or social abilities, superb as they were, but by her fearlessness and her life above reproach."

So did the years of loneliness in Pingtu, of ceaseless effort in Tengchow, of giving her best to China, make possible her doing what was perhaps the greatest work of her life in setting forward on their way the young missionaries who came into North China during these years.

The days of loneliness were not yet ended, however. For early in 1908 Mr. Newton was called to work in the Seminary at Hwanghsien, on Dr. Hartwell's leaving for America, broken in health. It had been hard for Dr. Hartwell to give up, for he pleaded to be permitted to "Go home to heaven from China." But Dr. Ayers persuaded him that treatment in America might give him more years in China so with this hope he sailed for the homeland in February, 1908. This necessitated some man coming to Hwanghsien. Mr. Owen had already gone out to Pingtu in an emergency that called for more workers there. So Mr. Newton went to Hwanghsien and Tengchow was left in the hands of the two women, Miss Taylor and Miss Moon. Graphically did she present the situation to the Board,

"I have recently read a statement that the Board's rule required at least two men in every center. I was not aware that there was such a rule. I am, however, painfully aware of the fact that there is no man here to bear the burdens that should rightfully fall on masculine shoulders. When I returned to China four years ago the work seemed in full tide of success. Then we lost at one blow four workers. If it were only the city work, I should hold my peace. With the natives, Miss Taylor and I could manage to hold our own. It is the country work that will slip from our hands if something is not done and done speedily."

Then in June of that year Miss Taylor was stricken with smallpox. For three weeks Lottie Moon nursed her with tender care, and all the work was abandoned while the battle for her life was on. Miss Jones, the nurse at the hospital at Hwanghsien, came to help, and after a bit took the burden entirely from the older woman, securing a Chinese woman to help her. Miss Taylor recovered, thanks to the assiduous care she had had, and to the prayers that had gone up for her life. She was the third woman missionary of the North China force to be stricken with this dread disease, and the only one of the three to survive.

Early in August Miss Taylor was sent to Japan to get well, and Lottie Moon was again left alone in Tengchow. In August there came the welcome news that a young man and his wife had been appointed for Tengchow. "We will give the brother a royal welcome to our city by the sea," she wrote to Dr. Willingham in a letter of rejoicing over the news. And a royal welcome it was that Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Adams received when they finally arrived in the winter. In the meantime Miss Moon had looked after the church work, supervised four day schools, beginning in August, and had been the acting principal of the Girls' Boarding School, for Miss Taylor was absent most of the fall.

Then in January there came a great sorrow to her heart. While sitting at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, who were living with her until they could get settled in their own home, a cablegram was brought in. She opened and read it. It told of the sudden death of the little sister, Edmonia, while alone and far away from her own people. Quietly she bore it, but it was a blow to her spirit.

The little sister who had come ahead of her to China, who had been the dear companion of those first years, was in her thoughts rather than the frail, feeble woman whom she had been with on the last furlough. There was little said about her sorrow to these new friends of hers, but her gratitude was deep for the sympathy they gave to her, and the strength they were for these days when grief weighed down her bright spirit.

There was a brief message to the Secretary of the Board notifying him of the death of her sister that payment might be stopped on the annuity invested with the Board. Then silence in all her letters, a silence that told more than words would have just what this loss meant to her. This was in January of 1909.

With a note of the old time buoyancy she wrote in the early spring of that year of the way in which Mr. Adams was taking hold of the work. "Mr. Adams led in the singing of a hymn on yesterday and I need not say he did it well." The work was most encouraging. The presence of the new missionaries had inspirited the native workers as well as the two women missionaries. The Sunday school was growing in size and power. A fine young Chinese man, son of one of the finest Tengchow families, had become Sunday school superintendent. He had made many and great sacrifices for the work. With a splendid education, a career in the Navy open to him, he had proved himself true not only during the Boxer outbreak when he had narrowly escaped from death, but in more recent years he had shown his loyalty to his faith by resigning from a very high position in a Government school in Peking rather than teach on Sunday. There was hope for other

new missionaries also, so plans went on happily for the work.

In these spring months there joined the Tengchow force an experienced missionary, W. D. King, who had been for several years located at Tai An Fu. The hope for enlargement of the work was blighted by his death in July, just when he was beginning to do most effective work. This blow to the work came at the time that news from the homeland was rather discouraging. For there was a heavy debt on the Board which caused considerable doubt about the sending out immediately of the promised new missionaries.

In July of 1909, there appeared in the list of Virginia contributions to the Foreign Mission Board a gift under the name "Albemarle." It was the entire income on the annuity which Miss Moon had invested with the Board, for that quarter, given to help relieve the debt.

In North China, in spite of debt, in spite of lack of missionaries, in spite, even, of the visit of death to the little group, the work was going forward amazingly. In November, two of the promised new missionaries came. They were given a most unusual welcome service by the Monument Street Church, for Mr. Kang, the talented Chinese leader, made them a welcome address in English, followed by a sermon in Chinese. This was a surprise even to Miss Moon and Miss Taylor, who enjoyed it quite as much as the two young women for whom it was given. She had much the same feeling that the fond mother has when the gifted child shows off to visitors to an advantage, for Tengchow was her child!

Miss Lide came to live with her, a dear companion for her slowing steps, for she was now nearing her seventieth birthday. Yet the busy

days showed little evidence of that fact, for they were filled with activity from morning to night. School work, again, about which she wrote with much joy.

"My schools are now closed for the summer vacation. In the boys' school (North Street) we were busy with examinations on the mornings of four days. I was much gratified with the progress the boys have made. The class of boys is constantly improving, they come from much better homes, regarded from a social standpoint. Consequently the work we can do with them is of more permanent value. We have excellent teachers, Christian men, and the school has flourished.

"But my pet schools are for the girls. One has been going on many years and is flourishing in numbers and in constant attendance and enthusiastic devotion to study. Chinese girls are eager for an education.

"Two or three months ago, I started a school for girls on my home place. To my surprise girls from my street have attended it. My surprise is due to the fact that nearly all the people of this street have been coldly indifferent, secretly hostile, rather, to foreigners. There are some sweet and pretty children in this school. Two came from so good a family that a servant has to escort them to school and on their return home. They are daintily sweet and have beautiful manners. They live in a handsome compound and their grandmother has become one of my warmest friends. I call her my 'adopted sister.' All this shows the breaking down of prejudice. As to my city work, more homes are open to me than I have time to visit. Now that vacation has come I hope to do more evangelistic work both in the city and the

country. I have visited twenty villages this spring and enjoyed it."

One of her boys' schools had been turned over to Mrs. Adams that spring, not that she wished to be relieved of some work, but that she might be freer to do country work! She grieved because the heavy rains of the spring had prevented her visiting regularly her boys' school in the country. But she had reports from it that indicated fine work was being done. The opening of the schools in the fall of 1910 rejoiced her heart. The old dream of higher education for Chinese women had not died. The persistent emphasis on attention to work among the women and girls of North China had sprung from a deep conviction that only thus could the mainspring of Chinese life be touched by the Lord Jesus.

"I can give but three afternoons a week to visiting," she said in October of that year. "Those whose hands are tied by school duties cannot give a great deal of time to city visiting or country trips. Miss Lide and Mrs. Adams go out with me once a week. The wife of the pastor asked to go with me also, as she does not know many people, and I find her a most valuable worker. Of course, I knew before what an earnest, faithful woman she is, but I was never before associated with her in personal work, until they came to the Monument Church. She is a very lovable woman. Fifty years or so ago she was in Mrs. Hartwell's school for girls in North Street. That school supplied four of our present women workers, all of whom are now grandmothers."

Then she came back to further rejoicing about her schools for girls:

"My two schools for girls are a joy to me. It is delightful to see the diligence in study, good

deportment and constant attendance of these girls, nearly all of whom are from non-Christian families. There is a very remarkable movement in Tengchow now toward the education of girls and the unbinding or non-binding of their feet. Along with this there is a kind of groping in the dark among the women for something better than they have, which something is Christianity. Two women, each past sixty, have confessed lately. One that she is secretly a Christian, and another, only yesterday, that she and her grandson learn hymns and prayers at night with closed window, lest the neighbors should laugh at them. The grandson goes to school and teaches his grandmother orally from a book Mrs. King gave him.

"And so the leaven works! Did it not do this in the early days in Rome? Were not many ladies there Christians in the days of Jerome, long before the men accepted Christianity? What surprises me is that men unfriendly to Christianity will send their daughters to a Christian school knowing that six days in the week they will be taught Christianity and take part in Christian worship. The girls are expected to attend church and the majority come. As to one or two who have stayed away from church, I have thought it best not to make an issue. They study Christian books daily. Two of my girls come from a family at once official and wealthy. They must have an escort to and from school and are addressed as Ku-niang (Miss). They are gentle, well dressed and very eager, diligent students. One dear little girl, very quiet, sweet and gentle, has a grandfather with a high literary degree, and a father who also has a degree, though not so high. So you see, our schools are growing in favor with the better class. One school is in my front yard. The

girls study aloud according to the Chinese custom. Their childish voices are musical to me, because they tell of a new China, especially for girls and women. And so our labor is not in vain in the Lord. The joy of the work grows day by day."

And so she did see the day dawn for higher education for women in North China. Forty years had passed, forty years of working, and waiting. Now she saw these changes taking place before her eyes for which she had given her life. At the close of this school year, in July, 1911, she had five day schools for girls and one for women. The one on the compound at the Little Cross Roads had grown amazingly, until it had to be departmentalized into really three schools. The parents of upper class families were much more willing to send their girls there for they felt the girls were safe under her own roof. The boys' school she had turned over to Mr. Turner, a new missionary who had come out the preceding fall, and was now able to handle the work with the skillful help of the good teacher she had in charge.

Over all this abounding joy there was a shadow. The debt on the Board had been increasing through these two years until it had become an incubus weighing down her heart, as she saw how crippled the work was in every field because of it.

"I feel deeply for you and the Board in the embarrassing debt that hangs over the work. My earnest prayer is that it may soon be removed," she wrote Dr. Willingham. Again in the summer of that year there appeared the anonymous gift from "Albemarle" in the Virginia contributions, the gift of the missionary daughter of that Association in far away China.

In the fall of that year there came an enticing opening for a girls' school in the west suburb of

Tengchow. She could not pass it by unheeded. So, knowing that the Board had no funds for even so small a new work as this would be, she opened the school at her own expense, and to her joy fifteen girls enrolled at once and the school rapidly grew. "More and more the schools absorb my time." And more and more absorbing did the school work become. Each new one opened was a center for a Sunday school and soon for regular preaching services. Through the schools she was reaching the heart of Tengchow!

It really seemed that the days of pioneering were over, that she could now sit quietly in the field which she had developed and spend her days in cultivating it, rejoicing in it.

But were the pioneer days really over!

In the fall of 1911 came the Revolution. The country was unsettled, country work had to be curtailed, and in some regions of Shantung suspended for a time. In November, the fighting between the Imperialists and Revolutionists became so general in Shantung that the American Consul called all the missionaries from the interior to Chefoo, fearing that some turn of the strife might crystallize into an anti-foreign movement, as had happened in the past. There were some unfortunate incidents of this type, all credited, however, to bandit bands rather than to any of the armies of the contending political parties. Presently the armies came to battle near Hwanghsien. All the missionaries had fled to the seaport. Miss Moon was safe in Tengchow, for, being on the coast, that city was easily accessible by boat in case the armies came.

Dr. Ayers had left the hospital in Hwanghsien in charge of Dr. Chu, his splendid assistant,

giving him the freedom of every building on the grounds for the use of the wounded soldiers, save only his little office where his personal effects and papers were kept. He gave the key to this to Dr. Chu that he might save these valuables in case of fire or confiscation.

The missionaries were restless, however, in Chefoo. They heard nothing that indicated that foreigners would be in any especial danger and Dr. Ayers well knew that during war a hospital is a very great asset in winning the love of the people. Finally he and Mr. Charles Hartwell decided that they would waive their rights to protection as American citizens and make their way back to Hwanghsien to render service to their people in this time of great need. This they did, and experienced no great difficulty in getting into the city, though there was fighting all around.

There was a surprise awaiting them on reaching the hospital, however. All around were wounded and sick soldiers, every available space used, and all in amazing good order, with what was evidently a well-organized force of volunteer nurses recruited from the women of the church. And the door to the office was open!

In amazement Dr. Ayers demanded of his assistant why his orders had been disobeyed. He received the quiet answer:

"Will the doctor go and see for himself!"

He went—and he saw! There sat Miss Moon with a group of women about her diligently preparing bandages and other necessities for the wounded. In amazement he asked:

"Why are you here? We thought you safe in Tengchow!"

"I am safe here, you see," she replied with a smile. "I learned that you had all left, and know-

ing that the Christians needed help and guidance at this time, I came over to do what I could."

What she could do had been simply to mobilize the hospital for the emergency, organize the women into the first Red Cross unit of North China, and set all forces to work to take care of the situation of wounded and sick in the city, as far as their capacity could be made to reach. "Safe in Tengchow!" She was safe, there, but what did that matter when she knew someone was needed in Hwanghsien? As unhesitatingly as she had once stepped into the darkness of heathenism of Pingtu, those years before, so she had stepped into the emergency in Hwanghsien when the men had retreated. And she had made a matchless job of it.

But now the men had come, and she announced that she was ready to go home. They protested that by now the fighting had reached the Tengchow road and she could not get through. There were resources that they knew not of, as presently they saw. For she called to her a man in charge of bringing in the wounded, an old schoolboy of hers in Tengchow, now high in the councils of the rebels. Through him she sent word to the headquarters of the Revolutionists and a runner also to the general in charge of the Imperialists, saying to each that she wished to pass through their lines to Tengchow that afternoon

They knew what she had been doing for the soldiers of both sides during the days of the battle. She was known to more than one of the leaders. And safely, without a gun fired across the road, she went on her way to Tengchow that afternoon, her task turned over to those whose rightful place it was and that night she slept in peace in the house at the Little Cross Roads.

It was on the third of January of this troubled year, 1912, that Dr. Hartwell was called by death. At Chefoo, where he was surrounded by the younger men who had come out in the past years to take up the work where he was leaving off, quietly, and triumphantly his long and marvelously useful life came to an end. Fifty-four years he had given to North China, interrupted by enforced furloughs, but even that time had been given to the Chinese people, for under the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention he had organized the first American Chinese Baptist church in San Francisco, in the fourteen years of waiting to go back to China. So as a new day dawned in the China he loved, the great veteran passed his work to the hands of younger men.

Presently peace came. The bloody fighting between the factions had ceased, and China was a republic.

"I have tried to be strictly neutral," said Lottie Moon, "though my sympathies are all with the revolutionaries. We rejoice that peace is restored at least partially, and that China is a republic. Washington is the ideal held up by the leaders, and Dr. Sun Yat Sen has certainly walked in his footsteps."

Were the pioneer days over!

Not yet!

For not yet had she seen the steps taken to develop woman's work as she had longed and prayed for it to be developed. For many years there had been a Woman's Missionary Society in the Tengchow Church. Likewise in all the other of the older stations, some of them very efficient and active. In the fall of 1911, when the North China Association met just before the storm of the revolution broke, it seemed time for the organization

of the Woman's Missionary Union of North China. Into the house at the Little Cross Roads they came, these women from Hwanghsien and Laichowfu, Pingtu and Laiyang to meet with the women of Tengchow. Perhaps they felt the stirring of the spirit of New China that was soon to lead the men to cut their queues, the age-long sign of the Manchu rule. Perhaps they felt the need of united strength to better send succor to their famine-stricken brethren and sisters in many parts of Central and North China, for famine had been stalking in the land three long, terrible years. Perhaps it was the intense longing of this pioneer spirit who could wait no longer to see woman's work set apart as a task worthy the especial attention of the missionaries. Certainly on that day in old Tengchow. Lottie Moon was the moving spirit of the meeting held in the living room of the house at the Little Cross Roads. She was chosen as the first president of the new organization—a woman's organization for Christian work in conservative North China, in aristocratic, stone-walled Tengchow! Thus did she see the longing of her heart realized. Now there would be woman's work in North China!

The shadows were deepening, however, over the bright spirit. Four years before she had written of the famine in Central China, which was touching the edges of North China with its devastating sweep. For three succeeding years it had struck in various regions, nearer and nearer to the mission stations of North China. In every Associational Meeting the brethren had taken measures to help in famine relief. More and more time and money had been given every year for succor to dying thousands at the mercy in turn of too abundant rains which set the great rivers raging

THE TENGCHOW MISSION FORCE IN 1924
Pastor, Deacons and Officers of Church, Teachers, Evangelists and Bible Women of the Mission.

in floods that swept away the crops, and then of the withering droughts that for three years had dried the crops in the fields. In a letter there occurs a vivid bit of description of a drought.

"We are having a fearful drought. I never saw anything approaching it in all my life. The sky looks strange at times. In the evening beautiful pink clouds stretch from the sunset almost to the east. In the early morning the whole sky is yellow. I suppose the effects are due to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. The crops are withering to death in the fields. We had a rain night before last and while usually such a rain would do good, the ground was previously so dry that nothing can be done without more rain."

The stories that drifted in to Tengchow were heartbreaking. In 1911, the famine region had included Pochow, and was reaching toward Pingtu.

The conditions were laid before the Foreign Mission Board, in a request that relief funds be provided, if only for the Christians who were in dire distress. This was before the day of relief funds on a large scale. There was no precedent for such an appropriation, nor were there any funds, had there been such an item in the program of the Board. And besides, the debt was now a crushing burden upon all the work of the Board. So there could be but one answer to the appeal which Lottie Moon had voiced in an eloquent letter, an answer which fell like a knell upon her spirit. There is no item under the name of "Albermarle" in this year's record of contributions for the lifting of the debt, for not only did she send this to the missionaries of the famine-stricken interior but she began to give a large part of her own salary also.

When she saw there could be no help from the Board, and realized that no words of hers could paint such a picture of the conditions that would draw from Southern Baptists any considerable sum, she turned to her own people for help. She poured out her heart in a letter to her nephew, W. L. Andrews, one of Orianna's boys, who had always been a most sympathetic correspondent.

"I enclose to you the official statement about the famine in Central China! Will you not speak to the pastor of your church and ask him to obtain a contribution to help these poor sufferers? The details are heart-rending, as we get them from Pochow, where our missionary, Mr. Bostick, is stationed. He and a Catholic priest are charged with the distribution of grain. Of course, others go to their help.

"A man from the country going into Pochow on Chinese New Year, to make calls, counted thirteen corpses on the road, people who died of hunger. Two men, who in the distribution had received a little grain for their families, were found dead on the road with their bags of grain beside them! They had perished of starvation. Mothers are eager to give their children away, but no one wants them. Children roam the streets with no one to care for them. A woman went to beg a little help, which was given, and on her return found that her mother had hanged herself. One cent, United States money, a day, up to the next harvest, will save a life! There was a famine here some three or four years ago which was fearful, but this surpasses in horrors anything I have ever known. Unless help comes, and that speedily, from one to three million men, women and children must perish from hunger. How can we bear

to sit down to our bountiful tables and know of such things and not bestir.

"I hope you know that missionaries not only give their money but give their lives to help the famine stricken. Hardly ever did I know of a famine that did not claim its victims among the missionaries and the doctors. It is the famine fever that carries off these noble workers. In the famine three years ago, two doctors fell victim, one a missionary, the other the fort doctor. Another missionary lost his health for years on account of his fight with the famine.

"The last appeal I received from Miss Bostick said, 'For the sake of God and humanity, send all the help you can!' She and her brother and his wife are standing nobly amid the awful horrors that rend their hearts daily."

Attendant upon the famine came the plague, smallpox and other fearful diseases. These swept Tengchow twice during this year and a half, causing suspension of all schools and interruption of all the work. The plague was especially terrifying. It came right up to the house at the Little Cross Roads. Miss Moon was inoculated as a protection against it, as were the other missionaries. None of them had it, though many of their Chinese friends fell victims to it.

Then as the spring of 1912 approached news came that the famine was sweeping into Pingtu, beloved Pingtu! From the Christians who came for help she learned of its extent, of the names of families who had been helpers of the gospel in the old early days who were now suffering for food. Through that summer she went about her work with a heart heavy and aching. The Christians at Pingtu were starving! The missionaries sent in appeal after appeal for help. Their

fellow missionaries gave all they could, and the Chinese Christians in more fortunate regions gave all they had to spare. No one knew what would be the end, for the famine area increased as the months passed, and millions of people were doomed, it seemed.

Along with heaviness of heart because of the two burdens, the famine in China and the debt at home, she was more easily a prey to an ailment that beset her during the summer months. An abscess behind her ear gave her much pain. She went over to Laichowfu for treatment by Dr. Gaston, Dr. Ayers being home on furlough. It seemed to yield readily and heal as quickly as could be desired. But the old time buoyancy was gone. A depression that she could not throw off settled on her spirit. She drew out all her savings in the Shanghai bank to send to the famine relief workers. In her bank pass book, across the lines below the last deposit recorded she wrote these words in August, 1912,

"I pray that no missionary will ever be as lonely as I have been."

When the Association met on November 1, at Tengchow, the missionaries and native workers came together with the one topic of famine relief uppermost in their minds. Mr. Sears and Pastor Li were there from Pingtu, their faces lined with care, their hearts wrung for their people.

They made a report of the conditions. Five hundred Christians in Pingtu county were on the verge of starvation. Thousands would die without a chance to know Christ, if help was not given. It was the story of those Pingtu Christians that wrung Lottie Moon's heart. Out of her small resources she gave all that she had. Her account book that year shows regular entries "Sent to

Famine Relief Fund" totaling a large per cent of her salary, all for the loved Pingtu Christians. She saw them before her as she sat down to eat in the little dining room of her home. She saw them before her as she sat down to write to the homeland. They walked beside her all the day.

Pingtu was still on her heart!

In the Association Meeting, as a result of the report, a collection was taken, Pastor Li leading with a gift of one-fourth of his salary for the year as an evangelist. The missionaries had all given, given all that they had. She had given down to the last available dollar. Yet it looked pitifully little in the face of the need.

Then there came the overwhelming realization that the debt on the Board would prevent any possible help from them. It was but a step for an overburdened mind to go on to the conviction that the condition of the Board was hopeless, that the missionaries, too, would starve! Old impressions came surging back as she remembered the vivid pictures painted on her mind by the sights she saw in a famine when she first came to China. With these came the memory of a story told her in those first years of a custom the Chinese used to have of taking their aged, when they had become seventy and placing them in the caves above Tengchow to die. She was past seventy. She begged that they take her away, she was useless, and let the money used to keep her be given to the younger missionaries who had years of usefulness before them.

She was not alone in her depression over the situation. Another missionary, much younger, much stronger, had written during these days of shadow, "I cannot bear to think that we are all living on borrowed money." One of the

missionaries, after having to deal with several illnesses due to a certain extent to worry and anxiety, wrote to the Secretary, "This has raised the question in the minds of some of us as to how much ought to be said about the debt in letters to the missionaries. Not even members of the Board can know how it makes for depression."

Mr. Charles Hartwell heard of her condition and thinking perhaps that in the brighter company of the larger group of missionaries at Hwanghsien she could be won to a happier outlook upon all these depressing facts, he went down to Tengchow and took her home with him. She seemed happier. With something of her old eagerness and interest in people she entered into their life, grew more cheerful, and, they thought, soon she would be quite her old efficient, happy self.

Then one night the crisis came. The cheerfulness was but a shell she had thrown around the grief in her heart that was sapping her life away. Broken, crushed, helpless she was in the grip of an uncontrollable sadness that swept all her bright spirit into a hopeless melancholia.

The debt on the Board. The helplessness of the missionaries! The forgetfulness of Southern Baptists—and starving Pingtu! In the sad tangle of her brilliant mind she confused the famine in all its stark reality with the possibility of the collapse of Southern Baptist missions in North China.

"Think of poor Mr. Newton and all those lovely little children starving to death!" she would say to the friends as they came to see her.

But she recovered, apparently, was somewhat herself again, and begged to go back to her home, promising Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell that she would take care of herself and would not worry. It

seemed best to let her go. She would be happier at the home at the Little Cross Roads, with her books and her own pleasant surroundings.

The first of December came. Word was sent to Dr. Gaston by the missionaries in Tengchow to come quickly. She had broken again, this time with some serious complications that her friends could not diagnose.

One look at her told the doctor the story. She was starving to death! So quietly had she managed her home affairs that those who worked with her every day did not realize more than that she was a bit frailer, perhaps a little paler, certainly less bright than had been usual for even these sad months. But they did not suspect what had really happened. With all the courage that had characterized the years of pioneering in Pingtu, and the penetration of stone-walled Tengchow, she had set about to do her share toward relieving the sad conditions that had shadowed her bright spirit until literally she sat in the shadow of death. If her Pingtu Christians were starving, then she would eat no more! If the debt on the Board could not be lifted, then she would live no more on borrowed money.

And she was starving to death.

Gentle hands put her to bed. Tender ministrations took charge of all her needs, and presently there was the smile they all loved on her face as she thanked them for what they were doing for her. But the shadow did not lift.

Then they decided that only a change of scene would help. The Homeland would do for her what all their love and care could not do. For it would take her away from the nearness to the famine that even now was lifting and lightening, though they could not reach her shadowed mind

with the glad news. It would take her away from all discussion of ways and means of missionary endeavor. It was the medicine she needed.

So on the twentieth of December, 1912, she and Miss Cynthia Miller, the missionary nurse of Laichowfu, whose furlough was due, sailed from Shanghai on the steamer Manchuria bound for San Francisco. Dr. Hearn had seen them safely that far.

Miss Miller noticed an increasing weakness each day of the voyage, but kept hoping that the bracing sea air would bring healing to the worn little body. She was but a wisp of a woman, now, little left of the Lottie Moon that Virginia, Tengchow and Pingtu had known. Yet the flaming devotion of her was there, the heart that had loved Pingtu.

Christmas Eve came, December 24, 1912. The ship rode gently at anchor, at Kobe, Japan. The clear, winter sunshine shone into the stateroom where she lay. Miss Miller was at her side to attend to her slightest wish. For a long while that morning she had lain very quietly, unconscious, the watcher thought. Then she stirred, and seemed to be looking for someone. Her lips moved and as the nurse bent to catch her whisper she heard a Chinese name. The frail, thin hands were clasped together in the Chinese fashion of greeting, and gently unclasped. Over and over there came that look, and the greeting to Chinese friends long since gone on before her—her Chinese women of Tengchow and Pingtu, of the villages round about, whom she had told of the heavenly home. The watcher did not venture to break that holy hour. She felt as if the heavenly visitors had come within the stateroom to greet and bear her spirit away.

And it was thus, with the Chinese handclasp, a smile of greeting and the whisper of a friend's name that Lottie Moon went home.

Lottie Moon, Virginia's gifted daughter, God's precious gift to China, was herself a Christmas gift to heaven, for 'twas Christmas Eve!

There were formalities to be gone through with. According to Japanese laws the body had to be cremated. Sorrowfully, lovingly Miss Miller brought to the shores of the homeland the little urn with the precious ashes. At San Francisco it was delivered to Dr. R. T. Bryan whom the Foreign Mission Board had sent from Texas in response to her cable telling what had happened. Across the continent to old Virginia he came as its guardian.

On Thursday afternoon, January 28, 1913, a memorial service was held at Second Baptist Church, Richmond. Forty years had she been the servant of the Foreign Mission Board in a foreign land. Now they gathered, with her friends and relatives to do honor to her memory with what tribute words might bring. Dr. T. Clagget Skinner, pastor of the church, read the scripture lesson and Dr. J. T. Hutson, one of the few pastors living who was in the pastorate when she went to China led in a prayer. The three Secretaries of the Board added their tribute, Dr. Smith giving the history of her life, Dr. Ray telling some striking incidents of her service in China, while Dr. Willingham spoke touchingly of her courage, devotion and rare abilities. Then one of the oldest members of the Board, Dr. C. H. Ryland, led a closing prayer. It was a simple service, setting the period to a great life.

Yet not the end, quite yet! For the next day under the whispering pines of Crewe, Virginia,

tender, loving hands laid away the ashes gently in a tomb by the side of her brother, Isaac. With a song and a prayer, and many a tear those who had known her paid their last tribute under the open sky of her beloved Virginia. Belle Fowlkes was there, the Hollins classmate who had become a famous artist. Others were there who had known the girl, Lottie Moon, or the teacher, Lottie Moon, or, dearest of all, the friend, Lottie Moon. Nephews and nieces and cousins, and the little sister-in-law, the nearest kin sorrowed over the going of one whom they had known little in the flesh, but who had meant much to them in spirit.

Nor was the end yet!

For at the foot of the grave, loving hands planted a living spruce tree, growing symmetrically and perfectly through the wind and rain and sun. It is a most fitting monument to such a life. Then came the women of Virginia, who loved her so. At the head of the grave they placed a beautiful block of everlasting marble, with plain lines, but exquisite in its simplicity. On it they carved deeply just her name, then the two significant dates, 1840-1912, and underneath, these all-descriptive words, "Forty years a missionary of Southern Baptist Convention in China." Then as if there was just one more thing to tell, they added three words,—"Faithful Unto Death."

Literally true, those words. For the story was told in Virginia papers by those whose hearts were torn by the news that came after many days from China. Literally true, for because Southern Baptists had failed over here in the hour of great need over there, this beloved missionary had fulfilled the last possible meaning of the words, "Faithful Unto Death."

EPILOGUE

Life Eternal

Yet for such life there is no death!

Southern Baptist women to whom she had been an inspiration through all the years of their missionary organization looked about them for some way in which they might emblazon her name upon the hearts and minds of future generations. They remembered that in the first days of the Woman's Missionary Union she had led them in their first definite, successful effort to aid the cause of missions—the Christmas Offering. As she had been the inspiration to them then, so might her name and memory be an inspiration to all those who would come after them. So they acknowledged their debt to her by calling this offering the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering. This was especially fitting, for it was at Christmas time she first came to China and at Christmas time she left it the last time. So through the years has the story of her life been told and retold, and her name has become the touchstone of missionary devotion as year after year the women and young people of the Southland have come at Christmas time to lay gifts of sacrifice at the feet of the Christ to whom she gave her life.

That was not all!

For in China the deep sorrow that linked together the missionaries and the Chinese from Tengchow all the way out to Pingtu, that touched

city and villages alike with its shadow, that marked with grief the faces of little children and bent old men and women, that made companions in loss the aristocratic Chinese woman who had called her "sister" and the ragged beggar woman who knew her as the foreign lady with the "Big love heart,"—there, too, sorrow found expression in an outward symbol.

For in the little churchyard at the end of the street on which stood the house at the Little Cross Roads the Chinese erected a stone. Three years were the Chinese Christians in gathering the love gifts that went into the gleaming shaft of marble. Tall it is and slender, and marked deeply with three parallel lines of strange Chinese characters. The first line is simply the date, "1915," when Chinese Christians placed here before the church where she worshiped for forty years this symbol of their love for her and gratitude for her service.

Let us read the characters of the other two lines that tell the story, that we may read the hearts of these Chinese Christians who loved Lottie Moon.

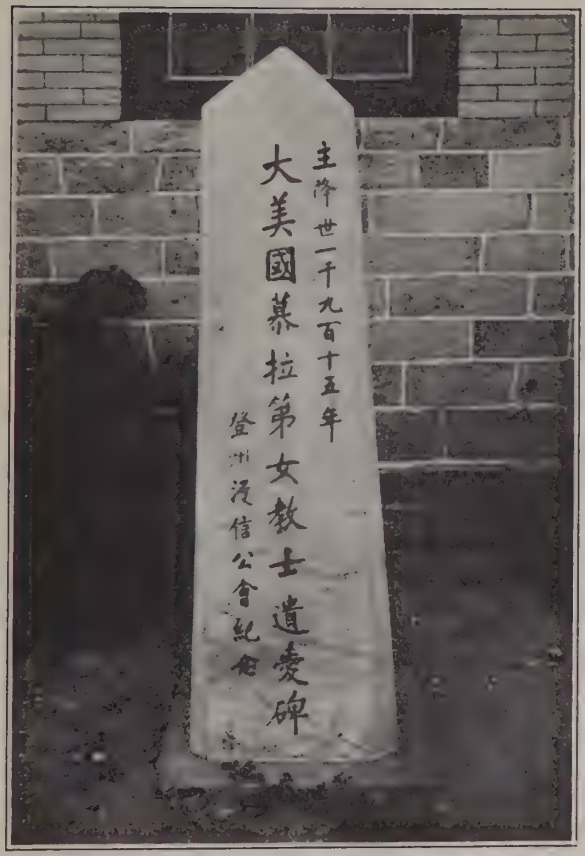
"A monument to bequeath the love of Miss Lottie Moon, an American missionary," the second line says. And then in utter simplicity the last line adds, "The Tengchow church remembers forever."

So to future generations would the Chinese Christians bequeath the love of this one who left her home in a far away land that she might tell them of a God of Love and his Son, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

But marble is not everlasting.

And life is!

Into a village went a young missionary the other day. This village is so far distant from the center



THE BEQUEATH LOVE MONUMENT
Monument Street Church, Tengchow, China.

of the work that even though she had spent many years in North China, she had never before visited here. She knew that there were Christians there but she was not expecting the warm-hearted welcome she received at the edge of the village, the men and women vying with each other to do her honor.

To the largest house in the village they led her and there a woman of great age met her with the glad light of welcome in her face. There was the glow of love all about the missionary, in faces and voices of these Chinese Christians. It was a rarely beautiful experience. She wondered what lay back of all this warmth and joy, this glad outreach of their hearts to hers.

Then came the explanation.

The old woman led her to the kang, the place of honor in the room.

"Here she sat, and here she taught us, our beloved Moo La Dee. Here she led us to know Christ. You come now to teach us as she did. So you shall sit here where she once sat."

There were tears in the Chinese woman's eyes, and tears in the American girl's eyes. For memory had brought back the face and figure of one who had found the way to Life Eternal, and had spent herself in leading others to walk therein.

So in all the villages where once she sat and taught of Christ, the life of Lottie Moon goes on forever. From generation to generation shall the name of Moo La Dee be told as the Christians multiply in that land to which she gave herself. Even when the echo of its syllables are lost in the great corridors of time, the love that breathed it in heathen China shall work on and on in the lives of those Christians who shall hear the message that she gave to their forefathers.

For such a life can never die!

High over the gallery in the Baptist Church at Crewe, Virginia, is a glowing, golden window. I saw it at evening time when the sun in the west was pouring through it a flood of blazing light. Down through a field of beautiful lilies there walks the figure of a woman, with graceful, flowing garments, clasping the Word of God to her heart, and holding high a blazing torch. Her face is uplifted, she is looking out beyond me, into a distance that I cannot see. She is beautiful. Underneath the figure is the brief record in golden letters:

MISS LOTTIE MOON

OUR BELOVED MISSIONARY

Born Dec. 17, 1840—Died Dec. 24, 1912

Above the tale of the life so richly lived, as a great base upon which she walks, runs these words in glowing gold:

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."

The glow faded from the window as the sun went down in the west. But the woman with the torch, in the field of white lilies, ever walks within my memory. Nor can I ever forget the line of glowing living words across which she is walking into Eternity.

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